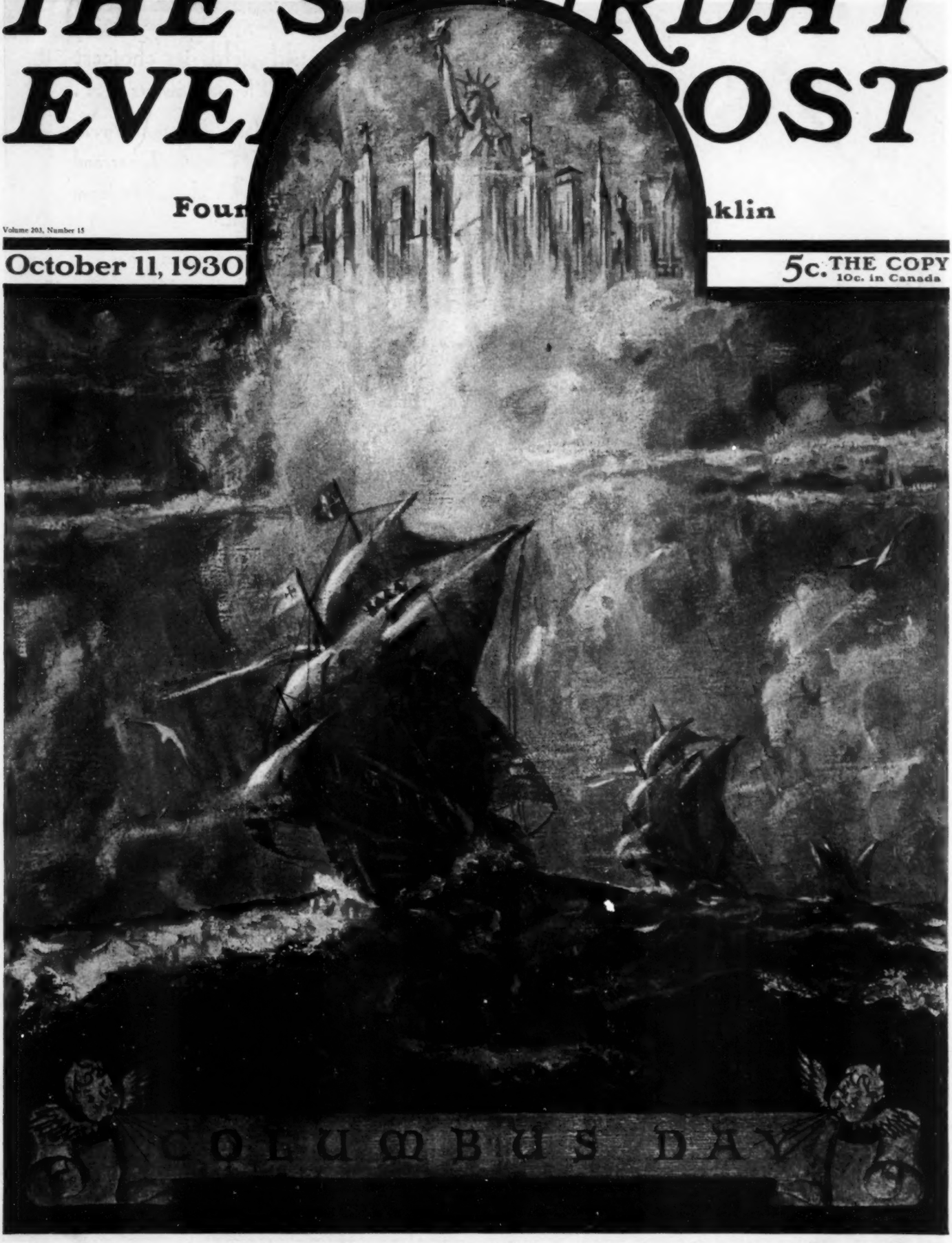
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded by Benjamin Franklin

Volume 203, Number 15

October 11, 1930

5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall, Wesley Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Merritt Hulburd, W. Thornton Martin, Associate Editors

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., and Los Angeles, Cal.

Volume 203 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., OCTOBER 11, 1930 | $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) | Number 15

THE BANK OF BANKS

Offices of the Bank for International Settlements. The Bank is at the Right

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ON THE crest of a hill near the heart of Basle and directly opposite the Federal Railway Station, one of the most strategic of Continental transportation centers, rises an unpretentious five-story brick-and-stone building. Until last spring it was the Hôtel de L'Univers et de Savoy. As such, it housed for decades an endless stream of travelers who hailed from many parts and who voiced a babel of tongues.

Today that one-time hotel shelters a new type of tourist, inanimate, to be sure, but speaking the universal language which is money.

The B. I. S.

INTO it figuratively flow the currencies of a score of countries, to emerge as the stabilizers of vast and sometimes world-wide fiscal operations.

It is the Bank for International Settlements, created by mandate of the Young Plan as the reparations conduit, and representing the ultimate transition of the most irritating of European postwar problems from a political to a commercial obligation. But this institution is more than a reparations machine. It is, in a larger sense, the final milepost in Europe's long and harried journey toward demilitarization of her war finance. Like the Young Plan, it is a corrective of war psychology and an antidote for the nationalism which seethed for years about the German indemnity. If developed to its fullest possibilities, it can become the seat, so to speak, of a financial league of nations enforcing the most permanent peace, which can only be born of universal prosperity. Economic frontiers transcend political barriers. Its rise is peculiarly opportune because it comes at a time when the urge for economic coalition, embodied in a proposed United States of Europe, may make for a new Continental commercial line-up not without potentialities of trouble for us.

Already the B. I. S.—as the bank has come to be popularly known—has impressed powers beyond the original reparations purpose. Reparations constitute only 23.79 per cent of its business. It sponsored the $300,000,000 reparations loan which commercialized part of the Young annuities. By mid-August, when I visited Basle—the bank opened its doors on May twentieth—it had become the reserve bank of central banks, had provided first aid for seasonal operations such as the moving of crops in the Balkans and elsewhere, and had given a hint of what may in time become one of its most important functions—namely, head of a gold-settlement fund which would prevent the frequent, costly and sometimes deranging shipments of the precious metal from one country to another.

Babel in Basle

IF EVER a bank lived up to the title of International, it is this one. Ten billions of dollars—or rather its representatives—from nearly a dozen countries sit down at the long board table when the directors meet on the second Monday of each month. It has deposits from seventeen nations and deals in twenty separate currencies. Twelve nationalities are employed on the staff. Four official languages must be used in correspondence, which means that as many different letterheads are necessary. For the correspondent in London and New York, Basle is the geographical designation of the bank; for Paris it is Bâle; for Rome it is Basilea; and for Berlin, Basel. The name of the bank in French is Banque des Règlements Internationaux; in Italian it is Banca dei Regolamenti Internazionali; and in German, Bank für Internationalen Zahlungsausgleich. Only two of the titles—the French and the German—appear in the neat black-and-gold signs that flank the entrance. But by any one of them it represents the first international bank ever erected.

In various other respects the bank is unique among financial establishments. Although handling hundreds of millions, it carries no cash. You see no counter, for there is no over-the-counter business; no cashier's cage; no ebb and flow of depositors. All its ramified transactions, which affect the economic and political destiny of at least one country, are merely matters of bookkeeping.

Furthermore, the bank is not operated for large profits in the usual way. Its principal earning objective is a 6 per cent cumulative dividend.

Even the location of the bank at Basle has a significance all its own. Switzerland has been the haven of the political, intellectual and spiritual refugee from the days of Calvin and his colleagues of emancipated thought down to Lenin and Mussolini. Once more she offers sanctuary. This time it is for nations and not individuals. In that ancient city on the Rhine which was prosperous when Columbus, Balboa and Magellan sailed the uncharted seas, and where Holbein worked, Erasmus pondered and Froben, the master printer, impressed his art, the indemnity problem that baffled reconstruction and begot conflict has at last come to anchorage in friendly waters as a nonpolitical business proposition.

Our Interest in the Bank

TO ALLAY the sting of defeat and to salve German pride, the word "reparations," for example, does not appear in the bank transactions. The phrase "trust fund" is used instead.

For the United States—and especially the thousands who invested in Liberty Bonds—the B. I. S. has a peculiar interest. Nor is it due to the fact that two Americans—Gates McGarrah, as president, and Leon Fraser, as his alternate—occupy the highest positions. It is because the statutes of the bank, drafted at Baden-Baden late in 1929, following the ratification of the Young Plan in principle at The Hague in the preceding August, dashed the hopes of the debt optimists who helped to frame the Plan at Paris.

Leon Fraser, the 40-Year-Old American Alternate President of the Bank

A year ago, when I chronicled the results of the second meeting of experts in these columns, it looked as if the plan to link the debts and reparations might get by. That plan was neatly camouflaged in the so-called concurrent memorandum, the tail of the Young Plan kite. In the Plan itself there was a definite hint at, or rather a preparation for, the alliance between the two obligations which the United States has all along contended were separate and distinct propositions. We have emphatically maintained that one was a debt by Germany to the Allies and the other a debt by the Allies to the United States for value received. The former is solely the concern of Europe and the latter the concern of the American people whose savings had been invested.

The plan, however, disregarded the oft-repeated declaration upon which our entire postwar international financial policy has been reared. It made the duration of the annuities and the life of the Allied debts identical. The aforesaid concurrent memorandum went much further and revealed the nigger in the woodpile. It revived the cancellation idea to the end that Germany, with her creditors, would benefit by what was designated as a "hoped-for charity" by Uncle Sam in the matter of release from debt payments. For the first thirty-seven years Germany was to benefit by two-thirds of the relief which any creditor power of the United States might receive, while for the remaining years she would get all.

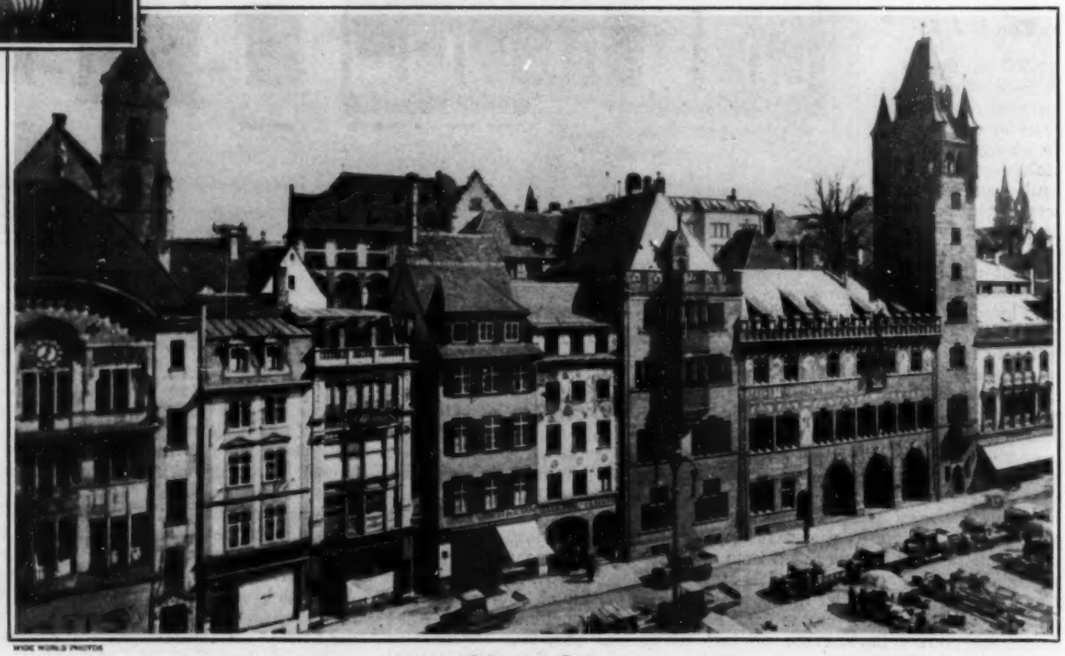
A Noteworthy Occasion. The First

Separating Debts and Reparations

IT MEANT, when reduced to practical operation and carried out, that the bank, as then tentatively conceived, would not only receive and distribute reparations but at the same time pay the debts to the United States. We would, in effect, if we allied ourselves officially with the institution and acquiesced in the program I have outlined, accept Germany as debtor, and not the nations to whom we loaned large sums of money.

Here, let me repeat, was a procedure absolutely at variance with our debt principle. We had not only construed debts and reparations as separate but at no time since the indemnity first reared its head to confute and confound Europe did we assume the slightest official responsibility for its collection. We had unofficial observers on the Reparations Commission, but they were merely reporters of events. For the reasons that I have just given, Washington declined to participate in the creation of the B. I. S., with the result that the American shareholders in it are J. P. Morgan & Co., the First National Bank of New York, and the First National Bank of Chicago. It is a central bank of central banks, but the Federal Reserve Bank, which constitutes what in Europe would be a central bank, is outside its pale. Because we wanted no entangling relationship with reparations—from the start there was always the possibility of liaison with the debts—we made a separate treaty with Germany for our 2½ per cent share in them, which covers the cost of our Army of Occupation and mixed claims of our nationals for war damage.

All this leads to the fact that those fears of a year ago, of a community of interest between debts and reparations via the B. I. S., have so far proved groundless. As operated, the bank has no relation to



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

A Street in Basle

Meeting of the Board of the B. I. S.

the collection of indemnity and, what is more important to us, absolutely no connection with the payment of debts. The annuities comprise Germany's responsibility, while the payment of service on the debt is solely up to the Allies. If the Allies want to pay an installment of the debt through the bank, it will act as any other kindred institution and become a disbursing agent as part of the day's work.

It may be well to say here that the B. I. S. is not created by governments and does not report to any government. No government official or member of a national legislature can be a director. The directors must come from industry, finance or commerce. The voting rights rest with the central banks or their nominees. Moreover, the statutes forbid the bank to lend money to governments or keep current accounts for governments.

If the strict letter of the statutes continues to be observed there is no likelihood of the United States becoming the international bill collector, depending for debt payments upon Germany's ability and willingness to pay. The last-named phase is particularly safeguarded. Commercialization of part of the annuities lifts them out of the realm of whim or caprice. German credit stands or falls by the integrity of this obligation. It seems scarcely possible that she would jeopardize her fiscal security by evasion.

Two preliminaries are necessary before we can go into the detailed story of the bank. The first is a brief review of the Dawes Plan, which formed the approach to the Young scheme. The second is the change wrought by the latter in fixing the scope and maturity of reparations and in making provision for the Bank for International Settlements. One of these programs made the other possible. Together they applied business treatment to the issue that had become the tool of vicious European politics. Superimposed upon all this process of progression toward sanity is the B. I. S., the one outstanding and permanent contribution, perhaps, that the experts made to their troubled epoch. Reparations, thanks to the Young Plan, will end some day, but the bank is likely to go on for an indefinite period, a monument to the ultimate triumph of reason and order over the forces that made for dislocation.

A Thirty-Seven-Billion-Dollar Bonfire

THE Dawes Plan and all that it dictated, save for the annuity feature, went into the discard with the actual functioning of the Young Plan this year. In the initial flush—it was a sadly impaired glow—of victory, the slogan "Germany must pay" animated the Allied hopes. The Reparations Commission set up by the Versailles Treaty fixed reparations at the fantastic sum of $33,000,000,000 and bonded them in a series of 5½ per cent bonds which were to have been known as Classes A, B, and C. Although engraved, they were never put out.

When the Young Plan came into effect last May, the final official act of the Reparations Commission at Paris was to burn this mass of worthless paper. At the same time a total of $4,000,000,000 in German railway and industrial bonds, created under the Dawes Plan, also went up in flames. Contrast this stupendous total of $37,000,000,000 with the $9,000,000,000, which today represents the German indemnity, and you see how the demands on the defeated nation have been reduced.

The span of time and events between the setting up of the original $33,000,000,000 indemnity sum and the present price of German war folly is the one that must now be recapitulated, if we are to comprehend both the meaning and the function of the B. I. S. It will bring us to the final liquidation of the World War.

The Dance of the Quadrillions

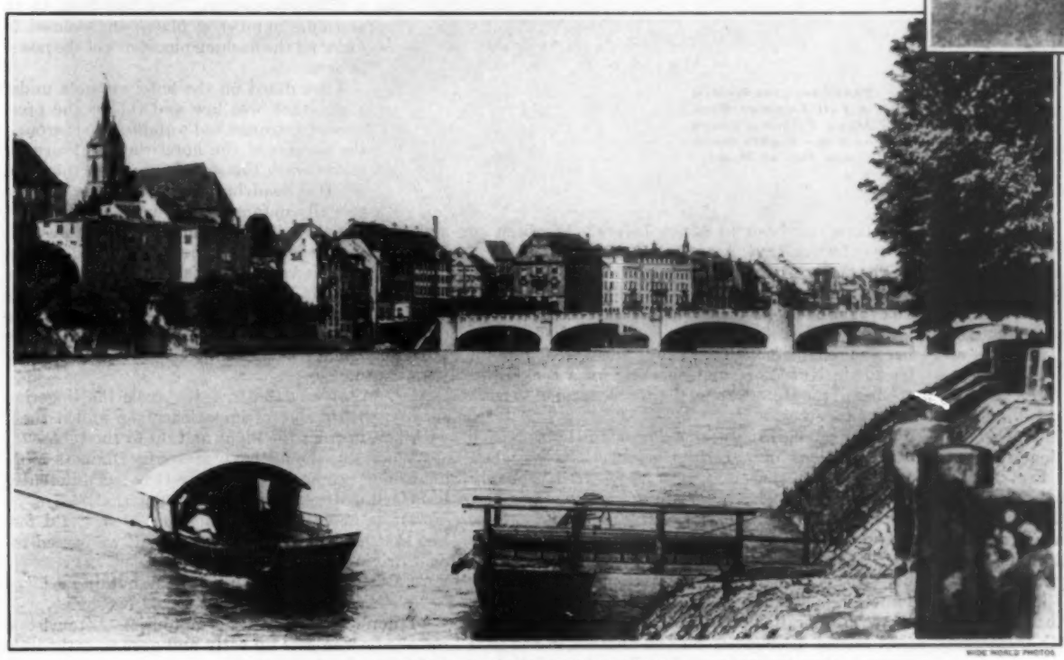
GERMANY, as most people know, shied at the original reparations program. From defeat and despair, she turned to dicker and delay. For several years she paid most of her reparations in kind—principally dyes and coal—but side-stepped the financial end whenever possible. In 1923 she was declared in default and the French invaded the Ruhr.

Gates McGarrah, President of the Bank for International Settlements

Passive resistance to the new occupation precipitated the utter collapse of the mark and the dance of the quadrillions began. Out of the ensuing chaos emerged the Dawes Plan, the first step in the adjustment of reparations on a business basis, and through it, the beginning of European reconstruction. By this time, the Allies, and the French in particular, had learned to their cost that a sane, orderly and reasonably satisfied Reich was essential to the economic well-being of that part of the world which had borne the brunt of war.

The Dawes Plan, which became operative in September, 1924, established a sliding scale of annuities, beginning with 1,000,000,000 marks for the first year and reaching 2,500,000,000 marks, or the equivalent of $595,000,000, for the fifth. This latter sum was designated

(Continued on Page 165)



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

A View Across the Rhine at Basle

ONE TRIP ABROAD

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

IN THE afternoon the air became black with locusts, and some of the women shrieked, sinking to the floor of the motorbus and covering their hair with traveling rugs. The locusts were coming north, eating everything in their path, which was not so much in that part of the world; they were flying silently and in straight lines, flakes of black snow. But none struck the windshield or tumbled into the car, and presently humorists began holding out their hands, trying to catch some. After ten minutes the cloud thinned out, passed, and the women emerged from the blankets, disheveled and feeling silly. And everyone talked together.

Everyone talked; it would have been absurd not to talk after having been through a swarm of locusts on the edge of the Sahara. The Smyrna-American talked to the British widow going down to Biskra to have one last fling with an as-yet-unencountered sheik. The member of the San Francisco Stock Exchange talked shyly to the author. "Aren't you an author?" he said. The father and daughter from Wilmington talked to the cockney airman who was going to fly to Timbuctoo. Even the French chauffeur turned about and explained in a loud, clear voice: "Bumblebees," which sent the trained nurse from New York into shriek after shriek of hysterical laughter.

Amongst the unsubtle rushing together of the travelers there was one interchange more carefully considered. Mr. and Mrs. Liddell Miles, turning as one person, smiled and spoke to the young American couple in the seat behind:

"Didn't catch any in your hair?"

The young couple smiled back politely.

"No. We survived that plague."

They were in their twenties, and there was still a pleasant touch of bride and groom upon them. A handsome couple; the man rather intense and sensitive, the girl arrestingly light of hue in eyes and hair, her face without shadows, its living freshness modulated by a lovely confident calm. Mr. and Mrs. Miles did not fail to notice their air of good breeding, of a specifically "swell" background, expressed both by their unsophistication and by their ingrained reticence that was not stiffness. If they held aloof, it was because they were sufficient to each other, while it must be said that Mr. and Mrs. Miles' aloofness toward the other passengers was a conscious mask, a social attitude, quite as public an affair in its essence as the ubiquitous advances of the Smyrna-American, who was snubbed by all.

The Mileses had, in fact, decided that the young couple were "possible" and, bored with themselves, were frankly approaching them.

They Loved the Riviera in Full Summer With Many Friends There and the Nights Open and Full of Music

"Have you been to Africa before? It's been so utterly fascinating! Are you going on to Tunis?"

The Mileses, if somewhat worn away inside by fifteen years of a particular set in Paris, had undeniable style, even charm, and before the evening arrival at the little oasis town of Bou-Saada they had all four become companionable. They uncovered mutual friends in New York and, meeting for a cocktail in the bar of the Hotel Transatlantique, decided to have dinner together.

As the young Kellys came downstairs later, Nicole was conscious of a certain regret that they had accepted, realizing that now they were probably committed to seeing a certain amount of their new acquaintances as far as Constantine, where their routes diverged.

In the eight months of their marriage she had been so very happy that it seemed like spoiling something. On the Italian liner that had brought them to Gibraltar they had not joined the groups that leaned desperately on one another in the bar; instead, they seriously studied French, and Nelson worked on business contingent on his recent inheritance of half a million dollars. Also he painted a picture of a smokestack. When one member of the gay crowd in the bar disappeared permanently into the Atlantic just this side of the Azores, the young Kellys were almost glad, for it justified their aloof attitude.

But there was another reason Nicole was sorry they had committed themselves. She spoke to Nelson about it: "I passed that couple in the hall just now."

"Who—the Mileses?"

"No, that young couple—about our age—the ones that were on the other motorbus, that we thought looked so nice, in Bir Rabalou after lunch, in the camel market."

"They did look nice."

"Charming," she said emphatically; "the girl and man, both. I'm almost sure I've met the girl somewhere before."

The couple referred to were sitting across the room at dinner, and Nicole found her eyes drawn irresistibly toward them. They, too, now had companions, and again Nicole, who had not talked to a girl of her own age for two months, felt a faint regret. The Mileses, being formally sophisticated and frankly snobbish, were a different matter. They had been to an alarming number of places and seemed to know all the flashing phantoms of the newspapers.

They dined on the hotel veranda under a sky that was low and full of the presence of a strange and watchful God; around the corners of the hotel the night already stirred with the sounds of which they had so often read but that were even so hysterically unfamiliar—drums from Senegal, a native flute, the selfish, effeminate whine of a camel, the Arabs pattering past in shoes made of old automobile tires, the wail of Magian prayer.

At the desk in the hotel, a fellow passenger was arguing monotonously with the clerk about the rate of exchange, and the inappropriateness added to the detachment which had increased steadily as they went south.

Mrs. Miles was the first to break the lingering silence; with a sort of impatience she pulled them with her, in from the night and up to the table.

"We really should have dressed. Dinner's more amusing if people dress, because they feel differently in formal clothes. The English know that."

"Dress here?" her husband objected. "I'd feel like that man in the ragged dress suit we passed today, driving the flock of sheep."

"I always feel like a tourist if I'm not dressed."

"Well, we are, aren't we?" asked Nelson.

"I don't consider myself a tourist. A tourist is somebody who gets up early and goes to cathedrals and talks about scenery."

Nicole and Nelson, having seen all the official sights from Fez to Algiers, and taken reels of moving pictures and felt improved, confessed themselves, but decided that their experiences on the trip would not interest Mrs. Miles.

"Every place is the same," Mrs. Miles continued. "The only thing that matters is who's there. New scenery is fine for half an hour, but after that you want your own kind to see. That's why some places have a certain vogue, and then the vogue changes and the people move on somewhere else. The place itself really never matters."

"But doesn't somebody first decide that the place is nice?" objected Nelson. "The first ones go there because they like the place."

"Where were you going this spring?" Mrs. Miles asked.

"We thought of San Remo, or maybe Sorrento. We've never been to Europe before."

"My children, I know both Sorrento and San Remo, and you won't stand either of them for a week. They're full of the most awful English, reading the Daily Mail and waiting for letters and talking about the most incredibly dull things. You might as well go to Brighton or Bournemouth and buy a white poodle and a sunshade and walk on the pier. How long are you staying in Europe?"

"We don't know; perhaps several years." Nicole hesitated. "Nelson came into a little money, and we wanted a change. When I was young, my father had asthma and I had to live in the most depressing health resorts with him for years; and Nelson was in the fur business in Alaska, and he loathed it; so when we were free we came abroad. Nelson's going to paint and I'm going to study singing." She looked triumphantly at her husband. "So far, it's been absolutely gorgeous."

Mrs. Miles decided, from the evidence of the younger woman's clothes, that it was quite a bit of money, and their enthusiasm was infectious.

"You really must go to Biarritz," she advised them. "Or else come to Monte Carlo."

"They tell me there's a great show here," said Miles, ordering champagne. "The Ouled Nails. The concierge says they're some kind of tribe of girls who come down from the mountains and learn to be dancers, and what not, till they've collected enough gold to go back to their mountains and marry. Well, they give a performance tonight."

Walking over to the Café of the Ouled Nails afterward, Nicole regretted that she and Nelson were not strolling alone through the ever-lower, ever-softer, ever-brighter night. Nelson had reciprocated the bottle of champagne at dinner, and neither of them was accustomed to so much. As they drew near the sad flute she didn't want to go inside, but rather to climb to the top of a low hill where a white mosque shone clear as a planet through the night. Life was better than any show; closing in toward Nelson, she pressed his hand.

The little cave of a café was filled with the passengers from the two busses. The girls—light-brown, flat-nosed Berbers with fine, deep-shaded eyes—were already doing each one her solo on the platform. They wore cotton dresses, faintly reminiscent of Southern mammies; under these their bodies writhed in a slow nautch, culminating in a stomach dance, with silver belts bobbing wildly and their strings of real gold coins tinkling on their necks and arms. The flute player was also a comedian; he danced, burlesquing the girls. The drummer, swathed in goatskins like a witch doctor, was a true black from the Sudan.

Through the smoke of cigarettes each girl went in turn through the finger movement, like piano playing in the air—outwardly facile, yet, after a few moments, so obviously exacting—and then through the very simply languid yet equally precise steps of the feet—these were but preparation to the wild sensuality of the culminated dance.

Afterward there was a lull. Though the performance seemed not quite over, most of the audience gradually got up to go, but there was a whispering in the air.

"What is it?" Nicole asked her husband.

"Why, I believe—it appears that for a consideration the Ouled Nails dance in more or less—ah—Oriental style—in very little except jewelry."

"Oh."

"We're all staying," Mr. Miles assured her jovially. "After all, we're here to see the real customs and manners of the country; a little prudishness shouldn't stand in our way."

Most of the men remained, and several of the women. Nicole stood up suddenly.

"I'll wait outside," she said.

"Why not stay, Nicole? After all, Mrs. Miles is staying."

The flute player was making preliminary flourishes. Upon the raised dais two pale brown children of perhaps fourteen were taking off their cotton dresses. For an instant Nicole hesitated, torn between repulsion and the desire not to appear to be a prig. Then she saw another young American woman get up quickly and start for the door. Recognizing the attractive young wife from the other bus, her own decision came quickly and she followed.

Nelson hurried after her. "I'm going if you go," he said, but with evident reluctance.

"Please don't bother. I'll wait with the guide outside."

"Well ——" The drum was starting. He compromised: "I'll only stay a minute. I want to see what it's like."

Waiting in the fresh night, she found that the incident had hurt her—Nelson's not coming with her at once, giving as an argument the fact that Mrs. Miles was staying. From being hurt, she grew angry and made signs to the guide that she wanted to return to the hotel. *(Continued on Page 48)*

"Ah, But Kiss Me Again," it Said, Stopped; Nicole Stopped, Too, Rigid in the Silence

IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"The Honor and the Pleasure," Said the Captain, "are All Mine"

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
June 10, 1928.

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS,
TRIESTE, ITALY.

DEAR BOTTS: At a meeting yesterday of the board of directors of the company it was decided that you have not had sufficient success to justify us in keeping you in Europe any longer. This is not a criticism of your work. You have probably done everything humanly possible. But your sales have been few, and we have come to the conclusion that economic conditions are so unfavorable that we cannot hope to do a profitable business with Europe at the present time. We want you to get rid of all machines on hand—at reduced prices, if necessary. Then you and Mrs. Botts may come home as soon as convenient.

We have given similar orders to Mr. George McGinnis, whom we sent to Germany at the same time we sent you to Southern Europe, and who has so far failed to sell a single one of the five machines he took over with him. It has occurred to us that on your way home you might be able to arrange your plans so as to spend a few days in Germany with Mr. McGinnis. You have had somewhat better success in dealing with foreigners, and you could probably help him in selling off the tractors he has on hand. His address is Rhein Hotel, Coblenz.

Very sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON, *Sales Manager.*

ALEXANDER BOTTS
HOTEL EXCELSIOR, TRIESTE, ITALY.
June 24, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY.

DEAR HENDERSON: Your letter of June tenth has been forwarded from Marseilles, and I got a good laugh over your account of the meeting of the board of directors. They must be getting weak-minded in their old age. Of course I have not sold many tractors yet. But I am preparing the ground. And within a month or two there will be so many orders pouring in that you wouldn't even dream of asking me to come home.

The second big laugh in your letter was the account of George McGinnis' efforts in Germany. Of course I never like to knock another man's ability, but it certainly is a lucky thing you thought of sending me to Germany to get things straightened out. There is a lot of work I could do here in Italy, but I feel it is my first duty to help out a fellow salesman in distress. Accordingly, Gadget and I are leaving at once for Coblenz, and we will let you know later how we get along.

Sincerely yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
RHEIN HOTEL, COBLENZ, GERMANY.
Wednesday Afternoon, June 27, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY.

DEAR HENDERSON: Here we are. As soon as we arrived this morning, we had a conference with George McGinnis and heard all about the bad luck he has run into. He hasn't been able to do anything because of the violent prejudice against Americans. Apparently the feeling goes back to the old wartime hatred.

"The Germans," said George, "are a proud people. They can't forget that we defeated their armies and that we occupied part of their country for a time. They don't like Americans."

"I can't say I blame them," said Gadget. "If the Germans had captured and occupied my home town in California, I'd probably hate them worse than rattlesnakes."

"Exactly so," said George. "And by the way," he went on, turning to me, "weren't you in the Army during the war?"

"Yes," I admitted. "And I was in the Army of Occupation after the war. In the spring of 1919 I was billeted right here in Coblenz with a very nice German family by the name of Pfeiffer. I want to call on them if I have time."

"I wouldn't do that," said George.

"Why not?"

"As long as you are working with me you don't want to let anybody know you fought against Germany and were in the Army of Occupation."

"I won't let any of your prospects know. I won't mention the war to them. And if I call on the Pfeiffers I'll keep it a dark secret."

"Be sure you do," said George. "Fortunately for me," he went on, "I was not in the Army, so I have one less thing to conceal than you have—which makes it just that much easier. It is always hard not to make a slip when you have so many things to cover up."

"And what are all these things you have to cover up?"

"Well," said George, "the most difficult job is concealing the fact that the Earthworm tractor is made in America."

"Why would you want to do that?"

"To keep them from being prejudiced against it. If I told them that the Earthworm was made in America their nationalistic feelings would at once be aroused. They would look with disfavor on a machine manufactured by their former enemies."

"So what have you been telling them?"

She Then Grabbed Me and Kissed Me All Over Both Sides of the Face

Herr Pfeiffer Got Out His Old Accordion and Delighted Us by Playing a Lot of American Wartime Songs

"I have stated that the machine is made in Germany."

"How could you get by with that? All they have to do is look at the name plate and they can see it is made in Earthworm City, Illinois. Besides, they would know that the Earthworm is an American invention. We had Earthworm tractors over here to pull the artillery in the Army of Occupation. Half the population must remember seeing them. And they couldn't help but recognize them, as there is nothing similar in Germany."

"I thought of all that," said George, "and I have arranged things very cleverly. I have replaced the original name plates with new ones bearing the word *Regenwurm*, which is German for Earthworm. I admit to everyone that the first Earthworm tractor was an American invention—just like the telephone and the electric light. I also admit that I am an American and that I used to be in the tractor business in America. But I tell them that the machine I am selling is a German improvement, manufactured at Essen by a new company, and so far ahead of the American machine that there is really no comparison between the two."

"And how does this little fairy tale work?"

"Oh, it works fine. It gives me a swell chance to play on their patriotism. I tell them that when I learned that German science, German manufacturing skill and German enterprise had produced such a superior machine, I became completely discouraged with the inferior American article and came over here to sell something I could take real pride in."

"You explain all this to them in German?"

"No. I don't speak German. Some of the prospects talk English, and when they don't I hire an interpreter."

"Well, well, George," I said, "you have certainly gone into this in a very elaborate and interesting way. But it does seem to me that this business of pretending that the machine is German is carrying things a little too far. Somebody will find out that there is no Earthworm tractor factory at Essen and then you'll be in wrong worse than ever."

"Of course we are taking a chance," said George, "but we have to do it on account of the intense anti-American feeling."

"Are you sure," I asked, "that this feeling is as strong as you think it is? Now, when I was here in Coblenz right after the war with the Pfeiffer family we got along fine. The Pfeiffers didn't hate Americans."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Gadget. "They were forced to take you in. They couldn't help themselves. And they probably decided to act sensible and make the best of a bad business and pretend they liked it."

"That might have been so," I admitted.

"Anyway," said George, "there can be no doubt about the popular feeling at present. Everywhere I go they look at me with suspicion. They overcharge me at hotels. They are rude to me on trains, and they try to short change me everywhere. You will soon find out that they do the same to you."

"As a matter of fact," I said, "there was a big fat German that was very nasty when we shoved into his railroad compartment on the train down at Frankfurt, and I have a feeling—although I am not sure—that we got gouged on the wagon restaurant."

"You see," said Mr. McGinnis. "As soon as they find out you're an American, they begin to act dirty. And if you're trying to sell them something they are impossible. I have spent nearly all my time the last two weeks trying to interest a contracting firm here in buying a tractor. They need it to haul dirt for the approaches of a big bridge they are building across the Moselle at Oberzeller, about twenty kilometers from here. But I haven't accomplished anything."

"How have you gone after them?"

"I called six times on the head guy here in Cobienz. He wouldn't even see me. I called five times on the engineer in charge of the work at the bridge. He let me in the last time. But when I told him I had a tractor here and would like to give him a demonstration, he just said he wasn't interested and had me shown out. He acted very suspicious and hostile. They all do, when they find out I'm an American. I'm completely discouraged."

"No use being discouraged," I said.

"But what can we do?"

"I would suggest," I said, "that we all go down and call on this engineer. We'll let Gadget—unhampered by fool interpreters—work on him with all her skillful salesmanship and all her fluency in the handling of the German language. And when she gets through with the guy, I have a feeling that he will be as docile as a lamb."

"I have no such feeling myself," said George, "but I suppose we might as well try. We can go down to Oberzeller on the nine o'clock train tomorrow morning."

"Very good," I said. "What is the name of this contracting firm?"

"The Rheinländische Hochbaukonstructionsgesellschaft."

"Marvelous!" I said. "A company with a name like that ought to buy more than one tractor. They ought to buy three or four. I feel much encouraged."

And with that, our conference ended. This afternoon

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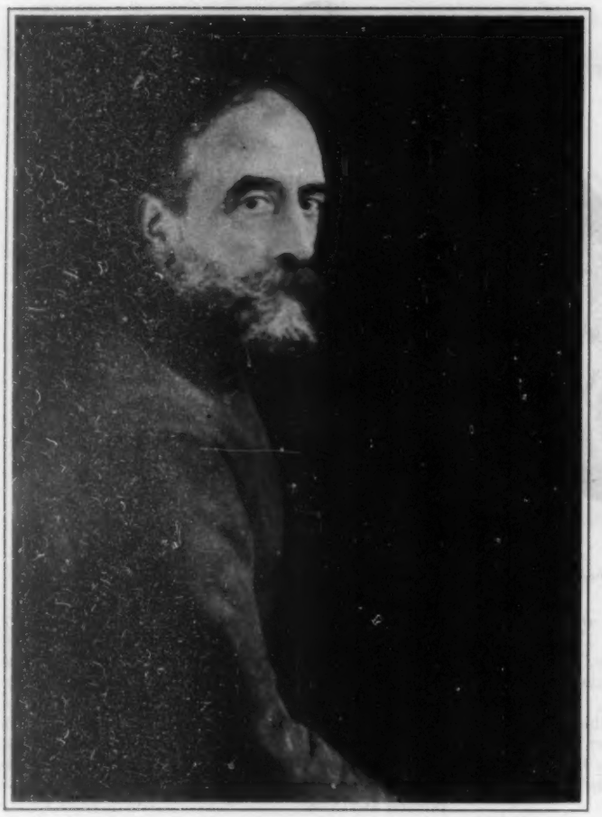
After Gadget Had Read It He Asked Her a Number of Questions



Émile Mérignac, Famous French Swordsman and Maître d'Armes

Play of Rapiers

By WYTHE WILLIAMS

"AT THE end of the thrust, I touch!"—a vision of Cyrano de Bergerac, illustrating his buoyantly insolent song challenge in flashing action. Steel fingers in velvet glove, and D'Artagnan outnumbered. His thin bright blade darts joyously while the Three rally.

Dark nights and narrow streets; cloaked forms, hurrying or lurking in sinister corners—is it a form or just a deeper shade? Silence; then a shout and the staccato play of steel on steel. Cries in the distance; flickering torches of the watch, running rather hopelessly to enforce the king's edict. Curses, footsteps rapidly inaudible in their canny retreat across the flags. Muffled voices. Dim figures lift a dimmer one and are absorbed with it in the night.

New edicts, with penalties more severe, but still thousands of chevaliers, glamorous of romance and peril, developing their play of rapiers to the perfect science of chess, but a play permitting only fractions of seconds between moves.

This is only a glimpse of *escrime*—fencing—through centuries of European history, particularly that of Italy and France, after battle-axes gave way to broadswords, and when into the obscurity of legend were relegated the great jousts and tournaments, where armored knights, with lance and mace, clashed for the favors of the fair.

Laws of parliaments supplemented royal edicts, but the code of honor persisted, compelling settlement of personal differences by the blade.

Hot Blood and Cold Steel

THE brilliant epoch of the Second Empire. The distinction of that corner of the Bois de Boulogne, the Pare des Princes. Every dawn sees carriages bearing illustrious blazons or even plebeian *fiacres* with muffled bells, taking form out of the morning mist of Paris.

Their occupants descend, merge into the blue and green shadows. The formality of the *procès verbal* of the duel, signed by the witnesses; seconds measuring the distances; doctors opening the cases of bandages and instruments; principals stripping to fine linen shirts, turning back frilled cuffs, then playing gallantly life against the steel point.

The *salle d'armes* in those days was the center, the rendezvous, of the golden youth of France. The names in the locker room were those of the proudest noblesse of Western Europe. The *maître d'armes* was indeed the master, not only of the *salle de combat*, but he was a personage respected, feared, followed. The art of swordplay, instead of being diminished as the result of edicts and laws, was introduced in the universities and even the secondary schools, and minor *salles d'armes* sprang up in every sizable town. The names of the great *maîtres d'armes* were familiar in every household.

In France were the Mérignacs—a real dynasty of fencing masters—their *salle d'armes* being handed down from father to son and to grandson; the great Prévost, and Rüe, and many others, veritable champions. Across the Alps, in Italy, were Greco, Sartori and the marvelous Cavalieri Pini. Pini's final encounter with Louis Mérignac, then more than sixty years old, to determine the merits of Italian versus French technic, caught the imagination of Europe as much as today, in America, a combat of heavyweights for the boxing title. Mérignac came out of retirement for this last combat. He defeated Pini, and France went literally mad with joy; so that Mérignac kept on his last appearances for another ten years, and retired unbeaten.

Such blood-stirring encounters raised fencing to its zenith as a sport. But the duel, although it became less deadly, due to a new rule that honor was satisfied with a minimum letting of blood, persisted until the very beginning of the World War. Then the openly opposing but often condoning government counted it out with the dramatic proclamation that "all lives belong to France." Since the war it has had a negligible revival, the Socialist elements in the government being determined to obliterate it.

But also, since the war, most of the great professional duelists have passed from the picture. Georges Breittmayer, famous Paris swordsman, who declared that the deadly character of dueling should be restored and who wrote a new code of honor to that effect, died before realizing that the war, instead of engendering and keeping alive personal hatred, had rather the opposite effect—that so far as individuals were concerned, it was considered less reasonable to seek justice with the point of the sword. Breittmayer and the Cassagnac brothers, filling the then perilous seats of Paris editors, fought dozens of duels back in the tranquil 90's and down to the very eve of war.

The Dumas Tradition

OFTEN they were referred to as the modern Three Musketeers, for their ruthless warfare against the *spadassins*, a gang of professional duelists with Apache honor, which then infested Paris, preying upon gilded youth with challenges or blackmail. Breittmayer fought twelve of these gentry and sent the dozen to the hospital. His methods became too strenuous even for these near-Apaches. Usually he provoked the challenge by dashing the nearest wineglass in the *spadassin's* face wherever he caught sight of him. On an occasion when the destined victim of one of these fellows was a particular friend, then shunning publicity because of a lady, Breittmayer caught sight of the provocator, broke into a fit of laughter, strode over to the fellow and said, snapping his fingers under the other's nose:

"You think you can annoy my friend? Don't make me snicker! Imagine fighting with you—giving you trade, in other words! Why, you would take commissions from the doctors!"

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PHOTO. BY THE NEW YORK TIMES, PARIS

Aldo Nadi, Professional Fencing Champion of the World

European Tennis

By HELEN WILLS

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Helen Wills, Winner of Many Tennis Crowns

TENNIS abroad is so different from ours that I recall vividly the scenes of play. When I think of the French tournament I see pink courts, white-clad players, agile brown ball boys, flowering chestnut trees, and I hear the call of the score in French, the singing of the birds in the trees near by, the sounds of the alert audience, with its more than quick responses to the game which is going on; and, of course, the sharp report of ball hitting racket, the music to which the tennis player keeps time in his dance upon the court.

The setting of a championship has much to do with its success. The grand stands at the Stade Roland Garros were completed this year and are very good, with a distinct modern look in their white exterior with its horizontal lines. The situation of the Stade is charming, with great chestnut trees bordering green lawns and with pink hydrangeas blooming in well-arranged beds. Between matches the onlookers come out and promenade in the gardens and speak to their friends. On the days when the sun is shining, it is entertaining for the spectator to see the people, the different nationalities, the players, moving about waiting for the games to be called. There is a more intimate atmosphere here than at either the Wimbledon championships or at our own. At these last two, one has the greatest difficulty in finding people that one knows, even if a meeting place has been arranged. Everything is so enormous and distant, and the spectator does not see the players at all at close range, but only upon the court.

The Sacred Turf of Wimbledon

AFTER the French tournaments we went on to Wimbledon and the Wightman Cup meeting. We arrived in England about a week before the cup matches, and there met the rest of the team: The Misses Edith Cross, Mary Greef and Sarah Palfrey—the last the youngest on the team. We practiced doubles together, as this was what we needed the most. We were permitted a tryout on the center court—a great privilege, by the way, as the center court is very sacred turf, and rarely trod upon before the championship meeting. Every other year, however, the cup matches are held on the center court the week before the championship. Before the matches the respective Wightman Cup teams are each allowed four hours of practice on the precious greensward.

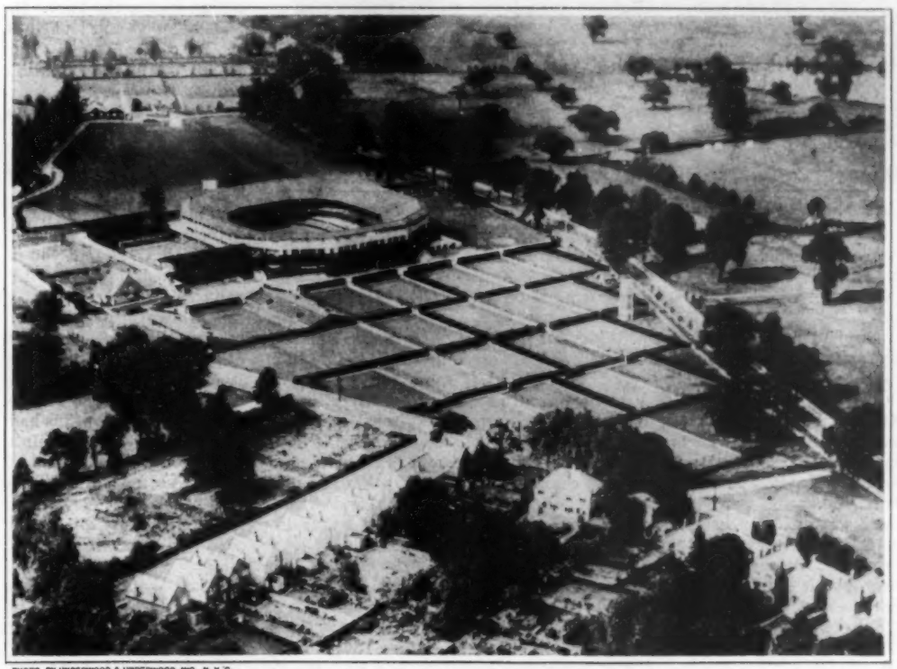
Two players who were very much in the Wimbledon tournament and who had a great deal of success were William Tilden and Elizabeth Ryan. There is a reason for mentioning them together. They are players who, each, possess a tennis game laid on a sound foundation. Each one has met, during the last fifteen years, everyone who has been anyone in the tennis world. They are the two most experienced players in tournament tennis, and perhaps the keenest. Their enthusiasm for the game is unbounded.

They have, both, a string of victories that is unique. William Tilden won the championship this June, ten years after he had first captured the title at Wimbledon.

Miss Elizabeth Ryan was the finalist this year in the ladies' singles, sixteen years after her first victory on the center court—ladies' doubles. She also won the ladies' doubles and the mixed doubles of this year's Wimbledon, and now holds sixteen wins in the doubles—a feat unequaled. Miss Ryan is an American, a Californian. She lived in the same part of the world as the famous Sutton sisters, and became interested in tennis when she saw them playing.

Though Miss Ryan was the most experienced American participant at Wimbledon this year, the newest arrival was Sarah Palfrey, just eighteen, of Boston, the baby of the Wightman Cup team. The first appearance at Wimbledon, for a young person, is somewhat bewildering, but Sarah got along very nicely, gaining valuable experience. She met defeat at the hands of Miss Joan Ridley in a three-set match in the second round. In doubles she played extremely well and, with her partner, Edith Cross, reached the finals. Sarah was wide-eyed with wonder at the enormous tournament, the many competitors, the great number of onlookers. Even the participant who is accustomed to playing at Wimbledon is awed by its enormousness. For a newcomer it is a surprising sight indeed.

But to go on with Tilden and Miss Ryan, the two most prominent people at Wimbledon. Neither of them is old in years, but in the tennis sense they are veterans. The veterans showed Wimbledon that it is possible to keep in championship form for more years than was ever before believed possible.



PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, INC., N. Y. C.

The Tennis Tournament Grounds at Wimbledon, England

Analyzing a Tennis Genius

IT IS interesting to analyze Tilden's game, and to try to discover why he was able to win again at Wimbledon ten summers after his first victory there. First of all, there is his genius. Upon the court he is a genius—in some mysterious way absolutely and perfectly adapted to tennis. To inquire into this would probably bring forth no satisfying answer, for the ways of genius are hard to understand. Who can claim that he has the formula? We only know that some people have a certain quality which makes them different from others. But besides the perfect "oneness" that Tilden holds with his sport, there are the other things which we can see when we watch him engaged in a match. These things, with the genius that he possesses, have enabled him to be a leader in tennis for more than ten years, and have made it possible for him to come back at Wimbledon and capture the title after an interval of many seasons. This is an unheard-of thing, never having been accomplished by any player before.

What do we see when we watch Tilden engaged in a match? We see a tall, broad-shouldered figure.

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THE BLACK KIND

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MacPHERSON

AND there isn't any good gettin' mad about it," said Ailanthus, "'cause you know I'm right about him."

Kay tightened her hand on his left thumb and murmured: "I'm not getting mad, 'Lanthus, but you oughtn't to be so sure about things. Because sometime you might turn out to be wrong. And then you'd feel foolish, and I won't have you feeling foolish."

"But I never do feel foolish, kid," Ailanthus told her; "or not ever to speak of, 'cause I haven't got any sense of humor."

"Be-cause, 'Lanthus, just once in a while."

Ailanthus halted. Kay took one step more and this made her partly turn when she stopped.

"You quit tryin' to improve me on our honeymoon, will you?"

"But this isn't our honeymoon, 'Lanthus. Our honeymoon was October. We've been married more than six months. Your father told me to jump you occasionally, be-cause he isn't here to do it. And I'd do anything to oblige your father. I'm not sure I like that suit, either. It makes your legs look too long."

"But my legs are long, Kay!"

"But you don't have to have them exaggerated. And I think you ate too much veal for lunch. Maybe English veal's different from veal at home. You mustn't argue with me so much."

"But I wasn't arguin', Kay!"

"Yes, you were, darling. All I said was that you couldn't be sure of remembering that man in the little car, because you say yourself you only saw him once, in Cuba. And you've been scolding me for a mile."

"'Lanthus, You're Homesick. You've Noticed Every American Car for the Last Two Weeks!"

"Aw, I wasn't scoldin' you," said Ailanthus, "at all! I was just ——"

Kay laughed. When she laughed he was sure that he hadn't married her mostly from pity of her deplorable state. She was really a nice kid, besides being pretty and able to stand on her hands for a fair amount of time. But when she argued with him he felt that her mother hadn't spanked Katherine often enough.

"You're so sweet when you get annoyed, 'Lanthus."

That was too bewildering. Ailanthus grinned—which was safe—and walked on. Dad said that women enjoyed these whirling conversations about nothing and that one should remember to gratify them in their simpler pleasures. Kay now seemed to be very happy and trotted along beaming over Hampshire. So he felt all right again and lit a cigarette single-handed, while the road turned underfoot and bits of Winchester spread out into view, on the right.

"It is lovely," she said.

"Kind of tame, honey. 'Course it's been farmed over an' roots hauled out an' all that for so long it looks all velvety. I wish 'at farmer'd have talked more."

"Maybe Americans scare him. What did the old lady say in Florence when her daughter said, 'Those must be Yankees'? I forget."

"The old hen said: 'They alarm me frightfully, Edwarda. Please do not speak to them. They always invade one so.' 'N' that was pretty good," Ailanthus pondered, "'cause who wanted to speak to her? It was what Mr. Point said on the boat, comin' over. They assume you want to know them. He said it was like Americans assumin' people wanted them round because they spend so much more money'n Europeans. He said that was all right in hotels an' stores, but it didn't go much beyond that. An' he ought to know. He's over here every year."

"Why?"

"I didn't want to ask him, honey. Because," said Ailanthus, "I did get so sick of havin' men on the boat ask, 'What business are you in?' It's no business of theirs. 'N' if you say you're a farmer, they laugh. I still can't see why it's funny bein' a farmer. Dad says it's one of the great American mysteries. He can always say he runs a newspaper. He—there's a Permeo."

"'Lanthus, you're homesick. You've noticed every American car for the last two weeks!"

"Of course I'm homesick, kid. Tomorrow's the first of May. We've been gone four months."

"Then let's change the tickets and go home, 'Lanthus. Don't be silly!"

A profound shudder swelled directly from his center and shook his shoulders inside the new tweed coat. All that water! And someone had said May was often stormy on the Atlantic. Looking away across England he said with dignity: "Naw! Dad said to stay till June an' we're gonna stay till June. . . . They're stuck, there."

The great black Permeo was drawn to a side of the roadway, close to a bank with some trees. Kay let go of his thumb and straightened her hat as a man strolled around the other end of the American car. This stranger made Ailanthus at once forget about being homesick now or seasick again on the ocean, because his coat was somehow odd and his thin legs were hidden in short pants and gaiters which ran all the way to the knee. He blackly stood and looked at the big car.

"He's an Episcopalian bishop, Kay."

"How can you tell from here?"

"Gaiters. Bishops an' those deans have to wear 'em."

"Just what is a dean, 'Lanthus?"

"Oh, can't you remember nothin'? I told you in Salisbury! A dean parks in a cathedral an' runs it."

"You did tell me, 'Lanthus. I'm sorry."

"He's awful skinny," Ailanthus whispered.

The gentleman in gaiters saw them then, and put up a single glass to one of his eyes. It stayed there for a moment. He was either admiring Kay or looking at the Westlund hair. People in Italy and France had often rather gaped at his hair, so Ailanthus had started wearing a hat, sometimes. There didn't seem to be many people in Europe with his kind of hair. In Blandyburg people were used to the Westlund hair, and it was not really scarlet.

When the glass dropped the clerical person smiled and nodded.

"A lovely day," he said.

"Ain't it? I think this stuff about the English climate is all rot," Ailanthus said. "We've been in England two weeks an' it's been nice weather. 'N' I can't see it's so damp, either."

"Dear me," the dean or bishop drawled. "Agag! The climate of England has found a defender at last!"

A prodigious person with an utterly bald head and a yellow eyeglass rose from the other side of the car's nose and looked at Ailanthus affably. He must be all of seven feet long. If he ever got fat it would be awful.

"Perhaps he walks, Joe. It's almost an obsolete habit in the States. One sees babes steering huge motors and holding a milk bottle to their lips with the other hand. I'm sure he walks and keeps his circulation going, you know."

"I walk lots," said Ailanthus. "The farm's a hundred an' three acres."

The giant wiped his chin on a silk handkerchief and sweetly said:

"I'm sorry you're not an ordinary American. You might then tell me how on earth one changes a tire. It's extraordinary to meet a Yankee farmer, though." His voice was curiously soft and made Ailanthus think of chocolate icing on a genuine birthday cake. "You don't look at all rural."

"Well, but I am. Blandyburg, Pennsylvania. Dad owns the Argus 'n' I run his farm for him. Can't you change a tire?"

"I can't. I do it badly on our native machines, and this beast of my stepson's is, as you may have noticed, a child of Detroit."

"We just passed another Permeo up the road," said Ailanthus, piling his coat and waistcoat on Kay, "with an Englishman drivin' it. A little yellow one. 'N' that was interestin'. I saw him in Havana in 1927, in a cabaret. He's an awful louse."

"'Lanthus!"

"Well, he is, kid. Dad an' me could hear him talkin' from our table. And he's a louse."

The dean or bishop, who was smart enough to look at Kay's left hand, now said: "Young lady, never discourage a new husband in habits of veracity, or when he's middle-aged he may—ah—embarrass you in the other direction. And truth, crushed to earth, does not always rise again. Are you stopping long in Winchester?"

"We've been here since Monday."

"I'm so glad. Winchester cannot be seen in three hours. Yankees so often try to do that. And I'm sure you're enjoying it?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "And Ailanthus knows tons of history; so we don't have to look in the guidebook all the time. He never forgets anything."

Ailanthus tramped around the nose of the car into a litter of tools. It was all right for these old men to smile and purr at his wife. The fellow from Kansas City on the train leaving Florence was different. Funny, his lip had looked, afterward. And it was a dumb thing to have a fight in a compartment of a train, too, but one's wife was one's wife. Ailanthus knelt and began doing things with his big hands, delighted to be able to use them after so many weeks of just holding a guidebook or an umbrella.

"I see," said Mr. Agag, presently. "It's simple and obvious. But I'm a Victorian relic. In my time one knew how to shell a pebble out of a horse's shoe, and that was the limit of our mechanical accomplishments. You're a gift from heaven. Oh, d'you mind not kneeling on that ring, please? Took it off when I was being ineffective, just now. It's ugly but most valuable."

The heavy ring was certainly ugly and much worn. Words cut on the blue stone had become a mist of tiny lettering; the chased hoop was thin. Ailanthus spun the thing on a finger and handed it up.

"Sixteenth century?"

"Well guessed. Yes, 1597. Does history amuse you? The famous Countess of Pembroke gave this to one of my mother's family, you know, and ——"

"Her? 'Underneath this sable hearse'? That one?"

"That one," said the giant. "How odd you'd know the epitaph!"

Ailanthus shut his eyes and recited:

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain 'nother ——"

The lines stopped before his eyes. He grunted and set about remembering. There was a stain like a caterpillar on the page of the fat book at home just next to the final line. Oh, yes! There they were, the other lines:

"Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd 'n' fair 'n' good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

He opened his eyes and went on working. The giant did not speak, but when Ailanthus looked up the great man was smiling. So Ailanthus smiled. He had probably said something funny without intention. That was the worst of having inherited mamma's lack of any sense of humor. Anyhow, the giant seemed to be pleased.

"Say, isn't Sack End around here some place?"

"Yes. But it's not open to the public."

"Don't want to see it. I was just interested. This Lady Sack's a second cousin of dad's. She's never met him. Y'see, her grandfather an' dad's grandfather had a fight. It was Sunday an' dad's grandfather wanted to go swimmin' an' her grandfather didn't, 'cause it was Sunday. And so her grandfather heaved a rock at dad's grandfather to make him quit strippin', and busted two of his front teeth out. So they got unfriendly an' her grandfather moved out to Michigan. His son was this Senator Westlund. And Lady Sack's Senator Westlund's daughter," he explained, strapping the collapsed tire into its slot. "This Sir Gilbert Sack's her second husband. Used to be in politics over here. He was anti-imperialist in

(Continued on Page 115)

"I've Stopped Being Sentimental, Lionel. Philadelphia's Often Scolded Me About It. I'm Cured"

SHEEP MINDS

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

The Ticker Continued to Show Lower Prices for Goliath, and the Entire List Showed Unmistakable Signs of Weakening

MR. CUTTLEWORTH HINE jumped out of his bed, once the property of a minor Hapsburg, and the ball of his large, well-fed white foot came in sharp contact with a small, hard object nestling in the deep pile of a carpet which once had graced the ancestral hall of a major Bourbon.

"Damn!" cried Mr. Hine, and sat down suddenly on his princely bed. Tenderly massaging his bruised flesh, the greatest speculator of his day glared at the cause of his pain. Apparently the small, hard object was a stone. Still rubbing his throbbing extremity, Mr. Hine reached down with his free hand, grunted, and, picking up the small, hard object, stared at it for some moments in silence.

"Damn!" he said finally. "It is a stone. What's a stone doing here?"

A discreet tap-tap on the bath door answered him.

"Come here," roared Mr. Hine.

"Your bath is ready, sir."

The man on whom all Wall Street gazed with awe and envy held up the small, hard object and eyed the meek little man with the Valentino sideburns menacingly.

"How did this get here, Larkin?" he demanded. "As you see, it is a stone. A small, hard stone. But it might have been a razor blade and instead of being merely terrifically bruised I might have been cut to the bone. Understand that, Larkin? Tetanus germs might be gathering in the wound right now, multiplying like—like everything." Mr. Hine's voice rose to a high, throaty tenor as he contemplated—mentally—the spawning in his soft, white flesh. His light blue eyes popped and blinked; his wide stretch of face flushed purple under the sweeping brush of his fancy.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I—I don't quite understand. Your foot ——"

"What's a stone doing here?" shouted his employer. "Lurking like a cobra in the—er-r—reeds. The foot is one of the tenderest parts of the anatomy. It needs protection—care. And yet here is a stone that might just as well have been a razor blade, right where a foot would naturally come in contact with it."

"I'm sorry, sir." The little valet to the great wizard of the tape rubbed his thin hands together in obvious compassion. "Shall I get something for it, sir? A spot of liniment and a light bit of gauze, sir?"

The man who bought stock in hundred-thousand-share blocks, and threw them overboard like spray for foolish fish to snap at, released his foot and placed it gingerly on the carpet.

"Larkin," he said severely, "you are a fool! What time is it?"

"Eight o'clock, sir." The little man wagged his head gently. "I—I'm sorry about the stone, sir. Very careless indeed, sir. I shall speak to the housekeeper about it."

"Gr-r-rumph," said Mr. Hine, and waddled toward his bath, the upper part of his green silk pajamas grasping his middle flesh like the loose leaves of some huge head of fresh lettuce.

"I—I beg your pardon, sir."

Mr. Cuttleworth Hine, who treated bank presidents as if they were schoolboys, turned in the doorway.

"Well?"

"It—it is about the interview you gave the Financial Sentinel, if—if I might be so bold, sir." The little man tried a smile, properly diluted with the necessary deference. "Not that I am interested—I mean personally—but I have a sister, a—a housekeeper for a rector ——"

"I hate rectors," snapped Mr. Hine.

Larkin nodded. "You see, the morning papers have quoted the story very widely, sir. Especially the part about the stock market's being only a state of mind. You see, last October ——"

"Sheep minds!" snorted his master, and blew out his fat cheeks. "Don't misquote me, Larkin. I said that having run one way, with their tails between their legs, it was about time for them to turn around and run the other. A lot of bleating fools! Gr-r-rumph."

"My sister thought she might—ah—recoup, sir, so to speak. I mean if you thought fundamental conditions were sound."

"Sound?" Mr. Cuttleworth Hine grunted contemptuously. "Of course they're sound. But what difference does that make to a lot of sheep? Why don't your sister use her own head? Did I run thirteen hundred dollars up to seventy million by asking somebody else how to do it? I deal in facts. What

Mr. Cuttleworth Hine Reached the Sidewalk in Safety and Started Forward, Limping as He Went. "Good

people think don't interest me. Tell your sister that. Tell her to keep her money in the bank."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"Gr-r-rumph," muttered the master of millions, and headed for his bath.

A half hour later, Hickerson, once the property of the ninth Earl of Este, held a huge black oak chair away from a great oak table that was old when Monmouth rode the moors, and smiled in sad grandeur, as was his morning custom.

"Good morning, sir. Might I suggest the melon ——"

Mr. Cuttleworth Hine had reached his commanding position in the field of finance by virtue of the possession of a one-track mind. At the moment that massive machine was considering the vicelike grip of his oldest and loosest shoes upon tender, bruised flesh. His eyes dully took in his butler.

"Gr-r-rumph," he answered.

Mr. Hickerson nodded sympathetically. "Some sole, sir? Cooked with lemon butter and finely cut parsley?"

"Gr-r-rumph," said the great man. Now if that stone had been a razor blade ——

"Forbes has sent in some peaches from the farm, sir. Large and red and very juicy, so cook tells me."

Mr. Cuttleworth Hine eyed his Briton stonily. "Who put that stone by my bed?" he demanded.

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"I said," barked his employer, "suppose it had been a razor blade? Answer me that. It might have been, you know. Well?"

Mr. Hickerson shook his head sadly. The last male Este had a way of getting into the same state after three or four bottles of the crusted Este port. Argumentative.

"I really can't say, sir."

"Hickerson," said Mr. Cuttleworth Hine, "you're a fool! Bring me some orange juice, two four-minute eggs and some toast."

As he served the eggs, Mr. Hickerson essayed a few gentle, well-chosen words of commendation: "If you'll pardon the liberty, sir, but I was just reading what the press had to say about your interview with the Financial Sentinel. About the sheep mind. Very constructive, if I may say so, sir?"

"Where's Mrs. Hine?" complained his master.

"Mrs. Hine?" Mr. Hickerson's bland face flickered with astonishment. "Why—why, don't you remember, sir? Mrs. Hine went to Southampton the day before yesterday."

"Fool!" roared Mr. Cuttleworth Hine. "I mean if it had been a rusty razor blade and lockjaw had developed. Where would she be? Away."

"Yes, sir." Meekly.

"Away, while hundreds of germs were breeding thousands of germs in order to breed millions more," went on Mr. Cuttleworth Hine heatedly. "Spawning like—like wolves. Gr-r-rumph."

"Quite so, sir."

"Where's Miss Sally?"

"Miss Sally isn't down, sir."

"Safe and sound," commented her father darkly.

"Your cigar, sir."

Mr. Cuttleworth Hine took the long, thin reed, especially made to his order at one hundred and fifty dollars a hundred, and bit the end savagely. He accepted a light with a grunt. He only scowled when Williams, the footman, handed him his hat and stick in the huge, monastic great hall. He only had one word for the elderly gardener, MacTavish, when that lean Scot, as was his custom, carefully placed a large white carnation in his buttonhole as he leaned back against the tapestry cushions of the twenty-four-cylinder Goliath. That word was:

"Gr-r-rumph."

Mr. Hickerson sat at breakfast in the servants' dining room at Hinewell Hall with that gentlemanly little man, Mr. Larkin, long after the melon and sole had departed. He sucked delicately, after the fashion of all the Earls of Este, at one of Mr. Cuttleworth Hine's imported Havanas, and eyed his associate in service with gloom and foreboding.

"I tell you, Mr. Larkin," he said finally, "I don't like it and that's a fact."

"There's more in it than meets the eye," assented Mr. Larkin sternly.

"He's worried about something," stated Mr. Hickerson with a sage squint along the curling white ash of his panetela.

Mr. Larkin stared ruminatively into the smoldering bowl of his blackened brier and agreed. "Talking for the papers with his tongue in his cheek," he opined further. "And me with two hundred shares of Copper Agate at forty-four—the old turkey gobbler."

Miss Sally Hine's Amused Laughter Filled the Receiver. "Silly," She Chided Him Amusedly

His associate leaned forward confidentially. "I don't mind telling you, Mr. Larkin, that I am carrying four hundred Goliath Motors on a ten-point margin, based on something I overheard at dinner the other night. Very jovial he was that night, telling Miss Sally that if young Clinebent was ever going to make enough money in the brokerage business to buy her shoes, he had better get down to sound fundamental facts."

"Talk's cheap," commented Mr. Larkin briefly.

Mr. Hickerson chuckled. "Miss Sally said he was getting too much red meat again."

"I thought he would burst a blood vessel over that silly little stone—but that wasn't it, of course."

Mr. Hickerson saw that eye to eye with Mr. Larkin. "Of course not," he agreed somberly. "Nor a razor blade."

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Morning, Sir," Repeated the Doorman. "Hurt Yourself, Mr. Hine?" Inquired Policeman Bittel Solicitously

THE PERFECT CRIME CASE

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY R. B. FULLER

On the Sixth Day of a Case She Suddenly Appears, Buys Herself a Heavy Veil, for Which She Has a Deep Passion, and Heads Directly for the District Attorney's Office

RECENTLY in a large city a provoked citizen went out and put the blast, as they say, on a fellow member of the community: Roomer Slain in Gun Battle With Landlord. The following day it was revealed that the tiff was not over money, as at first thought, but over a woman: Slayer Says Lodger Stole Wife's Love Twenty-four hours later came still another interesting titbit: Mysterious Veiled Woman Calls on District Attorney. And on the fourth day: Veiled Woman Called Slayer's Deserted Wife.

To the careless eye, now, this sequence of events shows nothing out of the ordinary. It all fits, all falls into the old familiar newspaper murder routine—the love thief, the veiled woman, and the deserted wife who wires to the district attorney from Pittsburgh that from newspaper photographs she has recognized the accused man as the blackguard who married her in 1922 under the name of Mottle and who subsequently abandoned her and their two-year-old son, Boswell.

It looks right, but in point of fact it is palpably and absurdly wrong. The whole affair is most amateurishly botched. In at least two respects it is downright ridiculous. For one thing, the veiled woman never appears in a well-conducted newspaper murder account until the sixth day; the newspaper-reading public doesn't even look for her until then. For another, the veiled woman never turns out to be the deserted wife from Pittsburgh; they are entirely different women. To confuse them in this fashion is totally inexcusable.

Well-Developed Murder Cases

EVERYONE who follows the day-by-day developments in a murder case as chronicled in the newspapers knows that the veiled woman never turns out to be anybody at all. I shouldn't want to go so far as to say that she was the figment of anyone's imagination, but all the known facts about her are that on the sixth day of a case she suddenly appears, full-blown, in the land of the living, buys herself a heavy veil, for which she has a deep passion, and heads directly for the district attorney's office; at the instant the door slams behind her as she enters his room, just as suddenly she evaporates into thin air, never to be seen or heard of again until the sixth day of the next murder case.

To find her, as in the case cited, calling on the district attorney on the third day—well, I'd just as soon try to imagine the anonymous threat-of-death letter reaching the prosecutor on the third day, when it is very well known that it is not due until the eighth. Or to imagine the revelation of a gay cocktail party in the victim's room the night before the crime being divulged to the public earlier than the fourth day. Or even the beaded bag's being found ——

Perhaps, though, I might be able to make this situation clearer by setting down a model schedule of developments in a nice, normal, orthodox murder case. It's all governed by magic, of course—nothing short of magic could account for its faithful repetition—but I feel sure that I should be able, out of years of close application to the last and least detail of newspaper murder stories, to straighten out and regulate the successive circumstances. That is, the circumstances that all veteran students of these stories have come to recognize and love and look for; the circumstances without which they could not feel a newspaper story was complete or official.

The crime itself I will skip, as irrelevant to our principal concern. So long as it promises some complication of motive or personality, its technical character does not matter. What we are after is the grand old street parade of aftermaths.

The headline quoted in the case of the erasure of the goatish lodger by his landlord is substantially proper, if inadequate. On the second day of a case, the day after the crime, it is always discovered that few of the facts reported on the first day were correct; and no matter what the motive originally stated, it was a woman that caused it all. There is no appeal from this custom; it stands thereafter, regardless of all evidence to the contrary.

But the big feature that we look for that day is the photography. First we have the scene of the crime, somewhat confused by a maze of dotted lines, showing lines of flight, and Maltese crosses, marking spots. Then there is a picture of the weapon, looking suspiciously like the weapon used in the last case—but no quibbling! We can't have everything. Finally, in the still-life group, there is a photograph of the exterior of one of the dullest, dreariest-looking residences to be found in the city, in front of it a proud policeman; this is No. 2145 Plushbottom Avenue, where it happened.

A Camera-Shy Man of Iron

NEXT we have a likeness of the victim. This requires a bit of explanation, as it isn't a likeness of the victim at all. It seems that no recent photograph of the man could be found; he was said by his friends to be very shy in that respect; this one is taken from a snapshot made at Schutzenfest Park on a picnic twelve years ago and bears a marked resemblance to "Popular Denver street-car conductor now receiving congratulations on all hands," as result of the miraculous effect on his liver of Dr. Smooch's Cobra-Oil Pills. At any rate, it doesn't look anything like the victim; in point of fact, it doesn't look very much like anybody. It just looks like a picture.

The last essential object of art shows the accused man leaving Magistrate Schnauzer's court, after arraignment, in the custody of two stout detectives. If everything is running on schedule, the prisoner has covered his face with his hat; although but recently a man of blood and iron, and with very little doubt the

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The Last Essential Object of Art Shows the Accused Man Leaving Magistrate Schnauzer's Court, After Arraignment, in the Custody of Two Stout Detectives

THEY SAY IT'S GOLF

By Bogart Rogers

FROM birth Howard Natcher had been his own most ardent admirer. Eventually he took up golf. He started by merely boring everyone around the Golden Drip Potato Chip offices—he was their star salesman—talking about it. Then he broke eighty and became annoying. When he won the city championship he turned downright obnoxious; but after he played in that exhibition foursome with Bobby Jones—well, you couldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole.

Spec O'Donnell expressed a general opinion of Howard when he told Tony Manelli, "If that big egomaniac says one more nice thing about himself I'm gonna kick him in the teeth."

"Is he as bad as all that?" Tony was not around the office much.

Spec said, "He's worse. Every time he comes in he plants himself in a chair and bounces compliments off the wall at himself."

"Got the big head pretty bad?"

"He can't get into a No. 10 hat."

"He's a great potato-chip salesman," said Tony.

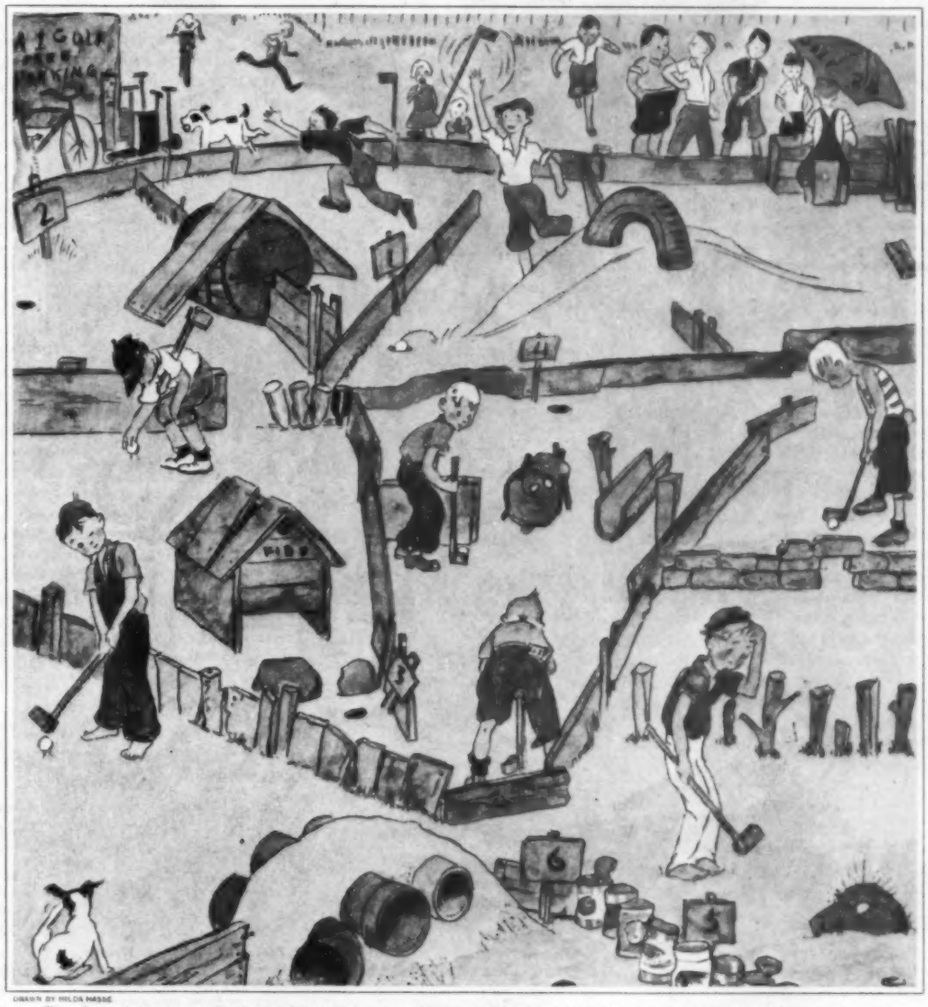
Spec contended that didn't make him any less fat-headed.

It really wasn't Howard Natcher's infinite ego that bothered Spec. Howard liked Milicent Barber. Spec liked her more than Howard did, because it was impossible for anyone to like her as much as Speedid. He greatly feared, however, that Milly liked Howard better than she did him.

With all his big talk and smug self-satisfaction, Howard was dangerous competition. He was an aggressive salesman who put over big deals and made good money. He was handsome and a tailor made his clothes. He was a prominent and promising golfer whose name was often in the papers. He had a way with the ladies—and then, of course, he knew Bobby Jones. He had really only met him and played golf with him once, but Howard talked about it constantly and made it sound big. He had taken Milly to the party the country club had given for Bobby, introduced her to Atlanta's favorite son and called him by his first name.

Spec had never won a beauty prize; his athletic prowess was zero; his chief social grace was sincerity and his affection for Milly was colossal. He walked up a flight for his semiannual suit, worked for a straight and moderate salary, and never had a chance to cut in on sales bonuses like Howard, or even Tony Manelli. Nobody denied he was the shrewdest potato buyer in the business, and a young man with a future.

On the day when Bobby Jones won the British Open Golf Championship for the third time, Howard rushed into the office waving an afternoon paper.



DRAWN BY HILDA HASSE

The Grand National Golf and Putting Contest Held on Pee Wee Smith's North Side Ups 'n' Downs Course Resulted in Several Startling Reversals of Form. . . . News Item

"Whadda you think of that?" he said to everyone—particularly Milly. "My old friend Bobby trimmed 'em all to a frazzle. He's the greatest golfer in the world—and what a pal—what a pal!" He showed the paper to Milly.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she said, thrilled to death by the thought that the hand that had shaken hers was probably now grasping the stem of the British Open trophy.

"Guess I'd better send the old boy a cable, huh?"

"Oh, I'm sure he'd love it."

"Will you take care of it for me, darling?"

Milly got out her notebook.

Howard dictated: "Robert Tyre Jones, Royal and Ancient, St. Andrews, Scotland. . . . Now let me see—no, that isn't part of the cable. I'm just thinking."

Milly's pencil poised in palpitant expectation.

"Congrats, old pal. You sure deserve it. See you when you get home. Your friend, Howard Natcher. . . . How's that sound?"

Milly said it sounded fine.

"He might like to know I'm thinking of him," said Howard. "Send it right away for me, will you, please? . . . How about me driving you home tonight?"

"I promised Spec O'Donnell," said Milly.

"Oh, him." The two words dripped scorn. "Okay. Put me down for tomorrow night." He started for the door. "When the answer to that comes from Bobby, hold it for me, will you?"

Milly said she would.

Spec presently strolled over to Milly's desk to counteract any favorable impression Howard might have made.

"Look at the cable Howard's sending to Bobby Jones." Milly showed the cable to Spec.

Spec perused it—grunted sarcastically. "Huh, I suppose that'll mean more to Jones than winning the cup or gettin' a cable from the President."

"I think it's very thoughtful of Howard to send it." Milly's attitude was defensive. "Howard is very thoughtful and considerate about a great many things."

The way she said it made Spec thoughtful and considerate about the one important thing on the top of his mind. It made him decide on the spot that if he was going to sign Milly to a life contract to manage the O'Donnell household he had better get to it before that big four-flusher Howard Natcher beat his time.

There were but two possible obstacles in the path to matrimony with Milicent Barber: she might not accept him if he proposed; his bank balance bent in the middle. He had enough in a checking account for the rings and a first-class honeymoon—and that was practically all, except a good job that would no doubt last indefinitely and improve as time went on. He concluded he had enough money to start with. A lot of folks had married on less. The only way to find out if Milly would say yes was to ask her. He would do it that very night.

As it turned out, he didn't. He took her to the movies, intending, subsequently, to drive to some sequestered and romantic spot and there announce his intentions. They emerged from the theater. Right

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WILD SWAN

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

IN A SOUNDLESS world there was suddenly a sound. Ookah heard it—Ookah, the ancient and wise. He acted instantly.

A moment before, it had seemed that the slow, even beat of his white, translucent wings might continue forever. Through the still air, a thousand feet above a region of wild, desolate tundras, Ookah was leading his army southward—an army of some three hundred whistling swans launched upon their long autumnal journey from Northern Alaska to the warm bays of Carolina. Behind Ookah, in two converging lines forming a great V, they swept on without pause, seemingly without effort, in arrowy, space-annihilating flight. Their wide wings, rhythmically fanning the air, drove them faster than the fastest wild duck or goose. In the measured beat, the steady rise and fall of those six hundred tireless pinions, there seemed something inevitable and eternal.

Then suddenly, in the chill, soundless immensity through which they moved, there was a sound.

It was not a loud sound, but Ookah recognized it. Four times in the course of his life he had heard it, and his memory for such things was excellent—he would never forget. It was the high, thin whine of the wind against the hard edges of a golden eagle's wings—Kish-Kee, the golden eagle, plunging through space, dropping like a falling star from his unseen watching place in the upper air to smash and devastate the majestic army of the swans.

Ookah did not see the eagle; for that there was neither time nor need. That keen, thin, whining sound, now changing to a hum, told him all that he needed to know; and every hundredth of a second was precious, for the thing that was going to happen would happen within an interval of moments. In that brief compass of time the taloned terror falling from the sky would either claim a victim or shoot harmlessly past toward the tundra far below.

Ookah was wise in the way of his kind, but there seemed scarcely a chance that his acquired wisdom could help him now. In the blue nakedness of the empty air, with Kish-Kee falling like a thunderbolt, there was no refuge, no hiding place, and there was little opportunity for cunning. In some part, perhaps, it was instinct that came to Ookah's aid; yet there must have been much more than instinct in it, for no other swan in the flock of three hundred did what Ookah did.

Folding his wings, he dropped, not perpendicularly but in a steep slant, until he was a hundred feet below the level of the other swans. Checking his descent, he spun clear round until his bill pointed north instead of south; then, his long neck extended to the utmost, he sped onward with short, rapid, uneven strokes of his pinions, so that his course was not a straight line but a zigzag which brought him almost instantly directly under the flock.

All this was a matter of moments. The flock meantime had become a disorganized mob. As Ookah began his downward plunge, the ordered array of the swans dissolved into chaos. In the twinkling of an eye the V-shaped phalanx disintegrated, the long converging lines of the flying wedge broke up into their component parts. Above him Ookah saw for a fraction of an instant a shifting kaleidoscopic turmoil of great white and gray birds milling about confusedly, their slender necks outstretched in panic, their wings frantically lashing the air.

Twice, in Open Water Where There Was No Refuge, Eagles Swooped Close to Him, But Swerved Upward Again

Kish-Kee, plunging through space, saw everything plainly. From a height far above the level of the migrating swan army, the golden eagle was falling at a rate of, perhaps, two miles a minute. The terrific rush of wind past his eyes would have blurred or temporarily blinded the eyes of a man, but Kish-Kee saw all that happened below him as clearly as a man sees his own hand in front of his face.

He saw most clearly of all—for his attention had been concentrated upon the leader of the swan phalanx—Ookah's downward plunge. This angered him, for he had chosen Ookah as his victim. He launched these raids only occasionally; like most golden eagles, Kish-Kee preferred to strike his prey on the ground. But in the fall, when the air above the tundras was crowded with the legion of wild fowl seeking their winter feeding grounds far to the south, Kish-Kee, mounting high above the paths of the migrating hosts, watched the airways with eager, savage eyes. Always his method was the same; always, when he stooped from on high upon a passing flock of geese or swans, he aimed his blow at the apex of the flying wedge.

So now Ookah was his chosen victim; and Ookah, warned by the whine of the wind against the edges of Kish-Kee's half-closed wings, had done a thing that was new in Kish-Kee's experience. The old swan's sudden maneuver—his abrupt downward lurch and the swift reversal of his flight, bringing him under the rest of the flock—necessitated a change in the eagle's tactics. Yet it did not affect the fixity of the big bird's purpose.

Two hundred feet above the confused mob of swans the plunging eagle twisted in the air, a sudden corkscrew motion so swift that no human eye could have seen how it was accomplished. There was no perceptible slackening of his velocity, but the direction of his descent was changed abruptly; he was falling now straight into the midst of the milling crowd of swans directly above Ookah. But he was not interested in these. Never once had his fierce eyes strayed from his selected victim.

Ookah saw, perhaps understood. Through an opening in the feathered mob a hundred feet above him, he saw Kish-Kee falling, a swift, terrible shape of death, his great blue-black talons outthrust before him. One last desperate effort Ookah made, putting all his strength into his pinions; and whether it was due to chance or to his own cunning, this last despairing spurt carried him beneath a cluster of swans which, wheeling in the air to avoid the down-rushing

eagle, remained for an instant closely bunched together.

Kish-Kee changed his course slightly, following the direction of Ookah's spurt; and suddenly one swan in the cluster—a young female in the gray plumage of immaturity—darted away from the others directly into the plunging eagle's path.

Ookah did not see the collision, but he heard the sound of the impact. Kish-Kee, not yet ready to deal the death blow, his eyes still fixed upon the lone swan a hundred feet below the shifting, panic-stricken throng through which he was diving, swerved to avoid the gray bird that had suddenly appeared in his course. The distance was too short. The hard, heavy body of the eagle, falling with the velocity of a projectile launched from the clouds, struck the gray swan's broad, outstretched wing close to its base, smashed it, crumpled it, almost tore it away.

The shock of the unexpected blow threw the eagle sideways; for a moment he was like a ship on its beam ends. He was fifty yards below Ookah before he recovered his balance, and as he banked his wings, checking his descent, the gray body of the stricken swan whirled downward past him.

Kish-Kee circled for some minutes on stiffly extended pinions, his grim eyes again fixed upon Ookah, now a mile distant, high over the tundra. A little above Ookah the other swans were spreading over a curved front like a bent bow. Gradually the bend of the bow grew sharper; the flock dipped and formed two converging lines behind Ookah; the bent bow became a sharp-pointed V.

Kish-Kee, circling slowly, watched the flying wedge resume its interrupted journey. Then he swung down in narrowing spirals toward the gray carcass lying on the mossy ground below.

Four hours later, nearly four hundred miles to the southward, Ookah looked down from a height of three thousand feet upon an irregular expanse of placid blue water broken here and there by clumps of rushes and surrounded by level prairie stretching as far as his eye could see. A cluster of silvery white spots near the center of the lake shone brightly in the slanting sunlight; nearer the marshy shores large areas of water were completely hidden by blankets of diverse hues—vast rafts of waterfowl of a dozen different kinds.

Ookah uttered a call like two notes of a clarinet; behind him it was repeated, passing from swan to swan in a diminishing ripple of mellow musical sound. Following Ookah's lead, the flying wedge slanted downward. From far below, distinct yet softened by distance, rose the welcoming trumpet notes of the swans floating on the water. Close to these the arriving flock came to rest, each great bird pitching gracefully upon the surface, making scarcely a splash.

As the afternoon waned, they fed in the shallows, thrusting their long necks under to pull up succulent aquatic grasses and catch myriads of soft-shelled fresh-water snails. Nearer the margins thousands of Canada geese played havoc with the tender shoots. Incalculable fleets of mallards, redheads and pintails and black multitudes of coots moved slowly here and there across the surface of the lake.

High grasses and scattered clumps of willows bordered the lake's edges. From these coverts coyotes watched hopefully the feathered argosies just beyond their reach. Minks moved warily through the grasses, waiting for darkness before launching their raids. At the end of a sandy point thickly grown with low willows, a puma crouched, invisible, his pale eyes fixed immovably upon a squadron of swans drifting slowly toward him perhaps a hundred yards away.

Now and again the lurking coyotes and minks found a victim when some unwary coot ventured ashore. Bands of plovers and yellowlegs, feeding along the moist margins, sometimes moved too close to some bush or grass clump where a watchful marauder was hiding. Every few minutes new travelers from the north arrived to swell the teeming population of the lake—flocks of big gray geese and short-necked geese, regiments of mallards, bluebills, teal and widgeon, companies of tall avocets, godwits, dowitchers and smaller shore birds. The great southward movement of the hordes of wild fowl, many of which had nested beyond the Arctic Circle, was in full swing, and this wild prairie lake, nearly a thousand miles south of their starting point, was a way station where for centuries the migrating myriads had been accustomed to break their journey.

The sun dipped below the western horizon. Ookah, well out toward the lake's center, suddenly uttered a call that was like a loud laugh—"wou-how-ou." It was, perhaps, a warning to the squadron of swans drifting toward the willow-grown point thrusting out into the water. All these wore the gray plumage of youth; Ookah's warning passed unheeded. One of the gray swans brought up against the sandy tip of the peninsula, stood for a few moments in the shallows, then waded ashore.

A great yellow-brown form flashed from the willows in a long curving leap. It landed squarely upon the swan; there was a mad commotion, a frenzied buffeting of wide gray wings. The long neck of the swan, looping and writhing, eluded the puma's jaws; next moment a sweep of the big cat's powerful forepaw broke the gray bird's neck. The puma stood for a half minute on his victim's body, gazing hungrily at the other swans, now swimming rapidly toward the lake's center. Then he carried the carcass into the cover of the willows.

The light faded and the night shut down. Above the varied unceasing clamor of half a million voices, rang out now and then a louder, shriller cry. Ookah knew the meaning of those short, wild screams that ended suddenly or died slowly in a gurgling choke—the minks were raiding the fringes of the feathered fleet. All night the fleet of swans remained well out toward the center of the lake. All night Ookah heard the hum and the whistle of wings overhead as new squadrons of ducks arrived from the northward, wheeled in the air, then splashed into the water.

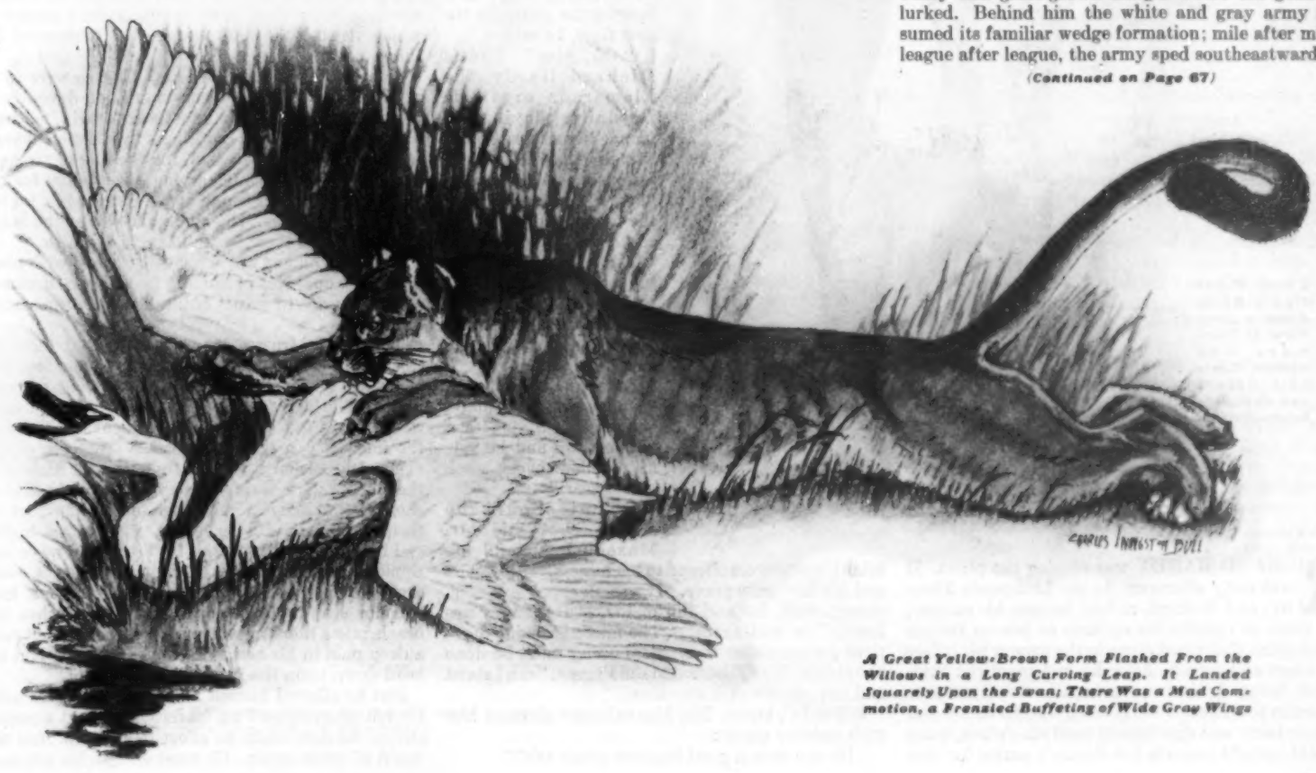
Toward midnight the air grew suddenly colder. Before morning the shallow edges of the lake were coated with ice. A rosy flush appeared in the east. From deep down in Ookah's throat issued a low contralto sound. The swans floating near him repeated it; it ran through the entire flock—a subdued medley of changing silvery notes as of reed instruments.

A sudden animation stirred the white and gray squadrons; the medley of silvery notes became a chorus of long whoops. The whole fleet began to move forward faster and faster, each swan running along the surface, flapping its wings and beating the water with its feet. Suddenly they lifted into the air. Again Ookah trumpeted a signal, a warning. He was mounting in a wide half circle that kept him well out over the open water. Most of the other swans did likewise, but some, including many gray ones, flew straight on toward the lake's bushy shore.

Five red flashes streaked the grayness of dawn; the roar of five shotguns discharged almost simultaneously reverberated across the water. Ookah heard four splashes in quick succession as four heavy bodies plumped down into the submerged marsh.

Ookah was far above shotgun range when he swung away from the open water and passed over the bushy and grass-grown margin where the gunners lurked. Behind him the white and gray army assumed its familiar wedge formation; mile after mile, league after league, the army sped southeastward at

(Continued on Page 67)



A Great Yellow-Brown Form Flashed From the Willows in a Long Curving Leap. It Landed Squarely Upon the Swan; There Was a Mad Commotion, a Frenzied Buffeting of Wide Gray Wings

BUSINESS

They Went Slowly Back, After a Long Time of Murmurs and Silence, Tears and Kisses and Complete Reconciliation

RICHARD HARDY was playing the piano. It was early afternoon, in the Llamarada Theater, and Richard, as had become his custom, had come to practice for an hour or two on the big grand piano that stood alone in the narrow pit before the stage and screen. After he had practiced sufficiently to satisfy his own cravings, he would run over the organ program for the evening's performance and then go home and give lessons until six o'clock, using the old upright piano in his mother's parlor for that purpose. After that he would have his evening meal and come back to the theater, to stay until eleven o'clock, then walk home through the late summer night with Virginia and stay a little while, making the last delightful plans for their approaching marriage.

Richard was in something of a panic, and his feeling was reflected in the sonorous chords. Mr. Maxenheimer, who was waiting to see Mr. McLaughlin, the theater owner, about a wonderful new line of titles his company could offer, stood in the lobby of the small-town theater and listened. He listened with appreciation and attention, his head bent a little nodding now and then with satisfaction.

"Who is it?" he said to Bill Finney, who was polishing the brass handrails that led to the door.

Bill Finney looked a little blank, and then, hearing the piano for the first time, he said:

"Oh, him? That's Richard Hardy, the Llamarada organist. He's al'ys playing the piano. Sometimes I think Mr. McLaughlin gets jealous, because Richard likes the piano better'n the organ, and the organ cost a sight of money."

Mr. Maxenheimer smiled a little.

"He should never touch an organ," he said, and then asked Bill: "He is unhappy?"

Bill scratched his head. "Dunno why he should be. He's got the prettiest girl in town and he gets fifty dollars every week of the year."

"That should be enough, eh?" said Mr. Maxenheimer, and his bright brown eyes softened to tenderness. He listened and his face grew grave. It was an expressive face, strong, dark, fat and full of life. "He is very unhappy," he said again. "The music is asking questions he cannot answer. Something must be done about this. How," he said to Bill Finney, "can I stand and not answer such questions?"

Bill didn't know. Mr. Maxenheimer alarmed him with another query:

"He can play a good business piano too?"

Bill Finney said slowly, convinced now in his own opinion that the other was plain crazy, "Business piano?"

"Yes, sure; business piano—everything—jazz, ritz, accompaniments, solos—anything."

"I don't know," said Bill. The talk was beyond him. He went away. Mr. McLaughlin came in and shook hands with Mr. Maxenheimer and took him into his office, where the conversation was not, immediately, of pictures.

It was true that Richard was unhappy, and this in spite of reason and logic. It was a new thing, and an old one, too—this pain. But he had thought he was through with it. He had not known it now for many months. The stern discipline of his experiences since coming back to Hilltown had seemed to cure him of longing.

All that Bill Finney said was true. Richard had a good job. And after last winter—those months he and his mother had been dependent alone on his few pupils—he was glad to have steady work. Nothing could take from him his appreciation of the Llamarada. He had come home from Boston wearing a very high hat. Because his mother was entirely dependent on him, and because she had, he felt, sacrificed both her health and her own chance to save a little in order to give him his musical education, he had taken the job at the Llamarada. But he had not appreciated it. It had been a terrible comedown for a boy who knew himself talented and burned with great ambition—to play a small-town, motion-picture-theater organ. In a fit of temperament he had failed Mr. McLaughlin and lost the job. After that four months he knew the value of bread and butter. He appreciated Mr. McLaughlin and the rest of the staff. He had not forgotten the weight of responsibility for another person who had no one else to turn to. And he had found that he liked teaching piano better than he had ever contemplated. And his mother, who was safe now for the first time in many years, safe after a life of much-criticized self-sacrifice for her son, safe only after the fall which had made it impossible for her to walk again—his mother now was tenderly kept. That was great compensation to Richard. And if he felt at times a question in her dark eyes, it concerned a matter of which neither of them spoke—the matter of his future.

In about a week Richard and Virginia were to be married, and that was a consummation devoutly to be wished. He loved his sweetheart dearly, not only for her prettiness and daintiness but for the character and good sense she had, for the line of strength that lay in the delicate carving of her chin, for the simplicity and good manners of her quiet life, for her love of little things. Even now she was at the house that was to be their home, hanging curtains.

But what had any of these things to do with playing the piano? Not in the way he had once dreamed of playing it—to great, enthralled, admiring audiences.

There is no frustration greater to bear than the frustration of an unused talent. The loss of love is a feeble loss beside it. A man can love again, and completely. The loss of money is nothing, save to those to whom it is a fetish. But an idle talent is a thorn in the side. It is a tyrant, a goad, a ceaseless, crying voice. And Richard, playing the piano for himself in the empty, dark theater, listening to the beauty of chords, the magical and precise development of theme, the exquisite repetition of a phrase, higher and higher on the scale, until it broke in a wave and ripple of sound at the exact moment when it could carry no more—like a wave rolling in on a long summer sea, to break, just before it reaches the beach, into a thousand tiny waves—Richard felt such a deep pain in his heart that he could have laid his head down upon the music rack and wept.

But he allowed himself no such indulgences now. He felt upon himself an inhibition, almost a superstition; he dare make no effort to get back into the world of music again. He must cherish his job as it

PIANO

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

had cherished him. Disaster only waited for him in any step away from it. Here, Life, after the glorious, shabby, golden days when he had been a student of Kemp's, after the interlude when he had accompanied Madame Simeo on her American tour, after the interval of failure—here Life had thrust him, between her two fingers, and here he must stay until some force from without removed him.

The improvised chords died away and he began to play from Stravinsky, telling himself he was an ungrateful wretch. Everyone else was satisfied. Virginia bloomed with love and happiness. She asked nothing more of life than the shining little rented house, newly cleaned and papered; than a steadily growing savings account; than Richard to care for, and a child or two. It was fulfillment for her. But the boy felt that Hilltown was closing about him with high stone walls, and that with his marriage he would be settled there forever. He could please Hilltown, hold his job, as long as the theater stood. The audience of the Llamarada liked the organ loud, then soft, then swelling into the full organ again, with the bells ringing, the chimes sounding, the solo stop full open, charging and thrilling them with the sheer weight of vibration. That was what they liked in Hilltown, and he could do it for them—too easily, carelessly even—while in him lay the capacity for careful, exacting, difficult performance.

He left the piano abruptly, closing down the front with loving fingers, and went to the organ, switched on the motor and climbed to the bench, turning on the light over the console. He spread out his music, sobered at once, and more practical. No use to harrow his own soul, he thought, stiffening himself. If he was disappointed no one would ever know it. But he did not at once begin to play the organ. Instead, a prayer came from his heart. He looked up at the top of the screen, as men have looked up for God since time began, and he said his simple prayer with dynamic desire behind it.

"Give me a break, God," he prayed. "Please give me a break."

It is idle to say prayer is not answered. Too many people have had their prayers answered, visibly and simply, before their very eyes. As though Richard had rubbed Aladdin's lamp, a genie appeared before him—a fat, swart genie, with very bright brown eyes, dressed in a brown business suit and wearing a hard felt hat.

The apparition spoke in a quick, husky voice and said, "You like Stravinsky?"

Richard was startled. "Yes," he said. "Do you?"

"Very much. We have been listening to you—Mr. McLaughlin and I," answered Mr. Maxenheimer. "You know how to play it; just"—he made a motion of rippling thick fingers—"so." He nodded his head. "It is the best I have ever heard." And then, sternly, indicating the theater: "What are you doing here, when you can play a concert piano?"

"I am earning a living," said Richard simply.

The other man nodded. "A mother—yes, I hear—that cannot walk, and the prettiest girl in town, and a house all ready for a newly married couple. So you boom loudly on the organ. Come back to the piano. I want to hear a little more."

Richard went back and opened the piano.

"Sit down," said Mr. Maxenheimer. Richard sat down. "Play," said the stranger, with so authoritative a manner that Richard began at once to play something, a small fire of excitement creeping about his heart. Mr. Maxenheimer listened, keeping time with his finger, nodding and smiling.

"Can you play something of the new music? Lord Look Down, perhaps?"

"I've got the Rhapsody in Blue for one piano here."

"Fine; let's hear it." Richard turned over the music, found what he wanted and spread it out. At once, in the small theater, there was an illusion of streams of traffic; bright lights shifted and turned, wheels revolved, disks appeared, spun and faded out. There was excitement and some fear and much pain in it. The haunting madness of a world a little giddy and forlorn with speed and power.

Mr. Maxenheimer laughed richly with pleasure.

"So, for Stravinsky, it is one way; for Gershwin otherwise."

"Who are you?" asked Richard.

"Maybe I am a angel." Mr. Maxenheimer enjoyed his own joke. "Don't I look like it, eh? Maybe I've got wings—if I could see —— Now, let's have some business. I have been talking to your boss. He says you can do anything with a piano. He is very proud of you. If I wanted to sing Annie Laurie, you could accompany me?"

Richard smiled. That was easy. Mr. Maxenheimer sang, not unpleasantly, indicating the high notes with his finger, keeping his voice in good control.

When they had finished their little duet Mr. Maxenheimer said seriously:

"Boy, you are good! Tell me, did you ever think of playing over the radio? Piano players they have got to have in every studio. Ritz, and all. Whyn't you ever have a try-out?"

"I never thought of it," said Richard honestly. "I've always wanted to be a concert pianist, or perhaps play with a really good orchestra, but I never thought about the radio. I never pay any attention to it."

"No judgment," said the other shrewdly. "It is always so with the best ones. 'I don't like the radio,' they say cheerfully, when the radio is their whole chance. No one listens to concerts any more—not

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"What's the Difference Where We Get Married, Where We Live, If We're Together?"

SIMON PURE

By W. Thornton Martin

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

Somebody Said, "Give it a Quick Jerk," and He Opened His Eyes and Saw Joe Black Pulling at the Little Finger of His Right Hand

VII

FAR down the shadowy line of elm trees along the colonnade appeared a snake whose vertebræ were young men with linked arms. At intervals red flares glowed like shining scales on the snake's back. At the head of the procession marched Jim MacGinnis, the head cheer leader, in white flannels, lifting a megaphone, shouting great, booming phrases into the night over the heads of the phalanx. Assistant cheer leaders galloped up and down the snake's coils, shouting: "Lots of pep there! Talk it up! You're dead on your feet!"

The group around MacGinnis began to sing, and the song went back along the street, growing in volume as it went:

"Oh, Alma Mater, all we have
We offer now to thee;
We sing your praises to the sky,
Our U-ni-ver-si-ty."

A trolley car came around the corner from Elm Street and stopped with a grinding of metal flanges. The snake threw out a coil and encircled the trolley, and grinning faces, four abreast, appeared momentarily in the light from its windows. The lights went out as if switched off by the finger of a giant hand and a shower of blue sparks dropped slowly through the night.

"Another trolley car bites the dust," Rollins said with a grin.

Moby and Rollins were standing in the circle of a stone battlement on the roof of the Varsity House porch. Around them in the darkness moved the dim, indistinguishable figures of the squad.

The snake came across the grass plot under the poplars, disintegrated and became a shifting mass of upturned faces. MacGinnis leaped upon the stone balustrade by the Varsity House steps and held up his hands for silence.

He cupped his mouth with his hands, and a wave of sound rose about the group on the roof:

"Rah! Rah! Rah! Team, team, team!"

MacGinnis shouted something, and the crowd shouted: "We want Black! We want Black! We want ——"

Somebody laughed near Moby, and Holmes said, "Up here, captain."

Joe Black stood on the battlement and looked down. The glare from the red lights came up to meet him and threw the big white T on his chest into relief, and Moby thought of the great Spence Daley of the horse-and-buggy era, and wondered if Daley had stood on the Varsity House roof and made a speech before going down to play The University.

"Fellas," Joe said, "I know you all want to see us take this game tomorrow, and I think I'm speaking for the rest of the team when I say that that is just what we are going to do. We are going out there tomorrow and fight like hell for Trent, and for old Happy Holmes here, and take this Bosworth over. It's great to see the spirit you're showing here tonight, and I know it's going to be a big help to the team to know you are all behind us like this."

MacGinnis called for a "Yo-oh, Black." The crowd said "Yo-oh, Black" thunderously and sent up a cry for Holmes. Happy got upon the battlement and told the crowd that the team was in great shape and would give Bosworth the battle of its life. Personally he believed that victory would perch on the scarlet-and-white banner of Trent on the morrow, but that win or lose he would have no alibi and the team would have no alibi. Nobody would have an alibi. He expected to win, he said; if the team kept plugging away and thinking about all the alumni who were pulling for them to win, they couldn't help winning. But if the team lost he didn't want to hear anybody going around calling the defeat a moral victory. If there was one thing he liked less than anything it was one of these moral victories.

The crowd gave a "Yo-oh" for each member of the squad, and some of the flares went out. The crowd thinned around the edges and MacGinnis picked up his megaphone and went away with the last of the scattering figures.

Holmes said, "Everybody hit the hay."

Moby lay on his bed in the dark and listened to Rollins moving in his bed on the other side of the room, and tried not to think about the Bosworth game. He was sick of thinking of it. Holmes had had the Bosworth game in the back of his mind as an objective all season long, and the squad had known how Holmes felt about it and they had carried the thought of the Bosworth game in their subconscious minds too. Holmes had had one man scouting Bosworth all season long, and last Saturday he had had three men covering them. On Monday, when Moby had opened his locker, he had found a photograph of the Bosworth left half pasted against the door. The other members of the squad had had members of the Bosworth team pasted on their locker doors too.

He wondered if Slewfoot had got a good price for the eight comps he had slipped him to sell, and

thinking of figures brought him back in a sort of vicious circle to the Bosworth game and the figures that made up the Trent system of signals. Rows of figures ran through his brain as they had run across the pages of the little book of plays Holmes had sent him to study in the summertime. When the time came for him to go down to the training camp at Lakesite he had had the signals cold. The first few days at Lakesite had been swell. Skull practice in the morning, then lying around or shooting pool or golf until luncheon. And after luncheon a workout in basketball shorts and sleeveless jersey, and a swim in the lake. It was fun in the lake. Not as much fun as surf bathing, but it was almost as good as the ocean. He hadn't seen the ocean since his mother had taken him down to Virginia Beach when he was ten. His thought left the business of training and lazily considered oceans in general and Virginia Beach in particular. His mother had been afraid to let him go in the water, but she had let him wade in the shallow water that curled up over the sand and sucked the sand out from under his toes. If you didn't hit the waves just right they picked you up and rolled you over and banged you against the bottom.

Rollins' snores came across the room and sounded like surf heard from a distance. If they had gone to the Country Club for the night, as they usually did before a big game, they would be sleeping in separate rooms and he wouldn't have to listen to Rollins' snores. He didn't see how Rollins could lie there snoring peacefully, anyhow. A soph end had beaten him out for end before the State game and Rollins was due to warm the bench in the Bosworth game. He was appreciably slower and more brittle than he had been in Moby's freshman year. He tried just as hard, but the indefinable spark that spelled the difference between starting games and sitting them out was somehow missing from his efforts. Rollins wouldn't admit that too much competition in prep school had burned him out, but he couldn't fool Happy Holmes. Moby listened to the regular drone of Rollins' snores, and after a while he didn't hear them any more.

VIII

NEVER afterward was Moby able to remember that second half very clearly. It passed in a series of pictures like the pictures of some nightmare stereopticon entertainment. One of the pictures was the look of hurt surprise on the face of the Bosworth center, moving off the field with his arms around the necks of two Bosworth subs and his legs trailing aimlessly on the ground behind him. Another picture was the realization that a shadow at his feet was cast by the Trent goal post. Still another was the memory of Joe Black and Firpo standing up in the line, shouting strange, wild, unintelligible phrases at each other. But most vivid of all was the constant presence, on the black scoreboard at the south end of the field, of a big 6 after Trent and a 0 just below it for Bosworth.

The intervals between the pictures all had a grim sameness about them. He went into plays, into a moving mass of scurrying figures. He grabbed at tiger-striped legs and went down under a burden of struggling, blurred bodies.

The dusk over the field was thicker now. Bosworth had the ball. They had always had the ball, Moby thought. Probably they would always have it. For years and ages to come he would be standing on trampled turf, forcing complaining legs to throw his body under interference and groping frantically for elusive orange legs. People in the stands began to stand up and trail out through the openings halfway up the sides of the concrete bowl.

And then suddenly the white line beneath his feet was almost a foot wide instead of the customary three or four inches. He realized that his cleats were digging into his own goal line and suddenly and disturbingly that he was yards out of position. The Bosworth quarter danced up and down with excitement, called signals shrilly, and the play started. Moby forced his legs to carry him one stride to the left and realized with a sick feeling that he could never make it back to his position behind the tackle in time to stop the play if it came through him. The Bosworth interference came off Firpo's tackle, driving hard, pushing Firpo in toward the center of the line, and, continuing on, drove over the spot of trampled turf where Moby should have been waiting, set for the play. The man with the ball swung sharply out from behind the interference, saw Moby and tried desperately to pivot for a cut-back, a look of ludicrous astonishment on his face. Moby, off balance, saw him on top of him, saw a knee coming up at his jaw, and put out his arms automatically. . . .

Water sprayed against his face and a pair of very blunt pinchers tried to separate his little finger from his hand. The pinchers made lines of pain run up his arm to his armpit.

Somebody said, "Give it a quick jerk," and he opened his eyes and saw Joe Black pulling at the little finger of his right hand. The finger was bent strangely at the middle joint and pointed away from the rest of his fingers. As he watched, something clicked in the finger and it slipped back into place.

Firpo said, "You got him, all right," and he remembered about the halfback trying to run over him and the knee coming up at his jaw. A figure in white knickers was taking the ball from the protesting Bosworth center and giving it to Joe Black. Substitutes rushed onto the field brandishing blankets. The game was over.

People were all around him, staring at him, shouting, "At-a-boy, Moby! Boy, what a tackle!" He looked back at them unseeingly, more tired than he had believed it possible to be, tireder than he had ever been. His jaw felt as if it were locked shut. He tried moving it, and decided to let it stay shut. His finger was on fire and the pain still ran up his arm. He thought of Holmes' speech between the halves. "I hope he's satisfied," he told himself. He thought about the alumni pulling so hard for them from the security of the stands. He hoped the alumni were satisfied too.

IX

"THE trouble with the house is, it has no social tone," George Davis said. "Take that last dance, for instance. We had Lambdin's Serenaders and all that. They cost us one hundred and twenty-five smackers, and twenty-five more for playing an extra hour. We had swell food, and everybody cut

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"The Next Time," He Said, "I'll Let You Burn Up." She Kept On Laughing. Her Laugh Was Low and Husky, and Too Big for Such a Small Person, He Thought

THE SQUAW WOMAN

She Noticed the Glimmer of Cartridge Heads in the Sweat-Stained Belt That Hung Sagging About His Waist, But What Held Her Gaze Was the Cool Insolence of the Small and Piglike Eyes So Casually Inspecting Her

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XI

DARROW, during the weeks that followed the return to Camp Reliance, was not an altogether happy man. They were outwardly busy weeks, for, unlike the campers he had left behind him at Laird's Point, he insisted on giving some thought to the morrow. He demanded security in the matter of reserve stores, a margin of safety in the face of an unpredictable future. This meant firewood to cut and pile, skins to cure and store away, fish to catch and smoke, and even berries to pick and dry as the summer grew older.

Into all these activities Claire entered with a quietness of spirit that puzzled him. She went about her household duties more submissively, accepting the new order of things without complaint, even taking a quiet joy in some new task well done or some new handicraft finally mastered.

Darrow, in his mild bewilderment, failed to feel altogether satisfied with the thought that Singing Pine was the important factor in this belated spirit of resignation. Claire and the Indian child, it was true, seemed to have certain things in common. But there would always be a racial limit, he suspected, to their companionship. And this seemed borne out by an unexpected confession from his camp mate, one sultry noonday when Singing Pine could be seen down at the lake front, trying to balance the largest of Darrow's birch-barks on her small shoulders.

"Why are people so inaccessible?" complained Claire, watching the brown figure.

"Does that mean me?" asked Darrow with an unlooked-for note of humility.

"No. I was thinking more of Singing Pine. I've been trying and trying to get closer to that child. But I'm beginning to feel that I might as well try to be motherly with a wild animal."

The Indian, Darrow pointed out, was shy by nature, as were other human beings who passed much of their time alone.

"But always, in some way, there's a gulf between," explained the brooding-eyed woman.

"That holds good with more than Indians," asserted Darrow, without looking up, as he became conscious of the other's quick glance in his direction.

"But I can't seem to teach the child manners," acknowledged Claire, after a moment of silence. "And manners, after all, are rather important in life."

It was his turn to cast a quick glance in his companion's direction. But the expected satiric smile was not playing about her lips.

"And manners, you might remember, are different with different peoples," he explained with an answering gravity. "When Singing Pine spits on her hands to clean them, she's doing precisely as she has been taught. And when she snatches in that greedy way at the thing you're giving her, she's really resorting to her tribal expression of gratitude. There's no word in her language, remember, for our 'thanks,' so she tries to show her appreciation of what's handed her by the eagerness with which she takes it."

But Claire was not altogether satisfied with this explanation.

"Let's see if we can't make her more like white folks," she finally suggested. "Will you help me?"

"Of course," agreed Darrow.

But he felt, as he watched the slender-bodied white woman join the equally slender-bodied Indian girl, that he would always stand as the remote point in that oddly arranged triangle. And this seemed confirmed as he caught glimpses, from day to day, of Claire and Singing Pine cooking and sewing and fishing and berry picking together. They each, apparently, had something to learn from the other. Yet Darrow was depressed by a vague but stubborn sense of detachment as, in the long twilights before Singing Pine went to bed in the deerskin-draped corner of the lodge living room, the white woman so patiently tutored the Indian child in the strange arts of reading and writing.

But Singing Pine, for all these advances, retained many of her aboriginal simplicities. She still stared with round-eyed wonder at new and incredible things in the camp equipment, at strange tools and foods and furniture, frowningly examining the coffee grinder and never tiring of studying the nickel alarm clock's eternal tick. She betrayed a fixed tendency to relapse into earlier and animal-like habits of eating, supplanting knife and fork by quick and greedily prehensile fingers, bolting more food than was good for her, in the instinctive fear that each meal might be her last one. Nor was it easy to teach the child restraint in the matter of eating sugar, which, when not watched, she appropriated by the handful. Her curiosity with regard to eatables, in fact, seemed unquenchable. One night, after a dolorously busy day when Singing Pine had not only tried smoking a pipe but had also attempted to eat half a cake of toilet soap, Darrow was so alarmed by the groans coming from the room-corner cot that he was prompted to awaken Claire.

The white woman, with a blanket about her shoulders, leaned maternally over the writhing child while Darrow heated water and checked over the medicines in his first-aid kit.

An hour later Singing Pine was asleep again. But Claire sat in the candlelight, disturbed by a new thought.

"What would you do," she demanded, "if one got really ill up here?"

"If one lives properly," was his brusque retort, "one doesn't get ill."

"But in case of accidents?" she persisted, shadowed by some new-found fear. "There's simply no one you could turn to for help."

He could afford to smile at her apprehension.

"There mustn't be accidents," he maintained. "We can't afford to have 'em."

He looked at her, in the restricted aura of light where her blanket had fallen aside, noting the fuller and firmer line of the sun-browned arm, the lithe and more resolute curve of the equally browned shoulder. "You may not admit it, but right at this moment you're healthier than you've ever been in your life."

Her color deepened a little as she met his gaze. But her face remained sober as she once more drew the blanket about her shoulders.

"I wasn't thinking so much about myself," she reminded him, "as about Singing Pine."

"She ought to be spanked," retorted Darrow, "for being so gluttonous."

"She's too big for that," observed Claire, still sober-eyed.

"She may need it before she's civilized," said the other, wondering at the red thread of jealousy that persisted in running through the fabric of his sternness.

"Women aren't civilized that way," announced Claire as she took up her candle.

"Do you think they're ever civilized?" he challenged as he watched her cross to her bedroom door.

She essayed no response to that challenge. But a final picture of her, as she stood in the doorway, with the candlelight outlining a clear-cut profile hooded by a mass of hair oddly appealing in its very disorder, with warm tones of brown merging into shadows of mystery where the softly rounded neck melted into the more resolute lines of the shoulder, stayed with him for the rest of the night and disturbed him even in his dreams.

But Singing Pine betrayed no intention of being too promptly civilized. She was still largely a child of nature. And there were times when Claire stood reluctant to interfere with the child's code of naturalness. After bathing, for example, the child loved to lie unclad in the sun. More than once the white woman sat in silent admiration, marveling at the beauty of the slender brown body, with its satin-smooth skin that seemed more the tone of dull gold than of copper in the slanting northern sunlight. Yet when Darrow's canoe rounded the point and he beached his birch-bark within ten paces of a naked brown nymph who showed no alarm at his approach, there was an unexpected explosion of rage from that indignant male.

"Keep that child covered," he proclaimed, "or I'll whale the hide off her!"

Claire, smiling wanly, sat motionless. "Don't be ridiculous," she finally observed. "She's beautiful—as beautiful as a statue."

"I prefer her in clothes," maintained the master of the camp, "and she's going to be kept that way."

Claire, still with her abstracted smile, crossed to the child and draped a blanket about the slender golden shoulders.

"We mustn't disturb the thoughts of the Big Chief, Singing Pine," murmured the older woman as she took the child's hand in her own and turned toward the lodge. And Darrow's face darkened as he detected the barb in that murmur. He started forward and as abruptly stopped again. Then he stood motionless, morosely perplexed by an intolerance of mood which was not clearly defined to his own eyes. He even nursed a suspicion that he was becoming more and more uncertain of himself, just as he was uncertain of this woman with whom he was compelled to live. There was something delusive, he suspected, in her very meekness. And that new submissiveness of hers at times showed a disturbing undertone of fortitude, as though she had captured and held a secret which had in some way escaped him. She seemed ready enough to acknowledge his mastery in the everyday matters of life, but it was an armistice and little more. For at heart she remained as remote and insurrectionary as she had ever been. There was and always would be some intangible barrier between them. And a new and gnawing sense of isolation, followed by an equally depressing sense of frustration, took possession of him as he drew his canoe up the bank and walked slowly toward the lodge.

Lacasse

He even wondered why he could no longer think of that lodge as a refuge, as an escape from the things that so calamitously complicated living for a lover of life's simplicities.

(Continued on Page 75)

He Caught Glimpses, From Day to Day, of Claire and Singing Pine Cooking and Sewing and Fishing and Berry Picking Together

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions: Five Cents the Copy, $2.00 the Year (52 weekly issues). Two Years for $3.50, Three Years for $5.00. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador): Ten Cents the Copy, $3.00 the Year, Two Years for $5.50, Three Years for $8.00, in Canadian or United States Funds.

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Remittances from outside the United States and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Bank Draft, payable in United States Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 11, 1930

Expert Government

ALTHOUGH exact and detailed knowledge of the operations of the Federal Reserve Banking System does not constitute among people at large what might be called a burning issue, there is no question on the part of business men, large and small, that Federal Reserve policy and practice are of far-reaching importance and effect. Now and then in periods of great popular business or financial excitement, such as in the years 1919–1921, and again in 1928–1929, the attitude and even the personalities of those who guide the destinies of the system come in for heated discussion even by the man in the street. But as a rule no detailed attention is paid to the Federal Reserve except by the bankers of the country and by those business men and leaders of labor and agriculture who realize at all times the profound effect of credit upon production, consumption and employment.

At all events, one needs hardly a minimum of knowledge of the part which banking plays in the country's life to realize the influence, both potential and actual, which the head of the Federal Reserve Board in Washington must at all times exercise. It is true that he is not the only financial spokesman for the Government. Both the Secretary of the Treasury and the Under Secretary frequently speak to the public on such matters, and their contacts with the business world are numerous. But the Treasury is concerned with many financial functions other than banking and credit; perhaps its chief task is the collection of revenue. The Federal Reserve Board has the duty, in a peculiar sense, to maintain sound credit and banking conditions. Nor is it merely a government board; it rests ultimately upon the twelve Federal Reserve banks, which in turn consist of all the national banks in the country and most of the larger state banks.

Thus the governor of the Federal Reserve Board holds a position second to none in the country as respects the banking and credit relationships of business and employment. That he should be an expert in the best sense seems to us self-evident. The word "expert" has come to be a synonym of narrow specialism, but the dictionary does not define it that way exclusively. It means to be proficient through practice or special training. It means an experienced person, one who is skilled and thoroughly informed in some particular kind of knowledge.

When the governorship of the Federal Reserve Board became vacant recently, President Hoover placed particular emphasis upon training, experience, background and long record in somewhat similar public service by the appointment of Eugene Meyer, Jr. It is unfortunate that this and numerous other high positions in the Government pay such inadequate salaries that men without independent means cannot stay in them for any length of time; the range of choice open to the President is narrowed thereby. But it is fortunate that there are a few men of means, great energy, expert knowledge and a combination of long experience and sufficient youth who are willing to devote themselves to the public service.

Mr. Meyer's contact with matters of agricultural credit, superimposed upon earlier familiarity and experience with the great security markets, should serve him in good stead in his new position. No one can predict, of course, whether any man will be a success in a high public office. Expert knowledge and vigor are not the only factors which make for accomplishment. Many intangible and unforeseen elements, sometimes of a more or less political nature, come into play.

But we do not see how the public service can be made increasingly competent unless emphasis is steadily laid upon training and expertness. The day is going fast when office holding can be passed around as a reward or when one man is considered as good as another for a high position. That our Presidents continue to show an increasing disposition to look for men with suitable equipment for those positions which touch business so closely should be particularly encouraging to all who themselves have to do with business affairs.

Selling George Washington

IS IT desirable to sell, in the very modern sense of the word, the character, personality and achievements of the Father of His Country? This may seem like a strange question to pose, but it has been debated by congressmen and arises naturally enough in connection with the forthcoming celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth. In other words, given a noble cause to start with, how far should the advertising and publicity go? Is dignity the prime consideration, or is a certain amount of ballyhoo justified? This is a very nice point, and more of one than may at first appear. If the country is to be made George Washington conscious in the next two years, are the means of no importance in comparison with the end?

The approaching Washington Bicentennial has been made, by those in charge, the occasion to stimulate knowledge concerning the man. There have been serious doubts as to the best portrait of Washington, and experts are engaged in a study of this moot question. Then, too, many of his writings have not been published and very few scholars are familiar with all of them. A more complete utilization of this material is obviously in the interest not only of historical accuracy but of sound patriotism. There are many directions in which the great figure of the first President may be made more real to those alive today, as well as to those who come after us.

But there are kinds of publicity and propaganda which are undignified and smack of the side show. There are very many useful articles which are properly advertised by such methods, and it is no reflection upon them to say that they occupy a different plane or level. Let us have all the facts which can be unearthed about George Washington. But it is not necessary to cheapen his name or likeness. There are many places where his picture should not go, as common sense should indicate. The flag of the United States has been protected, only by constant vigilance, from the tendency of certain people to cheapen and lower it.

The American people have long recognized that George Washington was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen. That is a very great eminence.

Elections and Prohibition

IT IS well to recognize that in many of the forthcoming congressional elections prohibition will be an avowed and foremost issue, even though it is not a party issue. For both political parties are partly wet and partly dry. The wets do not expect to gain control of Congress in this or in any other early election, but they do expect to increase their strength in both houses of Congress.

In one conspicuous instance—that of New Jersey—both senatorial candidates are wet, and it is probable that several additional converts to this side of the issue will appear in the upper house, while the voting strength of the wet cause in the other branch may be increased by a substantial number. In view of this situation, the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is sure to be more widely discussed than ever before, both on political platforms and in the press.

Amendments to the Constitution must go through the state legislatures, the senates of which are based on county representation. A very large number or perhaps a majority of counties are dry even in states with populous wet centers. Arguing from the most ardent wet premises, there are not more than a third or perhaps even a fourth of the number of necessary state legislatures likely to vote for repeal in anything like the near future.

The election of a few wet senators and a larger group of representatives will have no immediate effect, except perhaps as an indication of changing sentiment. Even if a majority of the voters of the country desire the repeal of prohibition, such an end cannot be attained for some time to come, because of the manner in which our representative form of government is constituted.

The wisdom of placing prohibition in the Constitution is not under discussion here. There was some question even among strong temperance advocates on that point, and today many drys believe that it was a mistake. On the other hand, an important factor leading to the adoption of the Amendment was the difficulty which dry states had in keeping out floods of liquor from wet states. But since prohibition was adopted the means of transportation and communication have had a miraculous growth. Thus it is apparent that if prohibition is repealed the problem thrown back upon the states will be an exceedingly difficult one for them to solve. With the universal use of the automobile, dry states will have a nice job of it in keeping liquor from coming in from wet states. And if a number of states go back to local option, how will dry communities guard themselves against those which vote wet?

People often rail at the heavy, roundabout and apparently clumsy method of changing our written framework of government. But prohibition came only after half a century or more of experiment with other laws regulating the liquor traffic. It is probable that before there is another fundamental change, the moderate wets and drys—and they will be the deciding factor—must be convinced that there is a wise and workable alternative for the present system; that under some of the many suggested plans we shall not perpetuate the evils of the present system and add new opportunities for political corruption.

Economic Possibilities for Our Grandchildren—By John Maynard Keynes

WE IN England are suffering just now from a bad attack of economic pessimism. It is common to hear people say that the epoch of enormous economic progress which characterized the nineteenth century is over; that the rapid improvement in the standard of life is now going to slow down; that a decline in prosperity is more likely than an improvement in the decade which lies ahead of us.

I believe that this is a wildly mistaken interpretation of what is happening to us, and of what is happening to the rest of the world. We are suffering not from the rheumatics of old age, but from the growing pains of overrapid changes, from the painfulness of readjustment between one economic period and another. The increase of technical efficiency has been taking place faster than we can deal with the problem of labor absorption; the improvement in the standard of life has been a little too quick; the banking and monetary systems of the world have been preventing the rate of interest from falling as fast as the circumstances require.

We are all of us also suffering from the prevailing world depression. This is blinding us to what is going on under the surface, to the true interpretation of the world in which we are living.

For I believe that no one will look more foolish a few years hence than the economic pessimist. Both of the two opposed errors of pessimism which now make so much noise in the world will be proved wrong—the pessimism of the revolutionaries who think that things are so bad that nothing can save us but violent change, and the pessimism of the reactionaries who consider the balance of our economic and social life so precarious that we must risk no experiments.

My purpose in this article, however, is not so much to examine the present as to disembarrass myself of short views and take wings into the future. What can we reasonably expect the level of our economic life to be 100 years hence? What are the economic possibilities for our grandchildren?

From the earliest times of which we have record—back, say, to 2000 years before Christ—down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, there was no very great change in the standard of life of the average man living in the civilized centers of the earth. Ups and downs, certainly. Visitations of plague, famine and war. Golden intervals. But no progressive, violent change. Some periods perhaps 50 per cent better than others—at the utmost, 100 per cent better—in the 4000 years which ended, let us say, in 1700 A.D.

This slow rate of progress, or lack of progress, was due to two reasons—to the remarkable absence of important technical improvements and to the failure of capital to accumulate.

The absence of important technical inventions between the prehistoric age and comparatively modern times is truly remarkable. Almost everything which really matters and which the world possessed at the commencement of the modern age was already known to man at the dawn of history. Language, fire, the same domestic animals which we have today, wheat, barley, the vine and the olive, the plow, the wheel, the oar, the sail, leather, linen and cloth, bricks and pots, gold and silver, copper, tin and lead—and iron was added to the list before 1000 B.C.—banking, religion, statecraft, mathematics and astronomy. There is no record of when we first possessed these things.

At some epoch before the dawn of history—perhaps even in one of the glorious intervals before the last Ice Age—there must have been some great age of progress and invention comparable to the age we live

(Continued on Page 160)

POST SCRIPTS

Boy, Page Cleopatra!

WHO'S your new boy friend, Betty?"

"Oh, his name's Eddie Owens, and, Mabel, did you ever see such a mess?"

"Well, he is kind of bum-looking."

"Kind of! Say, you need dark glasses when you look at that lad! And personality! He's got personality like a damp dishcloth, no less. And is he tight? Why, Mabel, he brings me a half-pound box of candy and tells me to think of the thought behind it! Now, I ask you, what kind of a thought is there behind a half-pound box of candy?"

"Gee, he must be impossible!"

"I have a date with him tonight, and I just don't know how I'm going to live through it."

"Well, for crying out loud, why do you date him when he's such a pill?"

"Why? Mabel, I'll tell you why. I'm dating this boy for the sake of the honor of the women of America!"

"Good gravy, Betty, what do you mean?"

"Just this: The very first time I met him he showed me his frat pin, and here is what he said: 'I have sworn to wear this down into my grave. No woman shall ever be able to boast that she parted Eddie Owens from his fraternity pin!' NOW do you understand, Mabel?"

"Yes, kid, I understand. And, Betty, I wish you luck!"

—MARGE.

DRAWN BY HARRY S. WEINERT

In Munich—"Two Lemonades, Please!"

Puzzle

"I STOOD on the bridge at midnight ——"
You've surely heard this rime.
But was it Daylight-Saving,
Or Eastern-Standard Time?

—Edgar Hare, Jr.

The Visit to Relatives

THE fifty-mile ride into the country. The dust. The desire to wash your hands. The desire for a drink of water. The arrival at Aunt Bess' house. The hearty greeting from Aunt Bess' dog. The mud spots his paws leave on your clothes. The walk up the path. The additional dust. The sneeze. The beginning of immediate hay fever from Aunt Bess' flowers. The greetings on the porch. The astonishment at your height. The statement from Aunt Bess that you are now taller than Danny. The argument. The measurement against the porch pillar. The decision that you are taller than Danny. The questions concerning your age. The questions concerning your weight. The questions concerning your past, present and future occupations. The account, by Aunt Bess, of the time you fell out of the cherry tree. The account, by Uncle Ben, of the time you fell off a horse. The account, by Aunt Sally, of the time you ate a whole blueberry pie. The refutation, by Aunt Bess, who maintains it was a cherry pie. The argument about the kind of pie it was. Your

(Continued on Page 124)

DRAWN BY D. EARLE NELSON

"I Want a Doll House for the Kid. Something Small; About Twelve Stories"

In Faint Praise of Spinach

I'VE worn my patience to a thin edge,
Endeavoring to care for spinach.
My soul repels a ferrous tonic;
I am already too ironic.

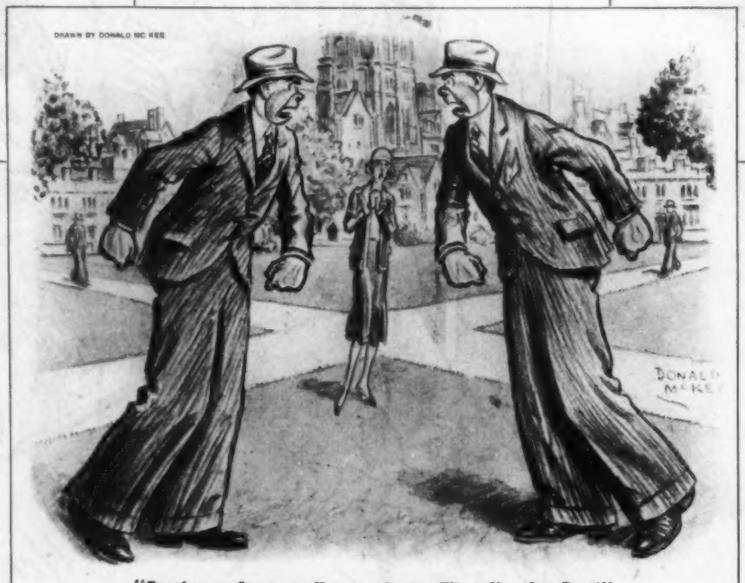
Yet, I'll contend—in lieu of praise—
It could be worse, in sev'ral ways.

'Twould be a more repellent job
To cope with spinach on the cob;
And think how positively vicious
'Twould be if it had bones like fishes!

—C. Wiles Hallock.

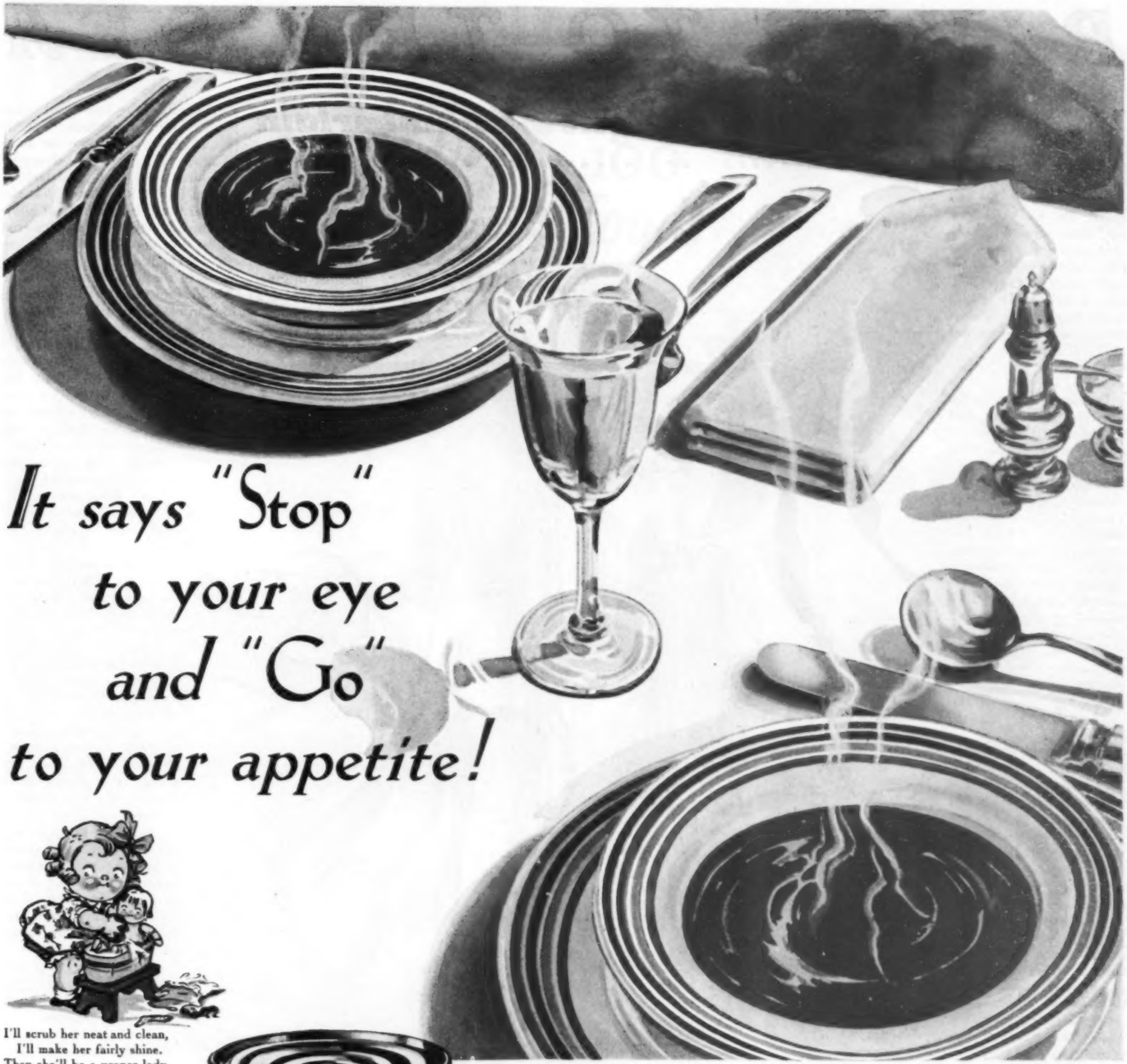
DRAWN BY HOMER BRIGHTMAN

"Don't Tell Me That's Another Baby! Does My Daddy Know About This?"



DRAWN BY DONALD MC KEE

"Freshman, Learn to Know a Senior When You See One!"



It says "Stop" to your eye and "Go" to your appetite!

I'll scrub her neat and clean,
I'll make her fairly shine.
Then she'll be a proper lady
On Campbell's Soup to dine!

Your choice

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THERE'S dash and racy vigor in Campbell's Tomato Soup. Its color is a flame. Its flavor is an unforgettable experience for your taste. Our famous French chefs have achieved such complete mastery in the blending of Tomato Soup that people have come to regard it as something individual, as exclusively Campbell's.

Indeed, it was when Campbell's began making it 32 years ago that the public first discovered Tomato Soup to be so remarkably delicious. Never before had people tasted such a glorious, sparkling, irresistible soup with such tang and tonic goodness.

And never since, in the public's opinion, has this soup been equalled except by Campbell's themselves. As the result it enjoys a popularity that is overwhelming. More of it by far is bought by the women of America than any other soup. Of course this is the soup *you* want. Enjoy Campbell's Tomato Soup today—and often.

21 fascinating Campbell's Soups to choose from!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

RIVER TO THE SEA

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

XVI

KEN sat alone in his car at the point where the lane debouched into the turnpike; he had been sitting there for a long time. It was hard to believe Lorry was gone. He had attended her departure, not as a sentimental formality but for a definite purpose. He had thought it might help him to see her dressed up in her city clothes against the protesting background of Yellow Mountain, but somehow the cure hadn't worked.

Perhaps it would have been better if he had stayed up at Log House—not followed down so close behind her. Just here she had stopped her car, got out and come back to him. The clothes made her seem different, of course, but only until she drew near enough for him to discover the eyes of the real Lorry, peering out at him as from behind thin steel bars. Then, as they stood face to face, she had stepped out bodily from her cage, slipped her arms around his neck and clung to him.

"Ken, I don't want to go!"

He had held her closely and patted her shoulder. Half his brain fought the live feel of her body, its pulsing warmth and confiding unrestraint, while the other half battled to free her spirit and lift it once more to its destined flight.

"I know, Lorry—I know. It's a lonely business, but you've got to go through with it. There are people so great in one way or another that they're partly owned by the world. They may struggle against it, and some of them try to abdicate, but as long as the greatness lasts, it doesn't work. You're going to be one of them; you can't help it. Please believe me, Lorry. Some day you'll thank me with your whole heart for keeping you up to your job."

The Clothes Made Her Seem Different, of Course, But Only Until She Drew Near Enough for Him to Discover the Eyes of the Real Lorry, Peering Out at Him as From Behind Thin Steel Bars

She had lifted a face wet with tears, and they had kissed as naturally as two rivers flowing into one, not passionately and yet not lightly, for even now, long after she had passed out of sight, it seemed to him her lips were still on his. He drove on home and into an illimitable loneliness. The look in her eyes as of some soft wild thing caged behind bars followed him around, down the valleys and up the hills, into bed at night and out again in the morning. Each day became a battle, but he hated to give up, to confess to the emptiness of an entire countryside. He drove a hundred miles to possess himself almost by violence of a lowboy he had yearned to acquire through many unsuccessful months; his spirits did not rise. He took an ancient hand-painted Chippendale mirror out of one of the deepest recesses of his heart, packed it with loving care and shipped it away for a price; his spirits did not fall.

By these signs he knew the seriousness of his plight as surely as the habitual smoker knows he has fever when tobacco loses its taste. His thoughts slanted obliquely to Madeleine Beale, to her old father and the children, striving to bend him toward Yellow Mountain. Common sense did its best, but unreason shouted, "Never! Why rush on the spear that pricks you?" Abruptly he came to a decision; he would go to town, not to see Lorry but to get away from her!

Late summer in New York has its peculiar advantages. There are high places where breezes blow and hours on end when the telephone is mute. A favorite table by the window is frequently vacant and favorite streets pleasantly empty to traffic. On September afternoons orchid women come out to walk their orchid dogs, raising the average of beauty far above that of any other city on earth. Who are they? Resplendent stars waiting for their leads, twinkling soubrettes hoping for parts, and all those lesser yet potent lights whose escorts are fishing in the Adirondacks or answering an urgent call to business abroad. At night there is sometimes silence.

Beguiled by these and other little-appreciated aspects of his native city in repose, he managed to kill many dragging hours, troubled by the lack of Lorry and yet comforted by the knowledge that she also was in town. Nearer than that he did not allow thought or action to wander. He slept late, loitered up and down Madison Avenue presenting his respects to the aristocracy of the junk shops, or plunged to their original sources in the bowels of the middle East Side. Here he would frolic about like a porpoise, coming up only at long intervals for air. On the way to one of these orgies he was pleased to note that his sister's small house was closed and boarded. He did not care to face her at the moment and three weeks elapsed before he permitted himself to call up Legendre. Warning him at once not to betray his presence, he asked for a first report on Lorry's progress.

"Ah, Le May, I can tell you little—practically nothing. Did you not see my announcement?"

"No. What did it say?"

"I have announced I shall take no pupils this fall."

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Are you trying to tell me you're going to back down on Miss Steele?"

"Ah, no! You think Legendre is a fool; all Americans think all foreigners are fools. It is that Miss Steele is my only pupil; I give her all my time."

"Oh," sighed Ken, relieved. "That's great, Legendre; you couldn't have thought of a way to put it stronger."

"She could have my house as well," continued Legendre, "only it is most mortgage, and my share in a motorboat with Otto von Luk and Emil Ducasse, but alas, she will not accept."

"What about your battered old heart?"

"I have give her that. She will not accept."

"No fights?"

"Fights?"

"Yes, like the one you had the first time you saw her."

"Never. It is impossible. You confound me with somebody else. Permit me; I must go now." Legendre hung up the telephone.

Ken found himself profoundly unsettled by even so indirect a contact with Lorry. He took a boat for Maine, got off at Boston and came back by rail. He loafed for two weeks before allowing himself to bother Legendre again.

"Ah, it is you," exclaimed an irate voice. "You call me up, you go away, you come back and say nothing. You spoil everything. Mademoiselle sings no more."

"I?" gasped Ken. "What have I done?"

"You are a fool because you think you are invisible. You are more a fool than an ostrich. You go out for a walk, you wander up and down in the sunlight, she sees you—and sings no more."

"Do you mean she's quit coming for her lessons?"

"Ah, no. She comes, but it would be better if she would stay away—like you."

(Continued on Page 32)

A delightful combination—Libby's Corned Beef, served with Libby's Bartlett Pears, filled with Cherries

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods, ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Canned Meats, Fruits, Vegetables, Pickles, Condiments, Salmon, Evaporated Milk

PARTIAL LIST OF CANNED MEATS

CORNED BEEF VIENNA SAUSAGE CANNED HAM CANNED CHICKEN CORNED BEEF HASH
VEAL LOAF BONELESS CHICKEN BEEFSTEAK AND ONIONS LUNCH TONGUE CHILI CON CARNE
CHICKEN À LA KING CHOP SUEY MEXICAN TAMALES BOUILLON CUBES MEAT-WICH SPREAD RED ALASKA SALMON MINCE MEAT

Tune in Wednesday mornings! Mary Hale Martin's Household Period—newsy, helpful discussions of culinary problems by Libby's Home Economics Expert. Unusual recipes given in full and printed on cards for mailing upon request. Interesting guest speakers.

Miss Martin's talks are broadcast Wednesday mornings over WJZ and a coast-to-coast chain of National Broadcasting Company Stations—10:45 Eastern Standard Time; 9:45 Central Standard Time; and by special arrangement 11:15 Mountain Time; 10:15 Pacific Time.

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 30)

"What time is she due tomorrow?"

"At eleven."

"Would you kick me out if I came around?"

"It is not necessary for you to be present, but I would not kick you out. What is necessary is for a friend not to come to town, walk around the streets in the sunlight, and then let pass five days in silence. Friends do not do that sort of thing except to give pain."

"Get off the wire," said Ken rudely, disconnecting himself.

He called up Lorry, but her telephone did not answer; he called her again in the evening, and still no answer. Where could she be, and with whom? Those two questions worried him a great deal in spite of frequent self-remindings that it was none of his business. He passed a restless night, woke up early, postponed telephoning until an hour that could be considered halfway decent, vacillated, grew stubborn, and finally took the receiver off the hook at exactly half-past ten. The maid answered; Miss Steele had gone to her lesson.

He hurried down to the street, caught a taxi and gave an address on the West Side. A few minutes later he was being received by Legendre, a Frenchman with a strong Teutonic strain. His manner, his dress, his emotions and his spadelike beard were Gallic. But his stature, coloring and his profound knowledge of everything pertaining to the management of the human voice were stolidly trans-Rhenish, static as an underlay of rock. However excitable he might grow upon the surface, anybody who took him for foam alone was sure to land sooner or later with a thud. It was his calm side which received Ken.

"You have come," he stated.

"Yes," admitted Ken vaguely, "I'm here." He glanced around. "But where's Miss Steele?"

"Mademoiselle has not arrived; she will enter as the clock strikes eleven."

A clock began to strike at that moment and Lorry came into the room. Catching sight of Ken, she stopped in the doorway, but not abruptly; it was as though her slow pace had merely grown slower. Presently she came forward, her hands hanging at her sides.

"Hello, Ken."

A moment before he had felt abnormally secure as though calm were a thing you could store up during a certain number of weeks and then draw on when needed, like an account at the bank. But the mere sight of her took his breath away, translating him instantly back to the foot of the lane and the moment when she had kissed him good-by. He made a movement toward her as if he were about to take her in his arms, but stopped short, arrested by Legendre's presence.

"Hello, Lorry. Do you know how many times I've called you up?"

Her face suddenly brightened. "You called me up, Ken?"

"Three times—twice yesterday, once this morning. Lorry ——"

"What?"

"Will you have luncheon with me today—and dinner?"

"Oh, yes!"

His face flushed, reflecting the sudden color in her cheeks, and he turned to Legendre. "I guess I'd better go. What time will the lesson be over?"

"No, no; ah, no!" said Legendre, the theatrical side of him coming to life. He seized Ken by the arm, led him to a thronelike chair set in shadow in a far corner of the music room and forced him to sit down. "There! It is there you shall sit and wait."

He hurried back to the piano. "Now, mademoiselle."

Presently Lorry began to sing her scales. She had run through but three when Legendre's fingers came down with a discordant crash and he leaped to his feet.

"Ha! You have not vocalized this morning. Too many things to do, *hein?* You are perhaps too busy! You have perhaps congestion of the lungs! Take off your hat, mademoiselle—take off your hat! It appears it constricts your throat."

Lorry dragged off her hat and hurled it in his face. "You're doing this on purpose," she gulped in anger, "because—because ——"

"Exactly!" shouted Legendre, drowning her out. "Ha! You throw your hat! Good; now we will begin." He reseated himself and for a full half hour carried her remorselessly up and down, do-re-mi and fa-sol-la. Her voice, congested at first, gradually loosened and increased in volume until it attained to a liquid flow. He turned to her with a caressing smile.

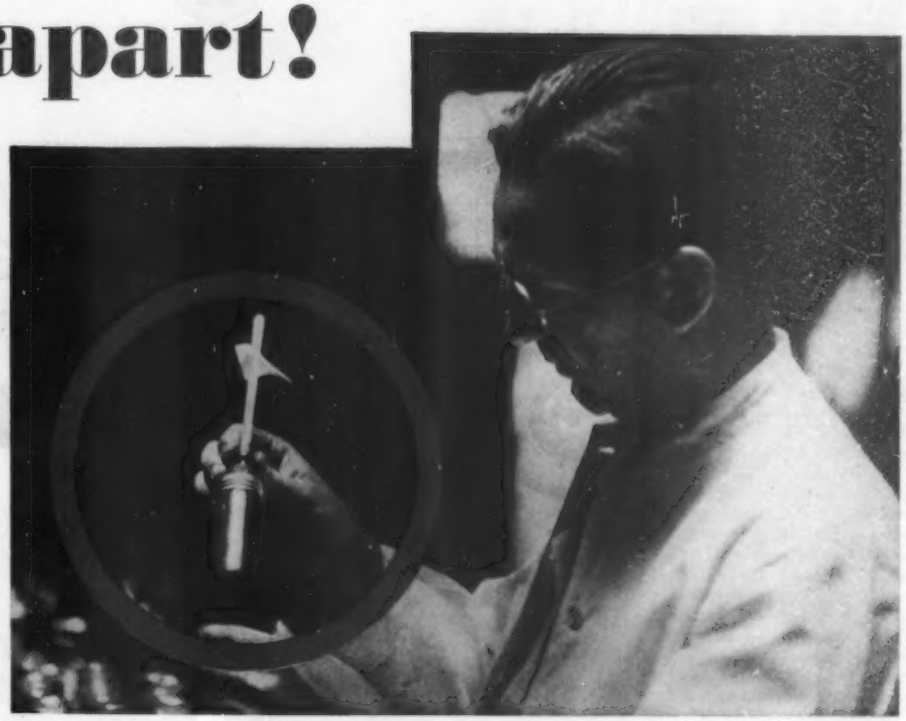
"It is now that we will sing. Choose, mademoiselle; anything you like."

Lorry turned the pages of the book on the music rack before him, opened it flat and presently was embarked upon a voyage to the moon and stars. Her voice did not rise; it mounted, and having mounted, soared on the wings of conscious power. Where it

(Continued on Page 126)

Girls Struggling Desperately for a Square Foot of Space in Which to Show Themselves and Hoping More Desperately Still for the God-Given Chance Which Would Pass Them on to the Music Room and a Trial

Not taken for granted... taken apart!



2000 tests a day made in the Mobiloil laboratories—to insure quality

In the making of Mobiloil for your car, your engine is not taken for granted. It is taken *apart.* Its lubrication needs are studied.

Each run of finished Mobiloil is also "taken apart." The 2000 tests insure its quality and its correctness for your engine.

These tests guard your engine

For example: In the Mobiloil laboratories you come on a group of white-coated chemists watching the slow revolutions of an intricate machine. This machine measures the ability of an oil to resist gumming and oxidation.

Or you'll notice another group. They are intently observing oils simmering in little copper dishes. At intervals they pass tapers over the oils to find the temperature at which they ignite. This tells them how well each oil will resist heat. They later burn the oil to determine the amount and the kind of carbon it leaves.

Then you'll see other men working with delicate instruments that determine the strength of the film formed by an oil on metal surfaces. This indicates the ability of the oil to keep down wear in the moving parts of your engine.

And so on with group after group—each plays its part in the complete testing of Mobiloil quality.

Where else can you find such protection?

Sometimes oil-making does not go much beyond the crude oil well. That's why you hear so much talk about "crudes." In making Mobiloil, the strict control of quality follows each refining step until the finished oil is ready for your engine.

Where else will you find such complete recognition of your engine's needs? Such certainty that they are fully met—that your engine will be fully protected?

Your Mobiloil dealer has the Mobiloil Chart which shows the grade of Mobiloil recommended for your engine.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

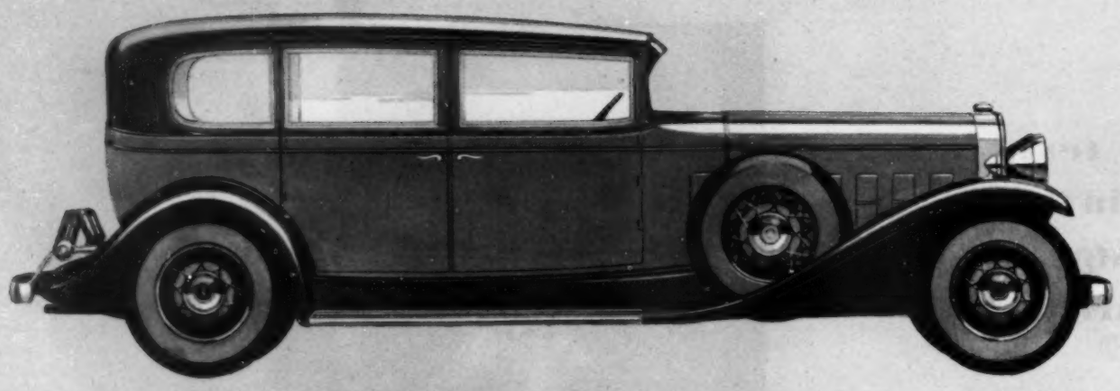
Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford, Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

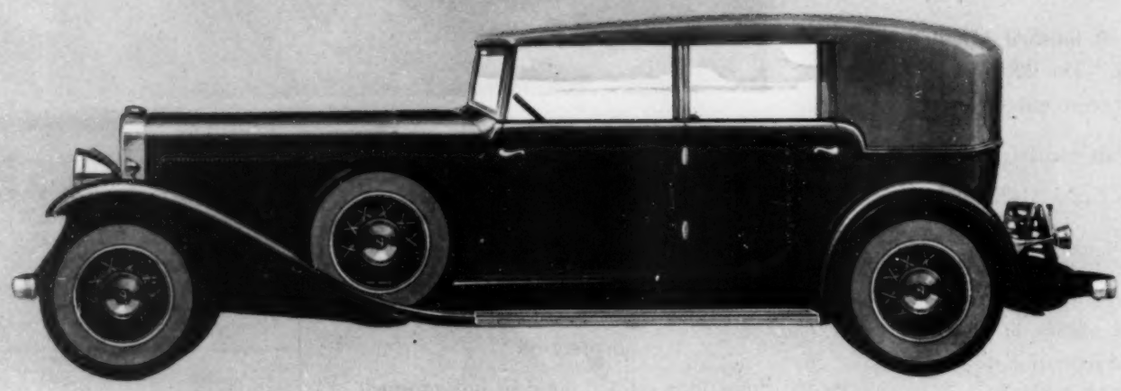
NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Black Hawk	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	...	...	...	...
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Chandler	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc	...	...	...	...	A	Arc
" Imperial	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
" other models	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
De Soto	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	...	...	...	...
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant 614	AF	Arc	...	...	...	...	...	...
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Erskine	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford Model A	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	...	...
" Model T	...	...	...	...	...	...	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc	...	...	...	...	...	...
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	...	...
Hudson	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
LaSalle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Lincoln	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc	...	...	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
" other models	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash-Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv. 6, Sp. 6, Twin Ig. 6	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Nash (other models)	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless 61, 81	...	...	AF	Arc	...	...	...	...
" 60, 69, 80	...	...	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Plymouth	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...	...	...
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo (all models)	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker Cum'der 8	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	...	...	...	...
" President 8	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	...	...
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Whippet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight	A	Arc	A	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc	AF	Arc	...	...	...	...
" other models	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	...	...	...	...

Motor oil is *made*...not *found!*

Mobiloil

Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil





The New CADILLACS—The New LA SALLES

Out of an experience which produced the Cadillac V-16 and which has built more than 600,000 fine cars come these new Cadillac and La Salle V-Eights, fruit of the greatest manufacturing program in Cadillac's history

PRICES RANGING FROM $2195 TO $3795 F. O. B. DETROIT

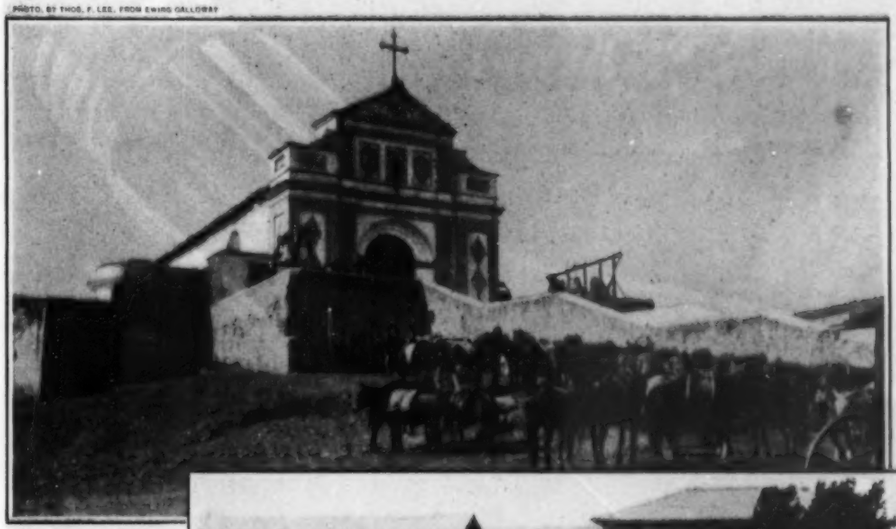
Prices Lowered from $180 to $900
Bodies by Fisher and Fleetwood

The Cadillac complete line will consist of La Salle V-8, Cadillac V-8, Cadillac V-12, Cadillac V-16, ranging in price from $2195 to $15,000, f. o. b. Detroit. The G. M. A. C. Deferred Payment Plan is recommended to the purchasers of any of these cars

THE AMERICAN "EMPIRE"

By William Hard

PHOTO. BY THOS. F. LEE, FROM EWING GALLOWAY



The Chapel of San Pedro, Near Guatemala City

AS WE emerge from the Panama Canal into the Pacific Ocean, we continue westwardly our inspection of our American "imperial" outposts. We have now left behind us the Atlantic, the ocean of our origin and immigration. In the Pacific we traverse the ocean of our enduring momentum away from Europe and into lands and problems eccentric to the European system.

PHOTO. COPYRIGHT BY BURTON HOLMES, FROM EWING GALLOWAY

Where the Coconut is King. San Pablo, Island of Luzon

Almost a hundred years ago, while Texas was still Mexican and while our Southwestern boundary did not attain even to the Rio Grande, we officially dispatched Edmund Roberts, of New Hampshire, to endeavor to establish relations for us with the seclusive powers bordering upon the China Sea and the Indian Ocean.

A Pacific Fleet in the Pacific

ALMOST ninety years ago, while yet our title to an outlet upon the Pacific through Oregon was disputed by the British and while the outlet through California and the Golden Gate was yet in Mexican sovereignty, we assured the world, through President John Tyler and Secretary of State Daniel Webster, that we would not tolerate the taking and possessing of Hawaii by any other power. Seventy-seven years ago it was the "black ships" of our Commodore Perry—"black" to the Japanese because of the incredible smoke from their funnels—that awoke the Japanese Empire from its long international coma and restored to the world the flag of the Rising Sun.

In the Atlantic we today keep only the minor fraction of our naval forces, the Scouting Fleet. In the Pacific we keep the major fraction, the Battle Fleet. Its presence there, however, can hardly be said to carry aggressive menace. We have stripped it—by the 1922 naval-limitation treaty—of all legal right to modernized, competent docking facilities and repairing facilities and bases of refuge and of action west of the Hawaiian Islands and west of the Alaskan mainland. Our Battle Fleet in the Pacific is a tribute only to the instinctive realization that for us the problems of Europe are secondary, from the point of view of any participation in them by our Government, while the unsolved problems of the Pacific Orient have a primary call upon our watchful interest.

Proceeding from Panama in a northwesterly direction along the coasts of the Central American states, we drop anchor for a moment in the Gulf of Fonseca. Here to the west of us we see the shore of El Salvador, to the east of us the shore of Honduras, to the south of us the shore of Nicaragua. On the Nicaraguan shore we have been granted by the Nicaraguan Government, through a treaty of 1916, the right to establish a naval base for the protection of the prospective interoceanic canal through Nicaragua, as well as for the protection of the existing interoceanic canal through the Panamanian isthmus. This right is in the form of a leasehold of sovereign authority over the proposed base for a period of ninety-nine years plus an optional period of ninety-nine years more. The base has not been built. To the treaty granting to us the legal power to build it objections have been raised by El Salvador and by Honduras, as riparian partners with Nicaragua—so they allege—in the international uses of the waters of the Gulf of Fonseca and its environs. The dispute is today officially quiescent, but it will undoubtedly raise itself again for consideration and for definitive settlement if and when the Nicaraguan interoceanic canal is dug.

A Guaranty of Friendship

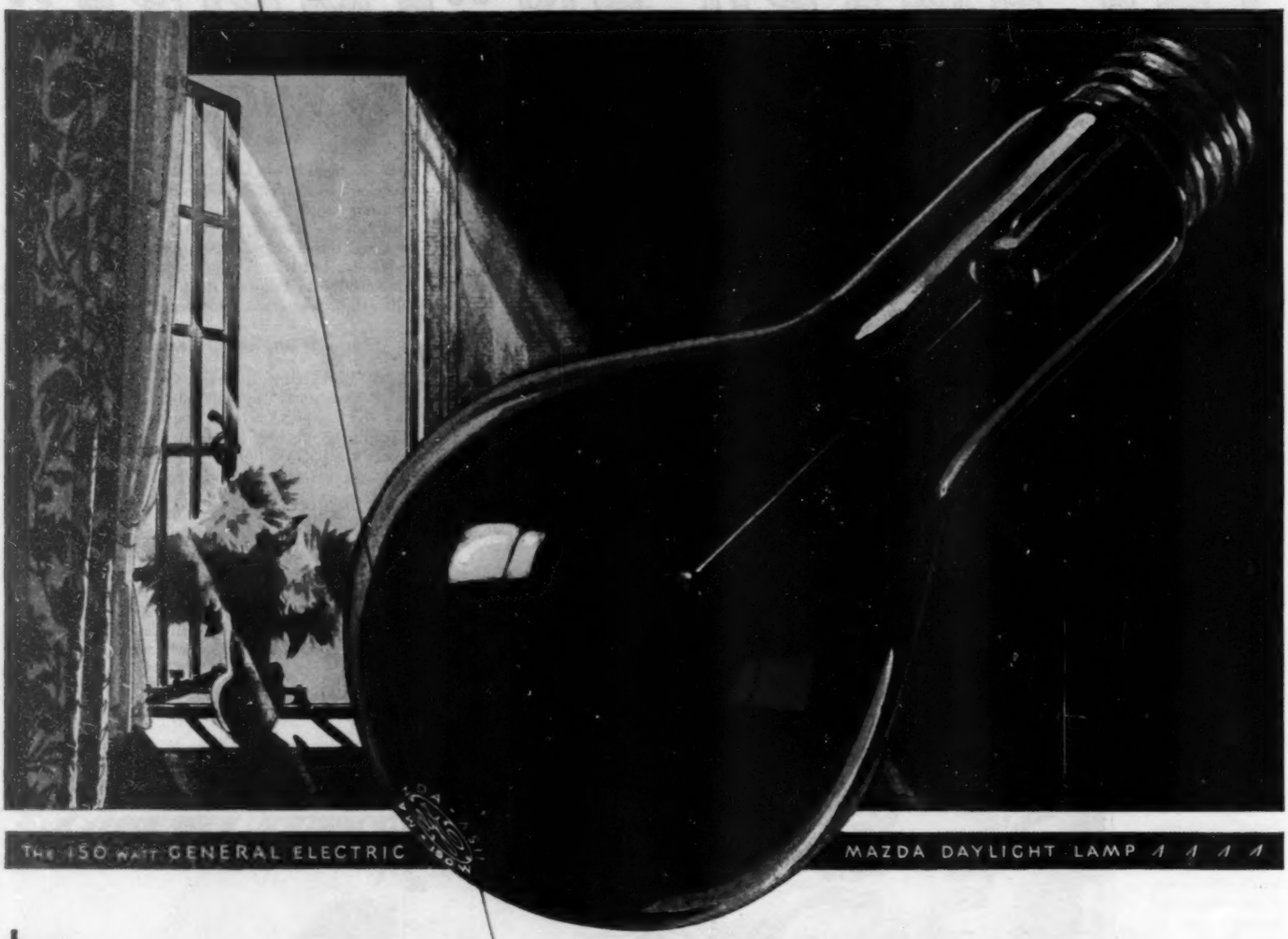
FROM the Gulf of Fonseca, proceeding still in a northwesterly direction, and coasting Guatemala and Mexico and California and Oregon and Washington and the southern half of British Columbia, we arrive in Alaska. We did our diplomatic best, a century and more ago, under President James Monroe, to prevent the Russians in Alaska from extending themselves southward; and we succeeded. We subsequently did our diplomatic best to extend ourselves northward to meet the Russians and to exclude the British from a Pacific Ocean frontage; but we failed. In 1867 we leaped the gap created by the advent of the British between us and the Russians and bought from the Russian Czar, for

(Continued on Page 37)

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY

A Glimpse of the Island of Jamoa

▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ MAZDA ▲ NOT THE NAME OF A THING BUT THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE



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Join us in the General Electric Program, broadcast every Saturday Evening on a Nation-wide N. B. C. Network

THE 150 watt General Electric MAZDA Daylight lamp . . with its transparent blue glass bulb . . is made for the workrooms of the nation's homes . . especially the kitchens, laundries and bathrooms.

Unlike other lamps, G. E. MAZDA Daylight lamps *enhance* whiteness and the aspect of cleanliness. They bring out the true beauty of porcelain, tiling and nickel fittings. Supplying an abundance of light, approximating daylight in quality, this product of MAZDA Research is invaluable at the opening and closing of day, or any time when daylight is far below its maximum.

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Genuine G. E. MAZDA Daylight lamps are a distinctive transparent blue . . . you can't mistake them . . . and for your further protection are plainly marked with the initials G. E. in a circle on the end of each lamp and come in the familiar blue carton. Insist on these safeguards of lighting quality . . . when you light with Daylight. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA LAMPS

(Continued from Page 35)

$7,200,000, the whole of his American Alaskan territory, including the islands—the Aleutians—which stretch westward from it toward the Russian Asiatic peninsula of Kamchatka.

Almost touching the peninsula of Kamchatka are the Japanese islands called the Kuriles. The distance from the farthest Aleutian island to the nearest Kurile island is only some 600 miles. We might thus be thought, having opened Japan to commerce in 1853 and having acquired the Aleutian Islands fourteen years later, to be the deliberate organizers of a naval threat to Japan's international future. We went far toward extinguishing that apprehension when, in the naval-limitation treaty of 1922, we, in fact, deliberately excluded the Aleutian Islands from the Pacific areas which we retain the right to guard with modernized naval bases and fortifications.

A Popular Government Ward

ALASKA, unlike any of our possessions on the Atlantic side of Panama, is not mere territory. It is a Territory, even as Ohio and Oklahoma were once Territories. Alaska is accordingly, presumably, on its way to being a sovereign state. The present census enumerates its inhabitants at only 59,000, which is at the rate of only one inhabitant to each ten square miles of its approximately 590,000 square miles.

Alaska has a governor—Mr. George Alexander Parks—appointed by the President, and it has a legislature elected by the Alaskan people. This legislature can override the governor if he vetoes its laws; but even then, and in any and every case, its laws can be invalidated by the Congress at Washington. Alaska is legislatively still in tutelage—and also administratively.

Many divisions of the administrative branch of our Government at Washington hasten to do the Alaskans good. The Bureau of Fisheries of the Department of Commerce protects and harvests the Alaskan seals and has caused them, since 1911, to increase from 130,000 to more than 1,000,000, while annually reaping a considerable crop from among them; and in the last recorded year, for instance, selling 28,929 of their skins for $896,383.40, remitting 15 per cent of the proceeds to the Japanese and 15 per cent to the Canadians under international agreement. The Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture administers in Alaska a domain of 21,000,000 acres of public national forests, out of which it calculates that 1,300,000 tons of newsprint paper could be manufactured annually, without any forest depletion whatsoever. The Navy operates commercial radio stations at Alaskan points. So does the Army. The Army also operates a cable to Alaska. It also provides the commission which builds roads and trails in Alaska.

The Interior Department provides the teachers for schools for Alaskan natives. It provides the managers for the Alaska Railroad, which penetrates the main body of the Alaskan peninsula and which in the last recorded year unavoidably encountered an operating deficit of approximately $1,000,000. The Interior Department also initiated the new, big, domesticated Alaskan reindeer herds. The Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture is this year escorting a herd of arctic musk oxen from Greenland to Alaska. The formality of the annual report of the governor of Alaska is directed to the Interior Department. The actuality is that each department pursues in Alaska its appropriate distinctive missions, undaunted by the Secretary of the Interior.

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY

A Crowded Market in Baguio, Benguet Province, Philippines

PHOTO. COPYRIGHT BY DE COU. FROM EWING GALLOWAY

A Samoan Palm-Lined Shore, Apia

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY

U. S. Naval Station at Pago-Pago

The basic occupations of Alaska are fishing and mining. Between them they absorb 96 per cent of Alaskan labor. Between them they account for virtually all the exports of Alaska to the United States, which in the last recorded year amounted to some $76,000,000 and included—whole or in cans—89,584,685 salmon.

Alaska is represented in the lower house of the Federal Congress by a delegate who, like the resident commissioner from Porto Rico in that body, can raise his voice in debate, but not on voting roll call.

Claims to Undiscovered Land

THE eastern boundary of Alaska is the one hundred and forty-first meridian of west longitude. The western boundary through Bering Strait is the one hundred and sixty-ninth meridian. These two meridians, projected northward, meet and mingle and jointly terminate at the North Pole. The area which they inclose in the waters of the Arctic Ocean is thus in the form of a wedge or a piece of pie. Mr. David Hunter Miller, who is one of our best-known collectors and perusers of international documents and dogmas, claims for the Stars and Stripes all the lands which may be discovered within the Arctic waters so bounded. He bases his contention on claims officially similarly set forth by Canada and by Russia to all lands in the waters between their northern continental rims and the northern top of the world. Our Government has on this theme asserted nothing. Nor have any lands, in fact, been yet discovered in the waters northward from our Alaskan domain. It is difficult in international law to stake out any claims over a sea, even when the sea, through the congealment of the cold, is solid. The advancement

of claims by us in this region awaits further advances by our explorers.

Retiring from this region and retracing our path southward along the one hundred and sixty-ninth meridian, between Alaska, now at our left, and Russian Asia, at our right, we pass, at some considerable distance to our right and northward from the Russian mainland the island called Wrangel. It is some seventy miles long and might conceivably have some value as an airplane base. Its first explorer, landing upon it and claiming it, was undoubtedly Capt. C. L. Hooper, of the United States Navy, in the year 1881. It nevertheless falls clearly within the piece of pie extending from Russian continental territory to the North Pole. The Russians long ago formally claimed it and have recently, though perhaps only for a transitory period, formally occupied it. Our Government has shown no inclination to pick this bare bone with Russian contenders.

A Dollar-a-Year Possession

Resuming our voyage southward, we thread our way through Bering Strait between the American and Asiatic continents and sail past the Alaskan Pribilof Islands, where the seals of our Bureau of Fisheries come to breed, and then drift through—let us say—some fairly central aperture in the long east-and-west necklace of the Aleutian Islands, which dottingly trace the limit between the Bering Sea and the main body of the Pacific Ocean.

Proceeding directly southward some 2000 miles from the approximate middle of the Aleutian Island archipelago, and arriving at the approximate middle of that part of the Pacific Ocean which lies north of the equator, we find ourselves in close proximity to Ocean Island, which is the westernmost island of the Hawaiian group.

Directly and adjacently eastward from Ocean Island are the tiny Midway Islands, which are not strictly Hawaiian. They were discovered in 1859 by Captain Brooks, of the United States Navy. They were claimed by us in 1867, long before Hawaiian annexation to our domain. For some years in the early part of this century we maintained a few marines upon them. Now they constitute a station for an American cable company, and the local superintendent of the company gets one dollar a year from our Navy Department, in order, apparently, that somebody on the islands may be thought to be holding them down for the United States Government.

For more than 1000 miles eastward and southeastward from Ocean Island—with a small hiatus interposed by the Midway Islands—there stretches a string of Hawaiian islets dedicated to Nature and composing the Hawaiian Bird Reservation. Passing the last of these islets, we arrive at the humannature part of the Hawaiian group, exhibiting some eight inhabited islands, of which the largest is Hawaii, but of which the most important politically and strategically is Oahu, containing the capital city, Honolulu, and the naval base, Pearl Harbor.

With the Hawaiian Islands, under their native Polynesian monarchy, in 1875, we made a reciprocity trade treaty which, in practice, linked the islands to us industrially through their production of sugar and through our consumption of it. Political annexation followed in 1898 through a revolution against the native monarchy and a freely expressed desire by the revolutionists to come within our sovereignty. The status of the Hawaiian Islands within that sovereignty is the same as that of Alaska. Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands are today our only true Territories, in supposed technical preparation for statehood.

Hawaiian achievement of statehood is postponed not so much by lack as by mixture of inhabitants. The total population, as indicated in the last report of the Hawaiian authorities, is some 350,000, but within that 350,000 the aliens number more than 120,000. Moreover, among the American citizens of the islands, native or naturalized, numbering some 230,000, there are some 47,000 who are of Polynesian Hawaiian, some 27,000 who are of Portuguese, some 15,000 who are of Chinese, and some 88,000 who are of Japanese, extraction. Racial caution prevents the progress of any agitation for giving to a population thus composed a full sovereign access to the Federal House of Representatives and the Federal Senate.

The Hawaiian Islands remain represented in the Federal House of Representatives only by a voiced but voteless delegate. They have a governor—Mr. Lawrence M. Judd—appointed by the President, and they have a legislature elected by the local inhabitants who have acquired voting rights; and their governing of themselves is much ampler in detail than that of the Alaskans. Their immediate prospect, nevertheless, is not that of admission to the Union but of continuing to be an American outpost of genuinely primary importance. These islands depend on us industrially, and we depend on them navally. They exported to us in the last officially recorded year some $70,000,000 of sugar and some $40,000,000 of pineapples. They imported tourists from us to the value, in money locally spent, of some $10,000,000.

We navally maintain in Pearl Harbor the westernmost modernized effective base which the 1922 naval-limitation treaty allows us. It is far from being as effective as it might be. Members of our Federal Congress frequently complain of the 1922 treaty restrictions which prevent us from improving our naval harbors westward of Hawaii. They nevertheless have neglected to provide Pearl Harbor with dry docks, for instance, adequate to handle superdreadnoughts seriously damaged in battle. The making of Pearl Harbor into what it navally, defensively, fully might be, and should be, is a task still ahead of us.

The Importance of Pearl Harbor

The importance of that task can be summarized into one set of facts. The distance from Panama to Pearl Harbor is 4685 miles. The distance from Pearl Harbor to Manila is 4838 miles. The line from Panama through Pearl Harbor to Manila is almost straight. The distance from Juneau, the capital of Alaska, to Pearl Harbor is some 2500 miles. The distance from Pearl Harbor to American Samoa in the Southern Pacific is some 2200 miles. The line from Juneau through Pearl Harbor to Samoa is almost straight. Pearl Harbor is thus the center of our outposts in the ocean which is the horizon of our traditionally westward gaze.

Sailing from Pearl Harbor south-southwest for approximately 1000 miles over an empty sea we come to the island—or little series of pin pricks of islets—called Palmyra. On some globes Palmyra is marked British. The marking is in error. Palmyra was annexed to the Hawaiian Islands in 1862 and automatically became ours by Hawaiian annexation to us. It contains no inhabitants, but does contain three landlocked lagoons which might imaginably be useful for seaplanes.

Four hundred miles to the southeastward from Palmyra—on beyond the British island called Washington and the British island called Fanning—we arrive at the island piously christened Christmas by the almost infinitely industrious British naval explorer, James Cook, when he discovered it on Christmas Day, 1777. It has interestingness and perhaps some potential seaplane value as the largest atoll—the largest belt of coral reef surrounding a central land-locked lagoon—in the Pacific Ocean. The reef at Christmas Island is some forty miles long and some thirty-five miles wide, and supports a large number of coconut trees.

The Harbor at Pago-Pago

Captain Cook having departed from Christmas Island in 1777 in further continuance of his endless errand of discovering more and more Pacific Ocean islands and islets, his Christmas atoll lay apparently vacant till, in 1857, it was rediscovered by Capt. John Stetson, of New Haven, Connecticut, and was subsequently soon bonded by the United States Guano Company of New York, under the Guano Act of 1856, whereby American finders and exploiters of guano-fertilizer deposits on islands not occupied by other powers could list them among the "islands, rocks, or keys . . . appertaining to the United States."

Thereafter, however, when the American diggers and shippers of the guano on the reef of Christmas Island had gone away, some New Zealanders, in 1882, lighted upon it and declared it British. It has been, in fact, British ever since, with our State Department declining either to concede its Britishness or to assert its Americanness. We "reserve our rights," and the British have the reef and the lagoon. The coconut trees on the reef are tended by a couple of Europeans and a couple of dozen of Tahitians, who, under a lease or a sublease from the British Government, extract from the nuts of their trees a considerable amount of copra and then export it to the soap-using world.

Some 200 miles southwestward from Christmas Island, and almost astride of the equator, is the little island called Jarvis. Some 1000 miles due west of Jarvis are the little islands called Howland and Baker. These three islands, like Christmas Island, were at one time bonded guano islands of ours. The American impermanent guano sailors, however, were after a while supplemented and succeeded by the more agglutinous sailors of Britain. Jarvis is today really irretrievably British, while Baker and Howland—in consequence of their present worthlessness—are claimed on maps by both the United States and Britain, but otherwise wholly neglected by both.

South-southeast from Baker and Howland, skirting or penetrating the British islet groups called Phœnix and Tokelau, we come, after 1000 miles, to the best harbor in the Southern Pacific Ocean—the harbor of Pago-Pago, capital of American Samoa. Our official occupying interest in Samoa dates from 1872, when Com. Richard Meade of our Navy signed with a Samoan chief an agreement granting to us an exclusive right to establish a naval station in Pago-Pago harbor, which he noted to be attractively spacious and securely sheltered.

It may parenthetically but very pertinently be observed that in 1886 we went even beyond Samoa toward New Zealand and signed with the head chief of the Tonga Islands a treaty, subsequently fully ratified, whereby he granted to us a right to a naval coaling and repairing station in his dominions. Such incidents are an ample proof of the distinction always in our minds between the character of our interest in the affairs of Europe and the character of our interest in the affairs of the region of the Pacific.

The Tonga treaty we have never pursued into practice, and the head chief of the Tonga Islands ultimately—and without resistance by us—conveyed a total protectorate over his dominions to the King of England. The Pago-Pago treaty, contrariwise, led us on through many international complications into a final complete sovereignty over those islands of the Samoan group which are known as Rose Island, Tau, Olosega, Ofu, Aunuu and Tutuila.

In 1878 we undertook by treaty with the Samoans to mediate all disputes between them and foreign powers. In 1889, by treaty with Britain and Germany, we undertook a third of a tripartite responsibility for—as it were—governing the native Samoan Government. In 1900 we escaped from the incessant intrigues and turmoils and disasters of that administrative internationalism through a treaty whereby the British and the Germans yielded wholly to us in the Samoan Islands east of Longitude 171° and we yielded wholly to the Germans in the Samoan Islands west of that line. The British were compensated by German concedings to them of supposed German rights in the Tonga Islands and in the Solomon Islands. Our dismal experiences with international administrative coöperation in the Samoan Islands have been among the strongest influences which have held us subsequently to the principle of undivided responsibility for national undertakings.

A Long Delay in Congress

The treaty of 1900, which gave us Samoan rights from the British and also from the Germans, but no further Samoan rights from the Samoans themselves, was followed, later in 1900 and in 1904, by deeds of outright cession to us from all Samoan head chiefs in Samoan territory east of the one hundred and seventy-first meridian. These deeds, by one of the oddest diplomatic anomalies in our history, were never formally accepted by our Congress till 1929. Samoa east of Longitude 171° became American Samoa quite without the formal "advice and consent" of the Senate and essentially solely by presidential acceptance and ediet.

The government of American Samoa has been continuously simply presidential and naval. The President appoints a naval officer—today Capt. Gatewood Sanders Lincoln—who becomes governor of American Samoa and commandant of the American Samoan naval station, and who proceeds to be the fountain of all authority, legislative and judicial and executive, throughout the American Samoan Islands. Successive governors and commandants have governed and commanded so effectively that in the non-American Samoan Islands west of Longitude 171°, now taken from Germany and mandated under the Versailles Treaty of 1919 to the New Zealanders, there has been agitation

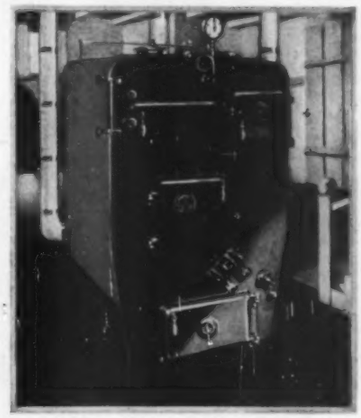
(Continued on Page 42)

The sign of welcome to those who want automatic heat at a lower cost

Every year more homes—both new and old—display the sign that says: "A Spencer Magazine Feed Heater is being installed here." Unlike the forced economy of faded paint and shabby shingles, it is a sign of economy that any home owner can be proud of. The Spencer gives automatic heat, but with a saving large enough to pay most of the repair and maintenance costs of the home.

The reason for this is because the Spencer is a magazine feed boiler. Instead of flat grates that must be fed by hand, the Spencer has sloping Gable-Grates, fed automatically by gravity, from a storage magazine for fuel. Because of this, the Spencer can and does use, efficiently, No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite, and small size by-product coke, without the use of motors, blowers or other mechanical parts.

These small size fuels are low in cost because flat grate heaters will not burn them satisfactorily. No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite costs about half as much as the larger sizes—and the Spencer saves all of this difference in price.



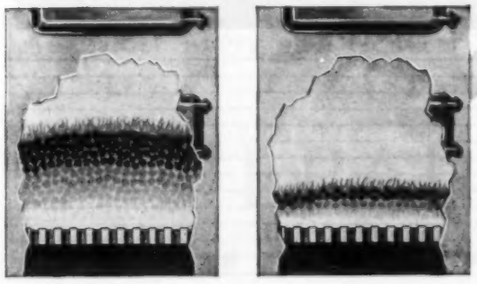
Illustrated is the Spencer Magazine Feed Heater for the home of average size. Spencer Heaters for steam, vapor, or hot-water systems are made in cast iron sectional and steel tubular types, for any size home or building. Sold and installed by all responsible heating contractors.

Besides its saving, the Spencer provides unusual convenience. Its magazine holds a twenty-four hour supply of fuel.* It never requires attention during the day by women in the home. It keeps bath rooms, halls and down stairs rooms warm both day and night—while your own bed room begins to warm up the moment the window is closed, to give you comfortable heat to dress in, without a trip down to the cellar to "get up steam."

Write for the Spencer book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill." It explains the Spencer operating principle in detail. SPENCER HEATER COMPANY, WILLIAMSPORT, PA. (Division of Lycoming Manufacturing Company.)

* Everybody knows that ordinary heaters require refueling frequently as the fire burns to ash. With a Spencer, fuel is put only once a day into the magazine—illustrated below at (A). Fuel covers the grate to a sloping level controlled by the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed stays at the level shown at (C), for as fuel burns it shrinks to ash (D) and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the fire bed shrinks, more fuel feeds down automatically from the magazine, which holds enough fuel to feed the fire for as long as 24 hours, with only one shaking of the grates.

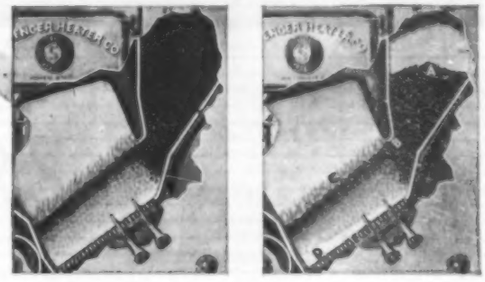
FLAT GRATE HEATER
Showing how burning fuel shrinks away to ash heater must again be refueled



FIRE BURNS UPHILL . . FUEL ROLLS DOWN . .

SPENCER
Magazine Feed
HEATERS
for steam, vapor or hot water

SPENCER MAGAZINE FEED HEATER
The shrinkage of burning fuel lets more fuel feed automatically from the magazine.



See what General

Motors offers in the kind of car you want

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE
OAKLAND · VIKING · BUICK
LaSALLE · CADILLAC

TASTES in motor cars differ as widely as people differ, but everybody wants *value* for his automobile dollar.

On both counts it will pay you to see what General Motors offers before you decide on your next car.

TYPE AND STYLE? You have a choice of 107 models in 8 makes of cars—all with bodies by Fisher.

PRICE? General Motors cars range from as low as $495 to as high as $15,000, and may be purchased on the GMAC Plan.

SERVICE? Every new General Motors car is sold under an Owner Service Policy which provides a warranty and service plan of broad and liberal scope.

VALUE? General Motors uses the resources of the world's largest industrial organization to build quality into its products and put them into your hands at low cost.

Read the list of prices at the right. See the cars that interest you most in their dealers' showrooms. Perhaps you will find that you can have what you want for less than you thought it would cost.

WHAT A CHOICE!

What opportunities!

107 models
$495 *to* $15,000
(All prices f. o. b.)

$495 *to* $945

$495 Chevrolet Phaeton
495 Chevrolet Roadster
515 Chevrolet Sport Roadster
565 Chevrolet Coach
565 Chevrolet Coupe
615 Chevrolet Sport Coupe
625 Chevrolet Club Sedan
665 Pontiac Sport Roadster
665 Pontiac 2-Door Sedan
665 Pontiac Coupe
675 Chevrolet Sedan
685 Chevrolet Special Sedan
695 Pontiac Phaeton
725 Pontiac Sport Coupe
725 Pontiac Sedan
785 Pontiac Custom Sedan
895 Oldsmobile Std. Coupe
895 Oldsmobile Std. 2-Door Sedan
895 Oakland Coupe
895 Oakland Roadster
895 Oakland 2-Door Sedan
945 Oakland Phaeton

$965 *to* $1,565

$965 Oldsmobile Std. Sport Coupe
965 Oldsmobile Std. Phaeton
965 Oakland Sport Coupe
995 Oldsmobile Std. Sedan
995 Oldsmobile Std. Conv. Rdstr.
995 Oakland Sedan
1,025 Buick "56" Business Coupe
1,035 Buick "50" 2-Door Sedan
1,045 Oakland Custom Sedan
1,055 Buick "54" Sport Roadster
1,055 Buick "55" Phaeton
1,055 Buick "56-S" Special Coupe
1,060 Oldsmobile Patrician Sedan
1,095 Buick "57" Sedan
1,285 Buick "66" Business Coupe
1,325 Buick "66-S" Special Coupe
1,335 Buick "64" Sport Roadster
1,335 Buick "65" Phaeton
1,355 Buick "67" Sedan
1,535 Buick "86" Coupe
1,565 Buick "87" Sedan

$1,610 *to* $2,795

$1,610 Buick "94" Sport Roadster
1,620 Buick "95" Phaeton
1,695 Viking "125" Conv. Coupe
1,695 Viking "125" Brougham
1,695 Viking "125" Sedan
1,720 Buick "96-S" Special Coupe
1,765 Buick "96" Coupe
1,785 Buick "91" Sedan
1,935 Buick "90" Sedan
2,035 Buick "90-L" Limousine
2,195 LaSalle Fisher Coupe
2,245 LaSalle Fleetwood Roadster
2,295 LaSalle Fisher Conv. Coupe
2,295 LaSalle Fisher Coupe
2,295 LaSalle Fisher Sedan
2,345 LaSalle Fisher Town Sedan
2,345 LaSalle Fleetwood Touring
2,475 LaSalle Fisher Sedan
2,595 LaSalle Fisher Imperial Sedan
2,695 Cadillac Fisher Coupe
2,795 Cadillac Fisher Coupe

$2,795 *to* $3,795

$2,795 Cadillac Fisher Sedan
2,845 Cadillac Fisher Town Sedan
2,845 Cadillac Fleetwood Roadster
2,945 Cadillac Fisher Conv. Coupe
2,945 Cadillac Fisher Sedan
2,945 Cadillac Fleetwood Phaeton
3,095 Cadillac Fisher Imp. Sedan
3,245 LaSalle Fl't'd Sedanette Cab.
3,245 LaSalle Fl't'd A. W. Phaeton
3,245 LaSalle Fleetwood Sedanette
3,795 Cadillac Fl't'd A. W. Phaeton

The prices of the New 12-Cylinder Cadillacs just announced range between the V-8 and the V-16 prices.

$5,350 *to* $9,700
Cadillac V-16, in 32 Fleetwood custom models

$9,700 *to* $15,000
Cadillac V-16, in an unlimited choice of special custom models

GENERAL MOTORS

A CAR FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

(Continued from Page 38)

for a transfer from the control of the League of Nations to the control of the United States.

The naval governor of American Samoa governs, in fact, through Samoan chiefs whom he organizes into a hierarchy of district chiefs, county chiefs and village chiefs. These chiefs in turn govern largely in accordance with inherited and thoroughly understood native Polynesian-Samoan customs. The aim of the naval governor is not to extirpate but to perpetuate Samoan institutions. The sale of lands by Samoans to foreigners is not tolerated. The coconut crop—in the form of copra, which is the islands' virtually sole export—is protected from foreign invasion. It is collected by the governor and then sold by him to the highest bidders from the outside world, and the financial proceeds are then by him distributed to the native producers.

Potential Claims in the Antarctic

The naval governor operates the radio station. He operates the bank. He dispenses medical treatment to the native population without charge. He operates the schools. He and his garrison of naval officers and sailors and doctors and nurses and other naval functionaries are supported by Navy Department appropriations from Washington. Local poll taxes, in the absence of authentic birth records, are imposed upon all Samoans five feet one inch tall. The consensus of opinion among the Samoans regarding taxes and all other features of the naval governor's administration is sought annually in an assembly of delegates chosen from all sections of American Samoa, and called the Fono.

The population of American Samoa is increasing and now numbers some 10,000, of whom the members of the American naval governing garrison, including women and children, number 159. The population was swelled by eighty-one or eighty-two in the year 1925 through the annexation to our Samoan jurisdiction of Swain's Island, which lies off by itself more than 150 miles to the northwest of Pago-Pago and which for almost seventy years—ever since 1856—had been proudly independently possessed by an American family of the name of Jennings.

Virtually no administrative legislation regarding American Samoa has ever been enacted by our Congress. To cure or to ruin this defect or this blessing, a commission of two United States senators and two members of the United States House of Representatives, headed by Senator Hiram Bingham, of Connecticut, this summer visited American Samoa and conferred with Samoan chiefs. It is possible that American Samoa may thereupon be transformed from a naval idyl into a legislative epic in numerous cantos.

American Samoa is our only possession in the Southern Hemisphere. In that hemisphere, however, we additionally have the beginnings of certain potential claims. The line from Juneau in Alaska through Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian Islands on along to American Samoa will, if extended 1500 miles farther, strike the port of Auckland in New Zealand; and the New Zealanders are the governors, in so far as any governors exist, of the so-called Ross Dependency, which stretches southward from the sixtieth parallel of south latitude through the Antarctic continent to the South Pole, and which exhibits on one side of it the stretch of Antarctic coast called Wilkes Land and on the other the stretch called Marie Byrd Land.

Wilkes Land contains points first marked and reported in 1840 by Lieut. Charles Wilkes, of our Navy; and Marie Byrd Land was opened to immediate human gaze by Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd, of our Navy, in the course of the voyage from which he recently returned. Our Secretaries of State have refrained from formally claiming Wilkes Land for the United States, on the ground that the discovery of it was not followed by settlement upon it. The applicability of this principle to the circumstances of Marie Byrd Land remains to be unraveled. Marie Byrd Land is in the Western Hemisphere; Wilkes Land is in the Eastern. They are our only two present possible bases on the circular Antarctic continental rim for claims potentially growing inward toward the South Pole.

The eastern boundary of the Ross Dependency is the one hundred and sixtieth meridian of east longitude, which is also the boundary between the Western Hemisphere and the Eastern. If we return northward along this meridian until we arrive at the equator, and if we then cross the equator, we find ourselves entering a vast expanse of small islands—the Marshalls, the Carolines, the Pelews and the Ladrones—mandated to Japan under the Versailles Treaty of 1919 and holding a remarkable relationship to our own possessions in that general vicinity. Immediately to the north of the Japanese Marshall Islands is an islet—a tiny atoll—called Wake. Toward the southern end of the Japanese Ladrone Islands is the fairly substantial island—substantial for a member of the Ladrone group—called Guam. In the western midst of the Japanese Carolines is the very small island called Yap. Wake and Guam and—slenderly and feebly—Yap are elements in the American "Empire."

Surprising a Spanish Commander

Wake was picked up for us out of the void by Gen. F. V. Greene in 1898 while he was on his way, during the Spanish War, to the Philippines with troops. It lies, as do the Japanese mandated Marshall Islands, in the Western Hemisphere. It is 1000 miles, or so, southwestward from the Midway Islands, which, some time since, we observed lying near the northwestern tip of the Hawaiian Islands and serving as a station for a telegraphic cable. This cable runs from the Midway Islands southwestwardly straight by Wake to Guam. Wake might be, but is not, a cable station. It might, but does not, contain an inhabitant or two. The only division of our Government which seems to take any administrative notice of Wake is the Navy Department's Hydrographic Office, which puts it on maps. Any American who will go and live on Wake can be free of all departmental attention.

From Wake the course of the cable continues some 1100 miles farther in a generally southwestwardly direction and crosses the line between the Western Hemisphere and the Eastern, and arrives at Guam, which was captured for us in 1898 by Capt. Henry Glass, of our Navy, who profoundly surprised the local Spanish commander by informing him that he had come to Guam not to be saluted by the commander's guns but to have the guns surrendered to him in view of the fact—quite unknown to anybody in Guam—that Spain and the United States were at war. Guam thereafter was formally ceded to us by Spain and was intrusted, like American Samoa, to our Navy Department to be a naval station and to be administered by a naval governor.

The naval governor—at present Com. Willis W. Bradley, Jr.—is clothed with approximately the same paternalistic, complete authority which we have noted in the person of the naval governor of American Samoa at Pago-Pago.

Commander Bradley's wards in Guam differ racially from the Samoans in not being really Polynesian. They are of a descent, on the one hand, Malay and, on the other, Spanish and Mexican and Filipino. They call themselves Chamorros. Like the Samoans, the Chamorros are Christians. Unlike them, they are not dominantly Protestants but overwhelmingly Catholics.

The Chamorros, through their long political union with Spain, are more advanced in ideas of national status than the Samoans. The Samoans, who still live tribally, are not much concerned about the technicalities of citizenship. The Chamorros desire to be advanced, like the Virgin Islanders and the Porto Ricans, to the status of full American citizenship in whatever civic meaning the Constitution gives to that phrase.

Neglected Rights at Yap

The Chamorros export almost nothing except a little copra, and are visited by few ships. They subsist almost entirely on their own local products, the chief of which is maize. They are self-contained and secluded. They now number some 18,000, while the members of the American garrison, with their wives and children, number 929.

Guam is approximately thirty miles long and four to eight miles wide, and at vast expense could perhaps be made into a strongly fortified valuable naval outpost; but, as in the case of American Samoa, no such development of it is possible under the status quo provisions of the 1922 naval-limitation treaty, and no realistic prospect is discernible of any substantial change in those provisions in the immediately coming future.

From Guam the cable which carries messages from the United States to the Orient goes directly westward to the Philippine Islands. Another cable, however, goes, or used to go, southwestward from Guam 500 miles to Yap. We there possess rights which constitute the one territorial acquisition gained by us out of the late Great War.

Through agreement at the 1919 Paris Peace Conference and through treaty subsequently with Japan in 1922, we were granted the right to establish and maintain a cable landing at Yap and also to operate a radio station there. The cable landing has never materialized. It had been thought that we would put into operation the cable, mentioned above, extending from Guam to Yap and laid down by the Germans in the days before the Great War and then at the peace conference transferred from the Germans to the allied and associated powers and earmarked for the United States. The earmarking, however, has not developed into definitive allocation and operation and, in consequence, the cable between Guam and Yap is not being used, and we have no cable-landing station at Yap. As for the radio station there, the treaty of 1922 provided that we would not get a radio station if the Japanese operated one. They do operate one, and we consequently have no radio station at Yap. Our territorial acquisition out of the late Great War accordingly consists today of a cable-landing station and a radio station which as yet we do not have.

Proceeding northwest from Yap 1150 miles, we come to Manila, the capital of the Philippines. These islands, which scatter themselves 700 miles east and west and 1100 north and south, and which number—together with their adherent microscopic islets—more than 7000, are our most populous and most controversial possession. Being so controversial, they have become familiar, and no effort will here be made to tell their story except to say that they were conquered from Spain in 1898 and then formally ceded by Spain to the United States in a treaty by which the United States simultaneously paid Spain $20,000,000, and except to note that now the controversy about them is economic as well as military and political.

Politically the conflict rages between those who point to benefits of democratic governmental experience as well as benefits of material welfare conferred by the Americans upon the Filipinos and those who, on the other hand, point to manifestoes by Filipino governmental leaders in favor of Filipino independence. Militarily the contest can be illustrated by quotations from two Roosevelts.

Theodore Roosevelt said, "The Philippines, from the military standpoint, are a source of weakness to us."

Nicholas Roosevelt, long a student of Filipino affairs and recently appointed by President Hoover to be vice governor of the islands, holds, on the contrary, that our presence in the Philippines tends toward security in the Orient both for ourselves and for the whole world. He has asserted: "To withdraw is to invite disaster. To remain is a fair insurance of peace."

The economic argument has but recently emerged into any driving importance. It arises from a variation in interests between those who see in the Philippines a useful foothold toward Oriental trade and those who, being concerned less with trade abroad than with production at home, see a menace to farmers in the continental United States in the vast imports now coming to us from the Philippines of sugar and of vegetable oils.

The Fortunate Filipinos

In the meantime the Philippine Islands have a governor-general—Dwight F. Davis—appointed by the President of the United States; and they have two resident commissioners in the Federal House of Representatives, who can make speeches but not cast ballots; and in local legislative and executive and judicial affairs they enjoy a degree of democratic self-government far exceeding that which is exhibited either by French Indo-China, which lies directly across the South China Sea from the Philippines, or by the Dutch East Indies, which lie southward from the Philippines in virtual contiguity to them.

It may fairly instructively be noted that the population of French Indo-China, which is but a third of the total population of the French colonial possessions throughout the world, is some 20,000,000. The population of the Philippine Islands is some 12,000,000. The population of the Philippine Islands plus the population of all our other possessions in the Pacific is some 12,500,000. The population of all our Pacific possessions, including the Philippine Islands, plus the population of the

(Continued on Page 44)

NOT MERELY FINE MOTOR CARS —— BUT SPLENDID INVESTMENTS

Today, when automobile value is subject to especially close study and comparison—when everybody, everywhere, is out to make every dollar count to the utmost—the superior value of De Soto Sixes and De Soto Eights is being pointed out and talked about from coast to coast. ¶ De Soto performance—both six-cylinder and eight-cylinder—impresses everybody who appreciates fine performance. For De Soto power is made doubly delightful by that unique, distinctive *De Soto smoothness* at all speeds. ¶ And with the thrills of De Soto speed and De Soto smoothness you enjoy the pride that real beauty gives. Added to everything else is the solid satisfaction of unusual economy in operation and upkeep. ¶ Thus in both the six-cylinder and eight-cylinder fields, De Soto success is based securely on better designing, better engineering, better construction, better performance and better value-giving.

DE SOTO SIX . . . $810 TO $945—DE SOTO EIGHT . . . $965 TO $1065

All Prices F. O. B. Factory

DE SOTO

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 42)

Panama Canal Zone and plus the population of our Atlantic possessions—the Virgin Islands and Porto Rico—is some 14,000,000. Add the population of Haiti, which we are transitorily immediately administering. The total population then of all American possessions, including the Haitian impermanent administration, is some 16,500,000. That is 3,500,000 less than the population of French Indo-China alone.

The population of the Dutch East Indies is some 50,000,000. There is no talk of any voluntary withdrawal of the French from Indo-China or of the Dutch from the East Indies. There is much talk of a voluntary withdrawal of the Americans from the Philippines. Numerous European commentators attack American imperialism for its massiveness and its aggressiveness. It is obvious that they might be more realistically occupied, if attack they must, by attacking American imperialism for its slenderness and for its incessant tendency toward withdrawal, as achieved repeatedly in the Caribbean and as threatened now in the Philippines, which contain the overwhelming bulk of the human beings "subjected" to our "imperial" rule.

We must now conclude our tour of American acquisitions and of American treaty rights in the region of the Pacific by touching upon the coasts of China and by even penetrating into its interior. Through disorders and through depredations upon foreigners in China, the principal European powers and the United States long ago acquired by treaty or by executive agreement with the Chinese Government certain internationally unusual rights on Chinese soil and in Chinese waters. These rights are gradually evaporating. We still maintain a guard of a few marines at our legation in Peking. We still maintain 1000 soldiers, or the like, at Tientsin on the way from Peking to the sea. We still maintain a little flotilla of small gunboats on the Yang-tse River, and these vessels proceed up the river sometimes as far as Sui-fu, which is 1800 miles from its mouth.

Such arrangements are already beginning to wear the aspect of anachronisms. They were normal to the days when, by treaty, we had a veto over revisions of the Chinese tariff and when, because of treaty provisions, there was no question of bringing any American offender in China to trial except before an American consul or before the American judge in Shanghai. These latter extraterritorial rights for American offenders are now being negotiated toward ultimate desuetude by American and Chinese diplomats, and the Chinese tariff-control rights once ours were totally abandoned by us through a treaty ratified at Washington last year.

It would seem to be prospective fact, and not at all a mere hazard of opinion, that the period is rapidly approaching when our manifestations of superior force in China—as illustrated by marines or soldiers or gunboats—will depend not at all upon treaty but only, from time to time, upon the indefeasible right which every country possesses to defend its nationals in any part of the world in which the local government may have collapsed and may have become unable to perform the primary international governmental duty of preserving order.

We may now, as we in a former article catalogued our Atlantic, here classify and summarize our Pacific "imperial" attainments.

They are:

I. Possessions:
1. Organized Territories on the theoretical route to statehood: Alaska, Hawaii.
2. Unorganized territory with much autonomy, but with no statehood theories involved: The Philippines.
3. Unorganized territory administered by naval governors: Samoa, Guam.
4. Unorganized territory watched by Navy Department: Midway Islands.
5. Unorganized territory unwatched by any department: Wake Island.

II. Guano Islands:

Once possessed, but no longer occupied: Christmas, Jarvis, Howland, Baker.

III. Territorial Potential Claims:
1. Arctic:
   (a) Undiscovered islands north of Alaska.
   (b) Wrangell Island.
2. Antarctic:
   (a) Wilkes Land.
   (b) Marie Byrd Land.

IV. Treaty Rights:
1. Naval base, not built: Gulf of Fonseca in Nicaragua.
2. Naval base, lapsed: Tonga Islands.
3. Cable landing and radio station, not existent: Yap.
4. Military and naval access and extraterritoriality, dwindling: China.

N. B. No modernized military or naval fortifications permitted by 1922 naval-limitation treaty except in Gulf of Fonseca, on Alaska mainland and in Hawaii.

The degree of the menace which this empire levels at the other great powers of the world is infinitesimal in comparison with the strength of the United States in its home continental quarters. It remains true, however, that the history of the United States, though it illustrates abstention from political commitment across the Atlantic eastward, illustrates also the accumulation of sufficient strength in the Pacific westward to guard American interests in the unsolved possibilities of governmental chaos in the Orient.

Editor's Note—This is the second and last of two articles by Mr. Hard.

SHEEP MINDS

(Continued from Page 15)

"Or germs," added Mr. Larkin significantly.

Mr. Hickerson dropped his ash into the remains of his coffee. "I'm going to sell out," he announced suddenly. "There's something rotten in Denmark. How do we know conditions are fundamentally sound? What are we but a lot of sheep?"

Mr. Larkin relit his pipe and considered the situation from all angles. Having completed his study he also decided to sell.

"And come to think of it, we ought to tell cook. She has a hundred shares of Goliath," he added.

"I'll tell her," promised Mr. Hickerson hastily, "just as soon as I sell my own."

"Smart man," said Mr. Larkin admiringly.

His friend and associate nodded grimly. "I tell you what, Mr. Larkin," he stated in a tone to match the grimness of his assent, "this finance is a game where every man must look out for his own interests first. There is no friendship in it. The race is to the swift."

Just how swift Mr. Hickerson found out a few minutes later, when, upon stepping into his pantry to ring up the brokerage house of Jackson and Jackson, he discovered Mr. Larkin in the act of ordering some unknown to sell two hundred shares of Copper Agate at the market.

Mr. Hickerson frowned.

II

WITH the great, not only has every little movement a meaning all its own but each movement is invested with all the ceremony and dignity of a rite.

When the long, sleek Goliath belonging to Mr. Cuttleworth Hine stole up before the smug granite front of the Majestic Bank Building, a little group always hovered about as the doorman of the Majestic, in Majestic blue with Majestic brass buttons and Majestic gold braid, stepped down to open the car door for the Majestic's most famous tenant.

Brokers' messengers were particularly regular in their attendance at this little ceremony. So were many of the gentleman who, later in the day, would devote three or four hours to a hungry steam shovel gnawing its way into lower Manhattan's vitals. So, as a rule, was Policeman Bittel, with a warm nod for the great financier and a scowl for those who would push forward to breathe upon the great.

It was the moment of the day for the Majestic doorman. With Policeman Bittel he shared a nod and a word of greeting that any member of the Stock Exchange near by would have envied. Sometimes it was his alone, to ponder upon. Recently a Western millionaire, in dying, had left ten thousand dollars to a friendly doorman. An elderly woman in Rhode Island left the ticket taker at her favorite moving-picture theater an income of five thousand dollars a year, for life, because he had never failed to tip his cap as he took her ticket. Why not some morning a heading: Great Financier Leaves Thousands to Old and Faithful Friend.

On the morning which had begun for Mr. Cuttleworth Hine by his alighting on a small, hard object, the crowd was even larger than usual. As the doorman swung the door of the Goliath wide it was necessary for Policeman Bittel to scowl twice for complete order and silence. As the big man reached out warily for the sidewalk with his right foot, Policeman Bittel touched his cap and echoed the hearty good morning of the Majestic doorman.

Mr. Cuttleworth Hine reached the sidewalk in safety and started forward, limping as he went.

"Good morning, sir," repeated the doorman.

"Hurt yourself, Mr. Hine?" inquired Policeman Bittel solicitously.

Mr. Cuttleworth Hine turned upon them. "Gr-r-rumph," he said and disappeared into the revolving door.

Somebody in the crowd tittered.

Policeman Bittel swung upon them savagely. "Get along before I pull you in for obstructin' traffic," he shouted.

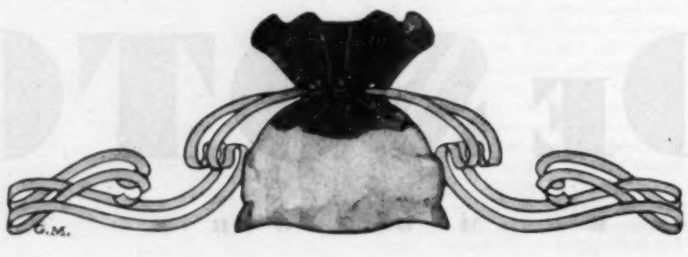
Then he turned back to the Majestic doorman. He jerked his finger in the direction of the revolving door.

"Somethin' on his mind," he suggested tentatively. "Eh, Kelly?"

Mr. Kelly nodded darkly. "They can talk all they please about things being all right, but it don't look good to me."

"That story of his in the papers ——"

Mr. Kelly snapped his fingers. "Who believes what they read in the papers? Nobody that knows anything."



"I heard they laid off fifty clerks over at Hazlitt and Cowpers ——"

"People ain't spending their money the way they used to ——" Mr. Kelly, as the doorman of a bank with a capital and surplus of five hundred million dollars, spoke as a banker to a policeman.

"Mrs. Bittel has a sister whose cousin spent a week with a friend who was over in Detroit the other day an' she says things is terrible in the automobile business. No wonder the old man looked grumpy. Don't he own Goliath Motors?"

"So they say," said Banker Kelly cautiously

Up on the fifty-seventh floor a young man with steel-rimmed glasses and a small mustache as scanty and well-tended as Park Avenue arbor vitæ, laid a dozen large sheets of figure-covered paper and a small yellow slip on the desk before his chief.

"Total sales of Goliath yesterday were seventy-six thousand shares," he announced. "We got fifty-nine thousand."

His chief eased his foot to a more comfortable position without returning the smile which accompanied the announcement.

"Gr-r-rumph," he said.

"Your remarks about the situation have met with general approval in the press. Everybody applauds your sentiments. Editorials on your analysis of the sheep mind are very favorable. Mr. Burley, our public-relations counsel, is very much pleased. He ——"

"Gr-r-rumph," said Mr. Cuttleworth Hine.

"We have a wire from Connor at Goliath that earnings for the second quarter will more than meet dividend requirements ——"

Mr. Cuttleworth Hine lit a fresh cigar.

"Car loadings are up ——"

"Gr-r-rumph."

(Continued on Page 46)

"Just tell me two things about paint"

A MASTER PAINTER told us about this. A home owner had asked him to bid on painting the house and they were discussing the kind of paint to be used. The painter, by the way, likes du Pont paint because he knows how well it stands up, but he naturally wanted the home owner to be satisfied. "Just tell me two things about paint," said the latter. "How long will it last and who makes it?"

This put the painter in a strong position. He could safely promise a job which would give absolute satisfaction as to length of life, permanence of color and fine appearance. And when he said that du Pont made the paint, the confidence of his customer was won. For it is generally understood that the name du Pont is used only on products which are as good as it is possible to make them.

We do not wish to make any extravagant claims for du Pont House Paint. It is simply the best paint which a staff of able paint scientists has been able to formulate, and which the exacting du Pont process of manufacturing can mix. It is definitely better than a lot of paint that is used. It will stand up beyond the expectations of most people who have used other kinds of paint.

You have this assurance. The contents of every can of du Pont paint have been thoroughly pre-tested. The balance between the different ingredients is absolutely according to formula. There is no variation in color or quality.

You can get a lot of help in the selection of an attractive color scheme by sending for our free book, "Modern Color Schemes for Your Home." It contains a wealth of suggestions from famous architects and decorators. The du Pont Home Decoration Service will also be glad to assist you in any decorating problem. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc., 1616 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

DU PONT PAINTS...VARNISHES...ENAMELS...DUCO

(Continued from Page 44)

"Tilson says that brokerage loans will be down another two hundred million this week ——"

"Gr-r-rumph."

The young man wiped his brow and tried to beam. "More good news still: Call money is down to 2 per cent flat and Tilson says time money is going down to ——"

Shifting to drop his ash in the bronze tray beside him, Mr. Cuttleworth Hine's foot came in sudden contact with his heavy walnut waste-paper basket. "Damn!" he shouted.

"I—I beg your pardon, sir?"

The great financier slumped back into his chair. "Gr-r-rumph," he muttered.

The young man tried again. His beam, however, had weakened. "Calvert called. He said there was a stone consolidation on foot ——"

Mr. Cuttleworth Hine pushed back his chair. His small blue eyes lost their dullness. His face flushed.

"Stone," he snarled. "Suppose it had been a razor blade? Suppose instead of a bruise it had been lockjaw, eh? Think of the germs! Millions of them! Thousands of millions of them! Poisoning the blood stream. Dealing out agony and death. Terrible."

"But a stone consolidation has nothing to do with a razor blade. I mean if I might be permitted ——"

Mr. Cuttleworth Hine eyed the head of his statistical department balefully. His long cigar twitched up and down convulsively The young man's words trailed off into a conciliatory cough.

"What difference would that make if I had stepped on a rusty razor blade?" he roared. "Would that have saved me from tetanus? Would all the car loadings in the world have kept those germs from breeding by—by the millions? Could they inject the Goliath dividend into my blood stream and prevent lockjaw? Could they? What good would 2 per cent call money do me if my jaws were locked together in—in, er-r, agony? Could the Federal Reserve Bank unlock them for me? I've been thinking about it all the way downtown."

"I—I'm sorry, sir, if I seemed ——"

Mr. Cuttleworth Hine slumped back into his chair and the dullness crept back into his eyes.

"Gr-r-rumph," he mumbled.

In his own little office, where a slide rule lay across the brown desk blotter and charts covered the walls, young Mr. Andrews eyed the implements of his calling with a certain vagueness, a touch of uncertainty. He drummed upon the desk top—a nervous tattoo—and frowned. Then he reached for the telephone and asked the girl to get him Mr. Barnes, of Barnes and Company. Then he closed his door.

"Ben," he said presently, "this is Bob. I want you ——"

The wire rang with Mr. Barnes' cheery greeting. "Hello, Bob, ole scout! Say, you people certainly get it hot off the griddle. Market hasn't opened yet, but that little line of Goliath we picked up for you yesterday ought to make you some money today. Everything's on the up and up. Every little thing is hotsy-totsy. Loans are going to be lower, according to the grapevine. Car loadings are up. Lots of cheap money. Canning tells me steel bookings for the quarter are going to show a real increase. The old man certainly hit it on the head in that interview yesterday—people are certainly a bunch of sheep. Follow the leader, eh, Bob? Ha, ha."

"Sell me out at the opening," said young Mr. Andrews hoarsely. "At the opening, hear?"

Mr. Barnes' startled "What you say?" contained no note of cheer.

"Sell me out at the opening—at the market."

"Right," snapped Mr. Barnes, and then his voice dropped to a more confidential pitch: "I hear that copper is going to drop below ten cents before the market gets turned around. And the Crescent-Hurley steel merger is off. Pretty tough on Hurley, but what can you expect in times like these?"

III

MR. COURTNEY PLUMER, customers' man, among many, in the brokerage concern of Jackson and Jackson, took the little pink "Sell" slip which he had just made out, after a short telephone conversation, into the private office of Mr. Luther Jackson, junior member of the firm, and held it out at arm's length, as if his gray-tweed sleeve was a fishing rod and the little pink piece of paper a most alluring spinner. Mr. Plumer was a man who loved the theater in his lighter moments, and loved to give a touch of dramatics to things of moment. Mr. Jackson, who was not a devotee of the theater, but was very busy at the moment, looked up, read the slip and scowled.

"Just why should I be bothered?" he inquired, "because a Mr. Hickerson, who carries four hundred shares of Goliath with us, chooses to sell them at the opening?"

"Because," said Mr. Plumer in the suppressed tones of William Gillette directing Professor Moriarity to move his right hand at his peril, "Mr. Hickerson happens to be Mr. Cuttleworth Hine's butler."

Mr. Jackson sat back in his big leather chair and tapped the end of his gold pencil against his teeth. "That is very interesting," he said finally.

"I found it so," said Mr. Plumer. Holmes might have envied Mr. Plumer his little mixture of superiority, ponderosity and dryness.

"Very interesting, indeed."

"He was very anxious to sell at the opening," went on Mr. Plumer. "I detected in his tone an evident anxiety to be out of the market. Quite evident, in fact."

"Very interesting," murmured the junior partner for the third time, and went back to tapping his teeth.

"I thought we might pass the word around. Many of our customers ——"

"Not just yet. The fact is, Plumer"—the junior Jackson coughed—"I am carrying quite a little line of Goliath Motors myself. We—we will pass the word around after the opening. In the meantime say nothing."

Mr. Plumer, in view of the importance of the news he brought, ventured upon a little airy chit-chat: "You ought to get a good price. All the news is good. It looks as if loans are going to be down, and with better car loadings and cheap money and all that ——" Mr. Plumer waved his white hand as though it contained a curved brier instead of a slip of pink paper.

But the junior partner had already forgotten Mr. Plumer. He looked at his watch. It lacked fifteen minutes of the opening. With a nod he got up and moved across the room to the door leading into the office of the senior partner. Mr. Plumer turned back toward the board room with the considered dignity of a man who has been doing big things for the firm.

An hour later a board boy stuck a white sheet of flimsy upon the bulletin board of Jackson and Jackson. It read:

FLASH

UNDERSTAND SELLING IN GOLIATH MOTORS COMES FROM VERY GOOD SOURCES

Fifteen minutes later the senior Jackson stuck his large bald head through the door of his partner's office.

"Feeley is selling Copper Agate," he announced.

"That's a Hine baby," his partner told him.

"Feeley's men are telling his customers that the selling is better than the buying. How is the market on Goliath? We out?"

The junior Jackson grinned. "By the skin of our teeth. Four points off from last night's close, but we're lucky at that, with Barnes in there at the opening selling his fool head off."

Mr. Jackson shook his large bald head sadly. "Too bad," he commented. "I thought we were going to have a good market. How are our accounts? Can they stand a good bump without much distress?"

His associate thought they could. Was, in fact, sure of it.

"Good." Mr. Jackson, senior, nodded his head sagely. "In times like these," he went on, "you can't be too careful. When you planning to leave for the Coast?"

His partner lit a cigarette and carefully considered its glowing tip. "I was going a week from tomorrow," he said after a moment, "but I've just been thinking. Costs a lot of money to go on one of those jamborees. Hard times and all. Think maybe I'll wait a while."

"Smart egg," said Mr. Jackson, senior.

The telephone jangled.

"Goliath's off two more. Copper Agate is down another point and a quarter."

Mr. Jackson, senior, shook his head gloomily. "I hear," he said just before he closed the door and retired to privacy, "that there are five million men out of work in this country today."

IV

MR. CUTTLEWORTH HINE sat alone in his private office, whose paneling had once graced Pennel Priory, Bevelsencote, Chaddesley-Corbet, Worcestershire. A ticker coughed up its ribbon into his fat hand.

"Four thousand Goliath at 84¾. Three hundred at ½. Seventeen hundred at ¼. One hundred at 84."

Mr. Cuttleworth Hine lit a fresh cigar and glanced at the electric clock on the desk before him. The coughing went on. The great wizard of the tape looked down into his hand.

"Eleven hundred Copper Agate at 37. Four hundred Goliath at 83¾. One hundred Copper Aggy at 36⅞. One hundred Goliath at ¾; five hundred at 83½."

"Gr-r-rumph," muttered Mr. Cuttleworth Hine.

Then he pressed a button. "What's the news?" he demanded when young Mr. Andrews, slide rule in hand, came through the door.

"The Crescent-Hurley steel merger is off ——"

"Gr-r-rumph."

"They are talking lower prices for copper ——"

Mr. Cuttleworth Hine looked down at the tape twisting about like a white garter snake in his hand. Goliath was 83. Copper Agate had dropped seven-eighths to a new low for the movement.

"Gr-r-rumph," said Mr. Cuttleworth Hine. "How are steel orders for the quarter?"

"Up seven hundred thousand tons," admitted his statistician, "but wheat made a new low a few minutes ago."

"Who's selling Goliath?"

"Everybody—but Tilson," said Mr. Andrews briefly.

"How's money?"

"Two per cent, but Jackson was telling me over the phone a few minutes ago that there are five million men out of work, according to the latest figures."

The ticker continued to show lower prices for Goliath, and the entire list showed unmistakable signs of weakening. Mr. Cuttleworth Hine poured himself a glass of mineral water from a carafe at hand and drank it with a scowl. Goliath touched 82½.

"Gr-r-rumph," snarled the big man.

"Washington is talking lower wheat tariffs for the Western carriers," went on young Mr. Andrews.

"The fools!" shouted Mr. Cuttleworth Hine. "What they trying to do, ruin the country?"

"It will cost the Western roads fifteen or twenty million dollars in revenue," assented his statistician gloomily. "Any orders for Tilson?"

"Gr-r-rumph," was apparently the only order for the Hine broker. Young Mr. Andrews stole softly across the room and closed the door noiselessly after him.

The telephone rang. Mr. Cuttleworth Hine jerked the receiver from its cradle.

"The financial editor of The New York Bugle wishes a few minutes to discuss present-day conditions," his assistant secretary reported.

"Can't see him," snapped Mr. Hine.

He sank back and stared at the curling tape. Eighty-one and seven-eighths for Goliath. He looked at the clock. Ten minutes to closing time!

Mr. Cuttleworth Hine took his telephone from its silver cradle. "Get Tilson," he directed.

"Yes, Mr. Hine?" Mr. Tilson's voice seemed as low as the price of wheat.

"How many shares are we long of Goliath?"

Silence. Then: "Fifty-nine thousand shares yesterday and seventy-three thousand today—up to now. One hundred thirty-two thousand altogether."

"Sell," snapped Cuttleworth Hine.

At ten minutes past three the telephone rang again.

"Your daughter, sir," reported the third assistant secretary, whose functions were purely social and civic.

"Gr-r-rumph," growled Mr. Cuttleworth Hine. "Put her on."

Miss Sally Hine's youthful soprano floated into the still room. "How is your foot, daddy?"

"My what?" barked Mr. Cuttleworth Hine.

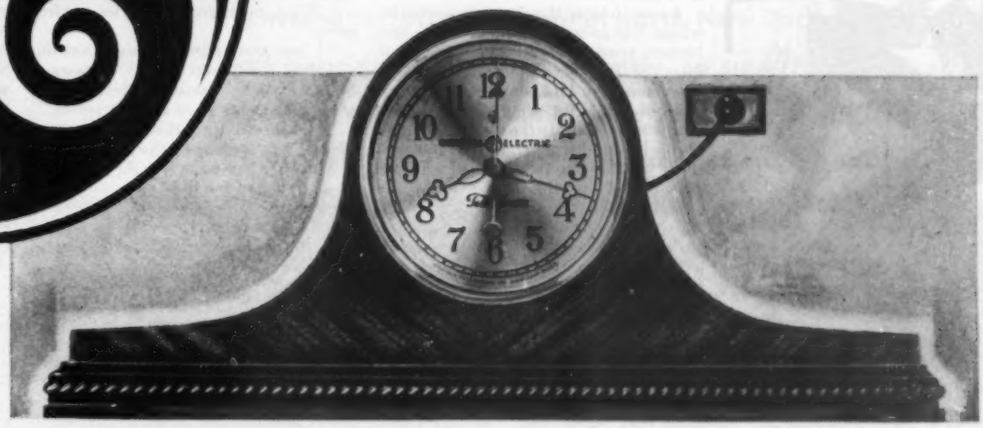
"Foot," repeated his daughter. "You know, the lower extremity."

"What's the matter with my foot?" demanded Mr. Cuttleworth Hine blankly. "What you talking about?"

Miss Sally Hine's amused laughter filled the receiver. "Silly," she chided him amusedly, "Larkin told me you nearly took the roof off the house because something happened to your foot when you got out of bed this morning."

Mr. Cuttleworth Hine grunted. "Listen, Sally," he commanded severely. "Gr-r-rumph. With things as they are today a man in my position can't be bothered with trifling accidents."

NOW A GENERAL ELECTRIC CLOCK



A Variety of Models

Some with chimes—a choice for any room in the house—tiny bedside timepieces with softly lighted faces to stately grandfather clocks.

$9.75 to $375

A generation of men and women have learned to depend upon everything electrical that bears the General Electric monogram—G-E in a circle—"The Initials of a Friend."

Now General Electric offers you the *General Electric Clock*—the *accurate* electric timekeeper for homes, for business, for industry.

The General Electric Clock plugs in at ordinary A. C. electric outlets. It operates silently on the same current that lights your lamps, browns your toast, and runs your radio.

Every General Electric Clock is powered with the famous Telechron motor whose speed is controlled with hairline precision through electric current pulsations. These, in turn, are kept constant at your power station with the aid of a master electric clock running on time checked regularly by radio signals from the U. S. Naval Observatory at Washington.

This marvelous little clock motor more than ten years ago began revolutionizing timekeeping. Now that it has attained its point of highest development, General Electric place it at your service in the General Electric Clock.

You do not wind, regulate or oil the General Electric Clock—for it has no springs, no escapement, no pendulum. Oil enough for years is sealed within it. All you do is set its hands and plug it in. From that moment you have a source of *exact* time.

You get the same accuracy from *every* General Electric Clock whether its price is $9.75 or many times as much.

An interesting booklet, "Time-o'-Day—by General Electric" awaits your request. Why not send for it *now?*

GENERAL ELECTRIC CLOCK

Regulated by comparison with Naval Observatory radio time signals

Section T6210, Merchandise Department
General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

Please send me the booklet "Time-o'-Day—by General Electric" that tells about General Electric Clocks.

Name .....

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.....

When time's too short for a long cigar . . . . . it's time for

BETWEEN THE ACTS
LITTLE CIGARS

You needn't let lack of time stand between you and a good cigar. Two minutes . . . instead of 20 . . . that's the difference between "B. T. A." and your favorite perfecto. The same fine flavor . . . the same fine smoke, split into ten small cigars . . . Try a tin of ten today.

10 FOR 15¢

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If dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ for sample tin to P. Lorillard Company, 119 West 40th Street, New York.

ONE TRIP ABROAD

(Continued from Page 7)

Twenty minutes later, Nelson appeared, angry with the anxiety at finding her gone, as well as to hide his guilt at having left her. Incredulous with themselves, they were suddenly in a quarrel.

Much later, when there were no sounds at all in Bou-Saada and the nomads in the market place were only motionless bundles rolled up in their burnouses, she was asleep upon his shoulder. Life is progressive, no matter what our intentions, but something was harmed, some precedent of possible nonagreement was set. It was a love match, though, and it could stand a great deal. She and Nelson had passed lonely youths, and now they wanted the taste and smell of the living world; for the present they were finding it in each other.

A month later they were in Sorrento, where Nicole took singing lessons and Nelson tried to paint something new into the Bay of Naples. It was the existence they had planned and often read about. But they found, as so many have found, that the charm of idyllic interludes depends upon one person's "giving the party"—which is to say, furnishing the background, the experience, the patience, against which the other seems to enjoy again the spells of pastoral tranquillity recollected from childhood. Nicole and Nelson were at once too old and too young, and too American, to fall into immediate soft agreement with a strange land. Their vitality made them restless, for as yet his painting had no direction and her singing no immediate prospect of becoming serious. They said they were not "getting anywhere"—the evenings were long, so they began to drink a lot of *vin de Capri* at dinner.

The English owned the hotel. They were aged, come South for good weather and tranquillity; Nelson and Nicole resented the mild tenor of their days. Could people be content to talk eternally about the weather, promenade the same walks, face the same variant of macaroni at dinner month after month? They grew bored, and Americans bored are already in sight of excitement. Things came to head all in one night.

Over a flask of wine at dinner they decided to go to Paris, settle in an apartment and work seriously. Paris promised metropolitan diversion, friends of their own age, a general intensity that Italy lacked. Eager with new hopes, they strolled into the salon after dinner, when, for the tenth time, Nelson noticed an ancient and enormous mechanical piano and was moved to try it.

Across the salon sat the only English people with whom they had had any connection—Gen. Sir Evelyne Fragelle and Lady Fragelle. The connection had been brief and unpleasant—seeing them walking out of the hotel in peignoirs to swim, she had announced, over quite a few yards of floor space, that it was disgusting and shouldn't be allowed.

But that was nothing compared with her response to the first terrific bursts of sound from the electric piano. As the dust of years trembled off the keyboard at the vibration, she shot galvanically forward with the sort of jerk associated with the electric chair. Somewhat stunned himself by the sudden din of Waiting for the Robert E. Lee, Nelson had scarcely sat down when she projected herself across the room, her train quivering behind her, and, without glancing at the Kellys, turned off the instrument.

It was one of those gestures that are either plainly justified, or else outrageous. For a moment Nelson hesitated uncertainly; then, remembering Lady Fragelle's arrogant remark about his bathing suit, he returned to the instrument in her still-billowing wake and turned it on again.

The incident had become international. The eyes of the entire salon fell eagerly upon the protagonists, watching for the next move. Nicole hurried after Nelson, urging him to let the matter pass, but it was too late. From the outraged English table there arose, joint by joint, Gen. Sir Evelyne Fragelle, faced with perhaps his most crucial situation since the relief of Ladysmith.

"'T'lee outrageous!—'t'lee outrageous!"

"I beg your pardon," said Nelson.

"Here for fifteen years!" screamed Sir Evelyne to himself. "Never heard of anyone doing such a thing before!"

"I gathered that this was put here for the amusement of the guests."

Scorning to answer, Sir Evelyne knelt, reached for the catch, pushed it the wrong way, whereupon the speed and volume of the instrument tripled until they stood in a wild pandemonium of sound; Sir Evelyne livid with military emotions, Nelson on the point of maniacal laughter.

In a moment the firm hand of the hotel manager settled the matter; the instrument gulped and stopped, trembling a little from its unaccustomed outburst, leaving behind it a great silence in which Sir Evelyne turned to the manager.

"Most outrageous affair ever heard of in my life. My wife turned it off once, and he"—this was his first acknowledgment of Nelson's identity as distinct from the instrument—"he put it on again!"

"This is a public room in a hotel," Nelson protested. "The instrument is apparently here to be used."

"Don't get in an argument," Nicole whispered. "They're old."

But Nelson said, "If there's any apology, it's certainly due to me."

Sir Evelyne's eye was fixed menacingly upon the manager, waiting for him to do his duty. The latter thought of Sir Evelyne's fifteen years of residence, and cringed.

"It is not the habitude to play the instrument in the evening. The clients are each one quiet on his or her table."

"American cheek!" snapped Sir Evelyne.

"Very well," Nelson said; "we'll relieve the hotel of our presence tomorrow."

As a reaction from this incident, as a sort of protest against Sir Evelyne Fragelle, they went not to Paris but to Monte Carlo after all. They were through with being alone.

II

A LITTLE more than two years after the Kellys' first visit to Monte Carlo, Nicole woke up one morning into what, though it bore the same name, had become to her a different place altogether.

In spite of hurried months in Paris or Biarritz, it was now home to them. They had a villa, they had a large acquaintance among the spring and summer crowd—a crowd which, naturally, did not include people on charted trips or the shore parties from Mediterranean cruises; these latter had become for them "tourists."

They loved the Riviera in full summer with many friends there and the nights open and full of music. Before the maid drew the curtains this morning to shut out the glare, Nicole saw from her window the yacht of T. F. Golding, placid among the swells of the Monacon Bay, as if constantly bound on a romantic voyage not dependent upon actual motion.

The yacht had taken the slow tempo of the coast; it had gone no farther than to Cannes and back all summer, though it might have toured the world. The Kellys were dining on board that night.

Nicole spoke excellent French; she had five new evening dresses and four others that would do; she had her husband; she had two men in love with her, and she felt sad for one of them. She had her pretty face. At 10:30 she was meeting a third man, who was just beginning to be in love with her "in a harmless way." At one she was having a dozen charming people to luncheon. All that.

"I'm happy," she brooded toward the bright blinds. "I'm young and good-looking, and my name is often in the paper as having been here and there, but really I don't care about shi-shi. I think it's all awfully silly, but if you do want to see people, you might as well see the chic, amusing ones; and if people call you a snob, it's envy, and they know it and everybody knows it."

She repeated the substance of this to Oscar Dane on the Mont Agel golf course two hours later, and he cursed her quietly.

"Not at all," he said. "You're just getting to be an old snob. Do you call that crowd of drunks you run with amusing people? Why, they're not even very swell. They're so hard that they've shifted down through Europe like nails in a sack of wheat, till they stick out of it a little into the Mediterranean Sea."

Annoyed, Nicole fired a name at him, but he answered: "Class C. A good solid article for beginners."

"The Colbys—anyway, her."

"Third flight."

"Marquis and Marquise de Kalb."

"If she didn't happen to take dope and he didn't have other peculiarities."

"Well, then, where are the amusing people?" she demanded impatiently.

"Off by themselves somewhere. They don't hunt in herds, except occasionally."

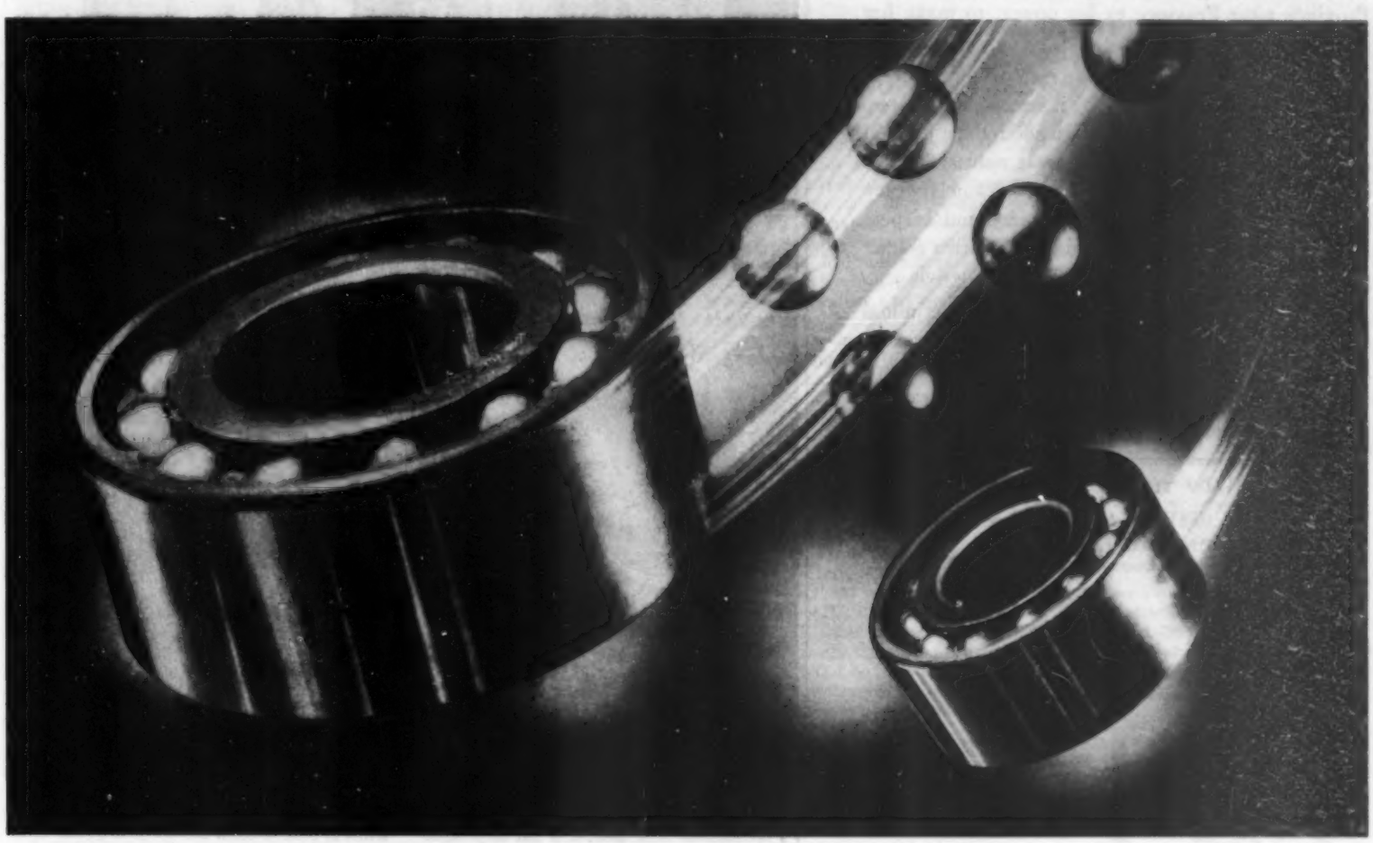
"How about you? You'd snap up an invitation from every person I named. I've heard stories about you wilder than any you can make up. There's not a man that's known you six months that would take your check for ten dollars. You're a sponge and a parasite and everything ——"

"Shut up for a minute," he interrupted. "I don't want to spoil this drive. . . . I just don't like to see you kid yourself," he continued. "What passes with you for international society is just about as hard to enter nowadays as the public rooms at the Casino; and if I can make my living by sponging off it, I'm still giving twenty times more than I get. We dead beats are about the only people in it with any stuff, and we stay with it because we have to."

(Continued on Page 51)

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

IN MOTOR CAR PINIONS, in machine tools or in any mechanism where tremendous thrust forces and radial loads are set up simultaneously—New Departure Double Row ball bearings are making new records of efficiency and economy. In these locations they perform the duties of two or more bearings in one compact unit, assimilate gruelling punishment, and maintain a constant and correct alignment of parts. New Departure Double Row ball bearings function so silently, so smoothly and so friction-free that they are adding daily to greater industrial progress and making possible new standards of engineering excellence.



NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY BRISTOL CONN.

Even a Queen *couldn't get away with it*

NEVER more would Nahid, loveliest of the Ruman princesses, see the face of Darab, King of Kings.

He had stormed her Father's Province to woo and wed her. Now, by his command, she was leaving the great palace, a cast-off.

Oh, the ignominy of it, the disgrace, the heart-break. For in the brief months that followed their marriage she had come to love this bold, relentless warrior who had swept through Persia, bending Province after Province to his power, to make her his Queen.

With saddening clearness the memory of her wedding day came back to her . . . it seemed but yesterday . . . the golden litter in which she rode, a jeweled crown upon her head . . . the great nobles that escorted her, each with a gift . . . the camels weary beneath their burden of rich brocades and carpets . . . sixty bridesmaids in her train, each with a golden goblet in her hand filled with the royal jewels . . .

How happy she had been. Now like a criminal scourged from the city, she was being sent back to her Father. *For Darab had found her breath not sweet.* It was the one flaw in her loveliness. But it was the flaw Darab could not overlook or forgive.

CHAPTER IV OF THE SHAHNAMA, FIRDAUSI'S GREAT EPIC HISTORY OF PERSIA, DESCRIBES NAHID'S TRAGEDY THUS:

"She was sleeping . . .
All gems and colour, scent and loveliness.
But verily her breathing was not sweet,
And grew disgustful to the king of kings,
Who shrank and turned his head away from her
Upon the couch because her breath was foul.
The monarch of Iran was grieved thereat,
His mind was troubled, and his soul all care.
They summoned skilful leeches to Nahid,
And one of them, a shrewd and prudent man,
Examined till he found a remedy—
A herb whereby the gullet is inflamed,
Called in Ruman tongue 'iskandar.' This
He rubbed upon the palate of the queen,
And caused her eyes to water lustily.
The fetor fled away, her palate burned,
Her face shone like brocade; but though the Fair
Was sweet as musk, Darab had ceased to love her.
The monarch's heart turned coldly from his bride,
And so he sent her back to Failakus, * * "

That was in 120 B. C.—two thousand and fifty years ago. Today, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is still the unforgivable social fault, the offense extraordinary.

"AND SO HE SENT HER BACK TO FAILAKUS, * * *"

THE insidious thing about it is that its presence is usually unknown to its victim. Furthermore, halitosis is widespread; indeed, few escape it for the simple reason that conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise at almost any time in the mouth.

Among its commoner causes are decaying or poorly cared for teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, temporary digestive derangements caused by excesses of eating or drinking, and minor infections of the nose, mouth or throat.

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* *

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(Continued from Page 48)

She laughed, liking him immensely, wondering how angry Nelson would be when he found that Oscar had walked off with his nail scissors and his copy of the New York Herald this morning.

"Anyhow," she thought afterward, as she drove home toward luncheon, "we're getting out of it all soon, and we'll be serious and have a baby. After this last summer."

Stopping for a moment at a florist's, she saw a young woman coming out with an armful of flowers. The young woman glanced at her over the heap of color, and Nicole perceived that she was extremely smart, and then that her face was familiar. It was someone she had known once, but only slightly; the name had escaped her, so she did not nod, and forgot the incident until that afternoon.

They were twelve for luncheon: The Goldings' party from the yacht, Liddell and Cardine Miles, Mr. Dane—seven different nationalities she counted; among them an exquisite young Frenchwoman, Madame Delauney, whom Nicole referred to lightly as "Nelson's girl." Noel Delauney was perhaps her closest friend; when they made up foursomes for golf or for trips, she paired off with Nelson; but today, as Nicole introduced her to someone as "Nelson's girl," the bantering phrase filled Nicole with distaste.

She said aloud at luncheon: "Nelson and I are going to get away from it all."

Everybody agreed that they, too, were going to get away from it all.

"It's all right for the English," someone said, "because they're doing a sort of dance of death—you know, gayety in the doomed fort, with the Sepoys at the gate. You can see it by their faces when they dance—the intensity. They know it and they want it, and they don't see any future. But you Americans, you're having a rotten time. If you want to wear the green hat or the crushed hat, or whatever it is, you always have to get a little tipsy."

"We're going to get away from it all," Nicole said firmly, but something within her argued: "What a pity—this lovely blue sea, this happy time." What came afterward? Did one just accept a lessening of tension? It was somehow Nelson's business to answer that. His growing discontent that he wasn't getting anywhere ought to explode into a new life for both of them, or rather a new hope and content with life. That secret should be his masculine contribution.

"Well, children, good-by."

"It was a great luncheon."

"Don't forget about getting away from it all."

"See you when ——"

The guests walked down the path toward their cars. Only Oscar, just faintly flushed on liqueurs, stood with Nicole on the veranda, talking on and on about the girl he had invited up to see his stamp collection. Momentarily tired of people, impatient to be alone, Nicole listened for a moment and then, taking a glass vase of flowers from the luncheon table, went through the French windows into the dark, shadowy villa, his voice following her as he talked on and on out there.

It was when she crossed the first salon, still hearing Oscar's monologue on the veranda, that she began to hear another voice in the next room, cutting sharply across Oscar's voice.

"Ah, but kiss me again," it said, stopped; Nicole stopped, too, rigid in the silence, now broken only by the voice on the porch.

"Be careful." Nicole recognized the faint French accent of Noel Delauney.

"I'm tired of being careful. Anyhow, they're on the veranda."

"No, better the usual place."

"Darling, sweet darling."

The voice of Oscar Dane on the veranda grew weary and stopped and, as if thereby released from her paralysis, Nicole took a step—forward or backward, she did not know which. At the sound of her heel on the floor, she heard the two people in the next room breaking swiftly apart.

Then she went in. Nelson was lighting a cigarette; Noel, with her back turned, was apparently hunting for hat or purse on a chair. With blind horror rather than anger, Nicole threw, or rather pushed away from her, the glass vase which she carried. If at anyone, it was at Nelson she threw it, but the force of her feeling had entered the inanimate thing; it flew past him, and Noel Delauney, just turning about, was struck full on the side of her head and face.

"Say, there!" Nelson cried. Noel sank slowly into the chair before which she stood, her hand slowly rising to cover the side of her face. The jar rolled unbroken on the thick carpet, scattering its flowers.

"You look out!" Nelson was at Noel's side, trying to take the hand away to see what had happened.

"*C'est liquide*," gasped Noel in a whisper. "*Est-ce que c'est le sang?*"

He forced her hand away, and cried breathlessly, "No, it's just water!" and then, to Oscar, who had appeared in the doorway: "Get some cognac!" and to Nicole: "You fool, you must be crazy!"

Nicole, breathing hard, said nothing. When the brandy arrived, there was a continuing silence, like that of people watching an operation, while Nelson poured a glass down Noel's throat. Nicole signaled to Oscar for a drink, and, as if afraid to break the silence without it, they all had a brandy. Then Noel and Nelson spoke at once:

"If you can find my hat ——"

"This is the silliest ——"

"—— I shall go immediately."

"—— thing I ever saw; I ——"

They all looked at Nicole, who said: "Have her car drive right up to the door." Oscar departed quickly.

"Are you sure you don't want to see a doctor?" asked Nelson anxiously.

"I want to go."

A minute later, when the car had driven away, Nelson came in and poured himself another glass of brandy. A wave of subsiding tension flowed over him, showing in his face; Nicole saw it, and saw also his gathering will to make the best he could of it.

"I want to know just why you did that," he demanded. "No, don't go, Oscar." He saw the story starting out into the world.

"What possible reason ——"

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Nicole.

"If I kissed Noel, there's nothing so terrible about it. It's of absolutely no significance."

She made a contemptuous sound. "I heard what you said to her."

"You're crazy."

He said it as if she were crazy, and wild rage filled her.

"You liar! All this time pretending to be so square, and so particular what I did, and all the time behind my back you've been playing around with that little ——"

She used a serious word, and as if maddened with the sound of it, she sprang toward his chair. In protection against this sudden attack, he flung up his arm quickly, and the knuckles of his open hand struck across the socket of her eye. Covering her face with her hand as Noel had done ten minutes previously, she fell sobbing to the floor.

"Hasn't this gone far enough?" Oscar cried.

"Yes," admitted Nelson, "I guess it has."

"You go on out on the veranda and cool off."

He got Nicole to a couch and sat beside her, holding her hand.

"Brace up—brace up, baby," he said, over and over. "What are you—Jack Dempsey? You can't go around hitting French women; they'll sue you."

"He told her he loved her," she gasped hysterically. "She said she'd meet him at the same place. . . . Has he gone there now?"

"He's out on the porch, walking up and down, sorry as the devil that he accidentally hit you, and sorry he ever saw Noel Delauney."

"Oh, yes!"

"You might have heard wrong, and it doesn't prove a thing, anyhow."

After twenty minutes, Nelson came in suddenly and sank down on his knees by the side of his wife. Mr. Oscar Dane, reënforced in his idea that he gave much more than he got, backed discreetly and far from unwillingly to the door.

In another hour, Nelson and Nicole, arm in arm, emerged from their villa and walked slowly down to the Café de Paris. They walked instead of driving, as if trying to return to the simplicity they had once possessed, as if they were trying to unwind something that had become visibly tangled. Nicole accepted his explanations, not because they were credible, but because she wanted passionately to believe them. They were both very quiet and sorry.

The Café de Paris was pleasant at that hour, with sunset drooping through the yellow awnings and the red parasols as through stained glass. Glancing about, Nicole saw the young woman she had encountered that morning. She was with a man now, and Nelson placed them immediately as the young couple they had seen in Algeria, almost three years ago.

"They've changed," he commented. "I suppose we have, too, but not so much. They're harder-looking and he looks dissipated. Dissipation always shows in light eyes rather than in dark ones. The girl is *tout ce qu'il y a de chic*, as they say, but there's a hard look in her face too."

"I like her."

"Do you want me to go and ask them if they are that same couple?"

"No! That'd be like lonesome tourists do. They have their own friends."

At that moment people were joining them at their table.

"Nelson, how about tonight?" Nicole asked a little later. "Do you think we can appear at the Goldings' after what's happened?"

"We not only can but we've got to. If the story's around and we're not there, we'll just be handing them a nice juicy subject of conversation. . . . Hello! What on earth ——"

Something strident and violent had happened across the café; a woman screamed and the people at one table were all on their feet, surging back and forth like one person. Then the people at the other tables were standing and crowding forward; for just a moment the Kellys saw the face of the girl they had been watching, pale now, and distorted with anger. Panic-stricken, Nicole plucked at Nelson's sleeve.

(Continued on Page 53)

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(Continued from Page 51)

"I want to get out. I can't stand any more today. Take me home. Is everybody going crazy?"

On the way home, Nelson glanced at Nicole's face and perceived with a start that they were not going to dinner on the Goldings' yacht after all. For Nicole had the beginnings of a well-defined and unmistakable black eye—an eye that by eleven o'clock would be beyond the aid of all the cosmetics in the principality. His heart sank and he decided to say nothing about it until they reached home.

III

THERE is some wise advice in the catechism about avoiding the occasions of sin, and when the Kellys went up to Paris a month later they made a conscientious list of the places they wouldn't visit any more and the people they didn't want to see again. The places included several famous bars, all the night clubs except one or two that were highly decorous, all the early-morning clubs of every description, and all summer resorts that made whoopee for its own sake—whoopee triumphant and unrestrained—the main attraction of the season.

The people they were through with included three-fourths of those with whom they had passed the last two years. They did this not in snobbishness, but for self-preservation, and not without a certain fear in their hearts that they were cutting themselves off from human contacts forever.

But the world is always curious, and people become valuable for their inaccessibility. They found that there were others in Paris who were only interested in those who had separated from the many. The first crowd they had known was largely American, salted with Europeans; the second was largely European, peppered with Americans. This latter crowd was "society," and here and there it touched the ultimate *milieu*, made up of individuals of high position, of great fortune, very occasionally of genius, and always of power. Without being intimate with the great, they made new friends of a more conservative type. Moreover, Nelson began to paint again; he had a studio, and they visited the studios of Brancusi and Leger and Deschamps. It seemed that they were more part of something than before, and when certain gaudy rendezvous were mentioned, they felt a contempt for their first two years in Europe, speaking of their former acquaintances as "that crowd" and as "people who waste your time."

So, although they kept their rules, they entertained frequently at home and they went out to the houses of others. They were young and handsome and intelligent; they came to know what did go and what did not go, and adapted themselves accordingly. Moreover, they were naturally generous and willing, within the limits of common sense, to pay.

When one went out one generally drank. This meant little to Nicole, who had a horror of losing her *soigné* air, losing a touch of bloom or a ray of admiration, but Nelson, thwarted somewhere, found himself quite as tempted to drink at these small dinners as in the more frankly rowdy world. He was not a drunk, he did nothing conspicuous or sodden, but he was no longer willing to go out socially without the stimulus of liquor. It was with the idea of bringing him to a serious and responsible attitude that Nicole decided, after a year in Paris, that the time had come to have a baby.

This was coincidental with their meeting Count Chiki Sarolai. He was an attractive relic of the Austrian court, with no fortune or pretense to any, but with solid social and financial connections in France. His sister was married to the Marquis de la Clos d'Hirondelle, who, in addition to being of the ancient noblesse, was a successful banker in Paris. Count Chiki roved here and there, frankly sponging, rather like Oscar Dane, but in a different sphere.

His penchant was Americans; he hung on their words with a pathetic eagerness, as if they would sooner or later let slip their mysterious formula for making money. After a casual meeting, his interest gravitated to the Kellys. During Nicole's months of waiting he was in the house continually, tirelessly interested in anything that concerned American crime, slang, finance or manners. He came in for a luncheon or dinner when he had no other place to go, and with tacit gratitude he persuaded his sister to call on Nicole, who was immensely flattered.

It was arranged that when Nicole went to the hospital he would stay at the *appartement* and keep Nelson company—an arrangement of which Nicole didn't approve, since they were inclined to drink together. But the day on which it was decided, he arrived with news of one of his brother-in-law's famous canal-boat parties on the Seine, to which the Kellys were to be invited and which, conveniently enough, was to occur three weeks after the arrival of the baby. So, when Nicole moved out to the American Hospital Count Chiki moved in.

The baby was a boy. For a while Nicole forgot all about people and their human status and their value. She even wondered at the fact that she had become such a snob, since everything seemed trivial compared with the new individual that, eight times a day, they carried to her breast.

After two weeks she and the baby went back to the apartment, but Chiki and his valet stayed on. It was understood, with that subtlety the Kellys had only recently begun to appreciate, that he was merely staying until after his brother-in-law's party, but the apartment was crowded and Nicole wished him gone. But her old idea, that if one had to see people they might as well be the best, was carried out in being invited to the De la Clos d'Hirondelles'.

As she lay in her chaise longue the day before the event, Chiki explained the arrangements, in which he had evidently aided.

"Everyone who arrives must drink two cocktails in the American style before they can come aboard—as a ticket of admission."

"But I thought that very fashionable French—Faubourg St. Germain and all that—didn't drink cocktails."

"Oh, but my family is very modern. We adopt many American customs."

"Who'll be there?"

"Everyone! Everyone in Paris."

Great names swam before her eyes. Next day she could not resist dragging the affair into conversation with her doctor. But she was rather offended at the look of astonishment and incredulity that came into his eyes.

"Did I understand you aright?" he demanded. "Did I understand you to say that you were going to a ball tomorrow?"

"Why, yes," she faltered. "Why not?"

"My dear lady, you are not going to stir out of the house for two more weeks; you are not going to dance or do anything strenuous for two more after that."

"That's ridiculous!" she cried. "It's been three weeks already! Esther Sherman went to America after ——"

"Never mind," he interrupted. "Every case is different. There is a complication which makes it positively necessary for you to follow my orders."

"But the idea is that I'll just go for two hours, because of course I'll have to come home to Sonny ——"

"You'll not go for two minutes."

She knew, from the seriousness of his tone, that he was right, but, perversely, she did not mention the matter to Nelson. She said, instead, that she was tired, that possibly she might not go, and lay awake that night measuring her disappointment against her fear. She woke up for Sonny's first feeding, thinking to herself: "But if I just take ten steps from a limousine to a chair and just sit half an hour ——"

At the last minute the pale green evening dress from Callets, draped across a chair in her bedroom, decided her. She went.

Somewhere, during the shuffle and delay on the gangplank while the guests went aboard and were challenged and drank down their cocktails with attendant gayety, Nicole realized that she had made a mistake. There was, at any rate, no formal receiving line and, after greeting their hosts, Nelson found her a chair on deck, where presently her faintness disappeared.

Then she was glad she had come. The boat was hung with fragile lanterns, which blended with the pastels of the bridges and the reflected stars in the dark Seine, like a child's dream out of the Arabian Nights. A crowd of hungry-eyed spectators were gathered on the banks. Champagne moved past in platoons like a drill of bottles, while the music, instead of being loud and obtrusive, drifted down from the upper deck like frosting dripping over a cake. She became aware presently that they were not the only Americans there—across the deck were the Liddell Mileses, whom she had not seen for several years.

Other people from that crowd were present, and she felt a faint disappointment. What if this was not the marquis' best party? She remembered her mother's second days at home. She asked Chiki, who was at her side, to point out celebrities, but when she inquired about several people whom she associated with that set, he replied vaguely that they were away, or coming later, or could not be there. It seemed to her that she saw across the room the girl who had made the scene in the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo, but she could not be sure, for with the faint almost imperceptible movement of the boat, she realized that she was growing faint again. She sent for Nelson to take her home.

"You can come right back, of course. You needn't wait for me, because I'm going right to bed."

He left her in the hands of the nurse, who helped her upstairs and aided her to undress quickly.

"I'm desperately tired," Nicole said. "Will you put my pearls away?"

"Where?"

"In the jewel box on the dressing table."

"I don't see it," said the nurse after a minute.

"Then it's in a drawer."

There was a thorough rummaging of the dressing table, without result.

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

Helen Twelvetrees

in

"THE CAT CREEPS"

(While the Canary Sleeps!)

If you will keep track of pictures that are COMING, and put them on your memorandum pad, you can arrange for your Fall and Winter entertainment in advance. I will keep you constantly informed of Universal's noteworthy productions, and the initial list here shown, with remarkable casts and stories, will indicate our efforts to please the whole public.

"The Cat Creeps"—mystery plot—HELEN TWELVETREES, RAYMOND HACKETT, NEIL HAMILTON, LILYAN TASHMAN, JEAN HERSHOLT, MONTAGUE LOVE, LAWRENCE GRANT, THEODORE VON ELTZ, ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

"The Boudoir Diplomat" (name may be changed)—comedy drama—BETTY COMPSON, IAN KEITH, MARY DUNCAN, JEANETTE LOFF, LAWRENCE GRANT, LIONEL BELMORE and ANDRE BERANGER.

"East is West"—LUPE VELEZ, LEWIS AYRES, JEAN HERSHOLT, F. A. WARREN and C. MIDDLETON.

"A Lady Surrenders"—CONRAD NAGEL, GENEVIEVE TOBIN, BASIL RATHBONE, ROSE HOBART.

"Cohens and Kellys Hunting Big Game in Africa"—GEORGE SIDNEY, CHARLIE MURRAY, VERA GORDON, KATE PRICE.

Please note that the players in these groups are the notable stars of the stage and screen. Watch for these plays. They are UNIVERSALS. Have you seen the greatest picture of all time, "All Quiet on the Western Front," also "King of Jazz" and "Captain of the Guard"? Answer please.

Carl Laemmle,
President

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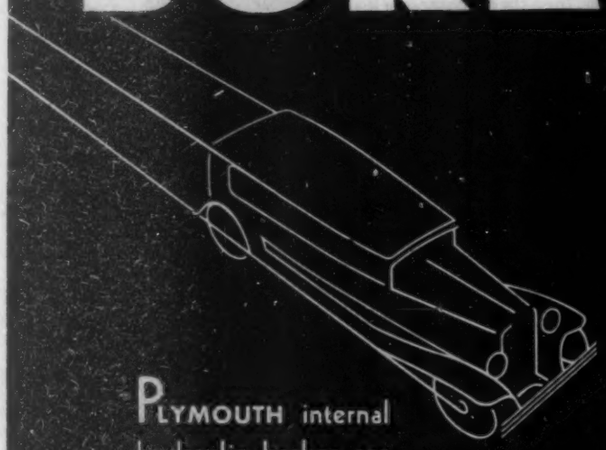

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On order, Plymouth closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Ask for a demonstration.

"But of course it's there." Nicole attempted to rise, but fell back, exhausted. "Look for it, please, again. Everything is in it—all my mother's things and my engagement things."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Kelly. There's nothing in this room that answers to that description."

"Wake up the maid."

The maid knew nothing; then, after a persistent cross-examination, she did know something. Count Sarolai's valet had gone out, carrying his suitcase, half an hour after madame left the house.

Writhing in sharp and sudden pain, with a hastily summoned doctor at her side, it seemed to Nicole hours before Nelson came home. When he arrived, his face was deathly pale and his eyes were wild. He came directly into her room.

"What do you think?" he said savagely. Then he saw the doctor. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, Nelson, I'm sick as a dog and my jewel box is gone, and Chiki's valet has gone. I've told the police. . . . Perhaps Chiki would know where the man ——"

"Chiki will never come in this house again," he said slowly. "Do you know whose party that was? Have you got any idea whose party that was?" He burst into wild laughter. "It was our party—our party, do you understand? We gave it—we didn't know it, but we did."

"*Maintenant, monsieur, il ne faut pas exciter madame* ——" the doctor began.

"I thought it was odd when the marquis went home early, but I didn't suspect till the end. They were just guests—Chiki invited all the people. After it was over, the caterers and musicians began to come up and ask me where to send their bills. And that damn Chiki had the nerve to tell me he thought I knew all the time. He said that all he'd promised was that it would be his brother-in-law's sort of party, and that his sister would be there. He said perhaps I was drunk, or perhaps I didn't understand French—as if we'd ever talked anything but English to him."

"Don't pay!" she said. "I wouldn't think of paying."

"So I said, but they're going to sue—the boat people and the others. They want twelve thousand dollars."

She relaxed suddenly. "Oh, go away!" she cried. "I don't care! I've lost my jewels and I'm sick, sick!"

IV

THIS is the story of a trip abroad, and the geographical element must not be slighted. Having visited North Africa, Italy, the Riviera, Paris and points in between, it was not surprising that eventually the Kellys should go to Switzerland. Switzerland is a country where very few things begin, but many things end.

Though there was an element of choice in their other ports of call, the Kellys went to Switzerland because they had to. They had been married a little more than four years when they arrived one spring day at the lake that is the center of Europe—a placid, smiling spot with pastoral hillsides, a backdrop of mountains and waters of postcard blue, waters that are a little sinister beneath the surface with all the misery that has dragged itself here from every corner of Europe. Weariness to recuperate and death to die. There are schools, too, and young people splashing at the sunny plages; there is Bonivard's dungeon and Calvin's city, and the ghosts of Byron and Shelley still sail the dim shores by night; but the Lake Geneva that Nelson and Nicole came to was the dreary one of sanatoriums and rest hotels.

For, as if by some profound sympathy that had continued to exist beneath the unlucky destiny that had pursued their affairs, health had failed them both at the same time; Nicole lay on the balcony of a hotel coming slowly back to life after two successive operations, while Nelson fought for life against jaundice in a hospital two miles away. Even after the reserve force of twenty-nine years had pulled him through, there were months ahead during which he must live quietly. Often they wondered why, of all those who sought pleasure over the face of Europe, this misfortune should have come to them.

"There've been too many people in our lives," Nelson said. "We've never been able to resist people. We were so happy the first year when there weren't any people."

Nicole agreed. "If we could ever be alone—really alone—we could make up some kind of life for ourselves. We'll try, won't we, Nelson?"

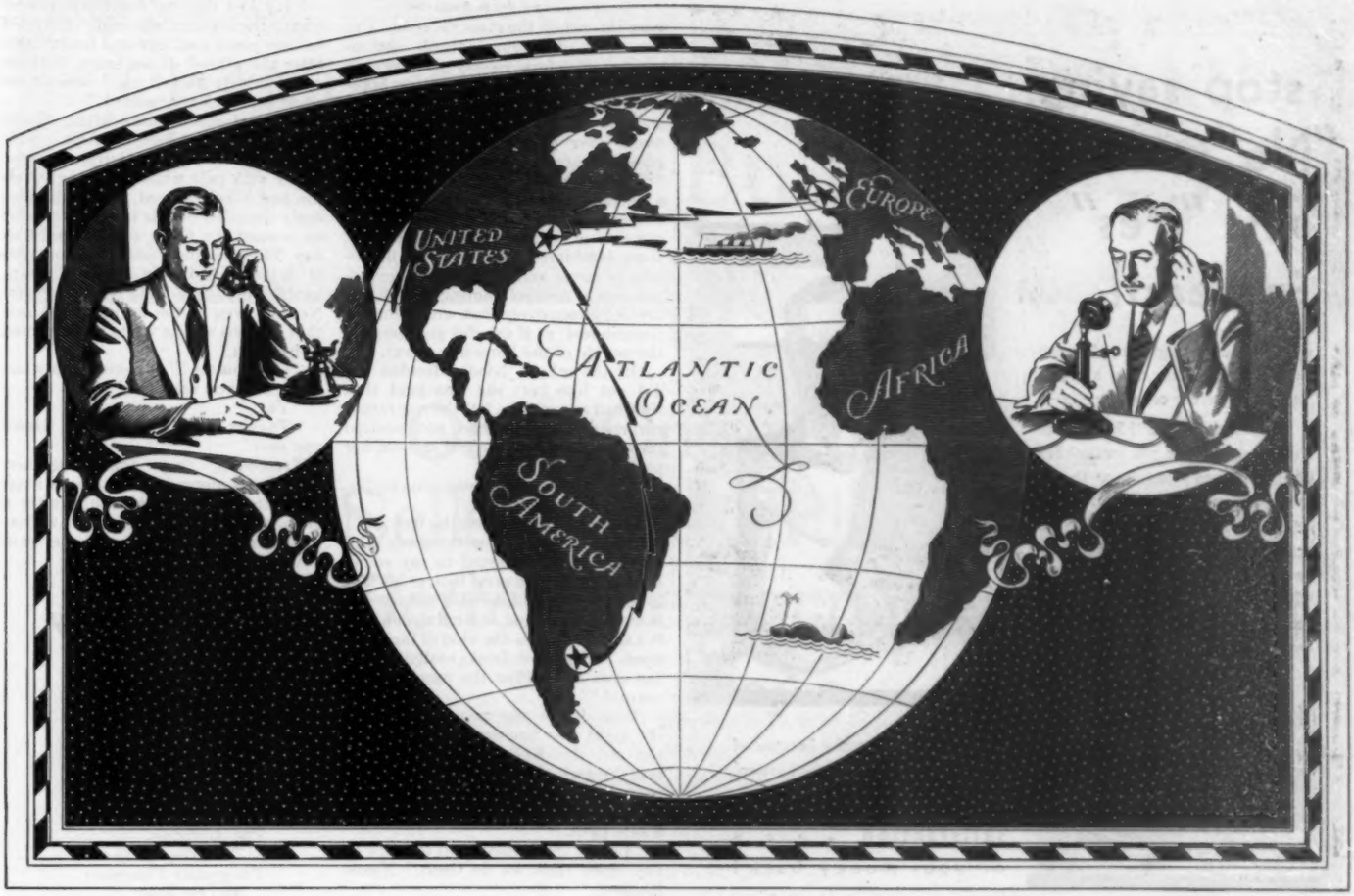
But there were other days when they both wanted company desperately, concealing it from each other. Days when they eyed the obese, the wasted, the crippled and the broken of all nationalities who filled the hotel, seeking for one who might be amusing. It was a new life for them, turning on the daily visits of their two doctors, the arrival of the mail and newspapers from Paris, the little walk into the hillside village or occasionally the descent by funicular to the pale resort on the lake, with its *Kursaal*, its grass beach, its tennis clubs and sight-seeing busses. They read Tauchnitz editions and yellow-jacketed Edgar Wallaces; at a certain hour each day they watched the baby being given its bath; three nights a week there was a tired and patient orchestra in the lounge after dinner, that was all.

And sometimes there was a booming from the vine-covered hills on the other side of the lake, which meant that cannons were shooting at hail-bearing clouds, to save the vineyards from an approaching storm; it came swiftly, first falling from the heavens and then falling again in torrents from the mountains, washing loudly down the roads and stone ditches; it came with a dark, frightening sky and savage filaments of lightning and crashing, world-splitting thunder, while ragged and destroyed clouds fled along before the wind past the hotel. The mountains and the lake disappeared completely; the hotel crouched alone amid tumult and chaos and darkness.

It was during such a storm, when the mere opening of a door admitted a tornado of rain and wind into the hall, that the Kellys for the first time in months saw someone they knew. Sitting downstairs with other victims of frayed nerves, they became aware of two new arrivals—a man and woman whom they recognized as the couple, first seen in Algiers, who had crossed their path several times since. A single unexpressed thought flashed through Nelson and Nicole. It seemed like destiny that, at last here in this desolate place they should know them, and watching, they saw other couples eying them in the same tentative way. Yet something held the Kellys back. Had they not just been complaining that there were too many people in their lives?

Later, when the storm had dozed off into a quiet rain, Nicole found herself

(Continued on Page 56)



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TODAY, through the Bell System's radio-telephone service, you can talk directly from your home or office telephone to most of the countries of Europe, to Argentina, Chile and the city of Montevideo, Uruguay, or to several great transatlantic liners while at sea.

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Recent reductions in charges have lowered the cost of a three-minute conversation between New York and London, and New York and Buenos Aires, to $30. A slight additional charge is made for calls between more distant points.

Transatlantic telephone service has won an important place in international communication. It has brought the factor of *personality* to the daily contacts between the Old World and the New. It is a furtherance of the Bell System's aim: *that you may be able to talk with any one, anywhere, at any time.*

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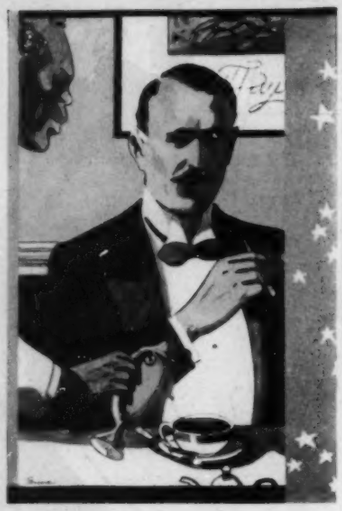
stop saying "No" to coffee— say "Yes" instead!



"AH," you may sigh, "there's nothing I'd like better than a cup of steaming, savory coffee, but——"

What is that "but"? Has the caffein in coffee kept you awake? Has it affected your nerves or thrown your digestion out of kilter? If so, then here's good news indeed! You can now enjoy the solace of coffee—without the penalty of caffein. Drink Sanka Coffee—genuine, delicious coffee with 97% of the caffein removed.

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The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee that you can enjoy morning, noon *and* night —without regret! © 1930, S. C. CORP.

SANKA COFFEE

drink it and sleep!

Sanka Coffee is a blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees—from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. Sanka Coffee has been approved by the American Medical Association.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Commission on Foods

GROUND OR IN THE BEAN

★ ★ ★

(Continued from Page 54)

near the girl on the glass veranda. Under cover of reading a book, she inspected the face closely. It was an inquisitive face, she saw at once, possibly calculating; the eyes, intelligent enough, but with no peace in them, swept over people in a single quick glance as though estimating their value. "Terrible egoist," Nicole thought, with a certain distaste. For the rest, the cheeks were wan, and there were little pouches of ill health under the eyes; these combining with a certain flabbiness of arms and legs to give an impression of unwholesomeness. She was dressed expensively, but with a hint of slovenliness, as if she did not consider the people of the hotel important.

On the whole, Nicole decided she did not like her; she was glad that they had not spoken, but she was rather surprised that she had not noticed these things when the girl crossed her path before.

Telling Nelson her impression at dinner, he agreed with her.

"I ran into the man in the bar, and I noticed we both took nothing but mineral water, so I started to say something. But I got a good look at his face in the mirror and I decided not to. His face is so weak and self-indulgent that it's almost mean—the kind of face that needs half a dozen drinks really to open the eyes and stiffen the mouth up to normal."

After dinner the rain stopped and the night was fine outside. Eager for the air, the Kellys wandered down into the dark garden; on their way they passed the subjects of their late discussion, who withdrew abruptly down a side path.

"I don't think they want to know us any more than we do them," Nicole laughed.

They loitered among the wild rosebushes and the beds of damp-sweet, indistinguishable flowers. Below the hotel, where the terrace fell a thousand feet to the lake, stretched a necklace of lights that was Montreux and Vevey, and then, in a dim pendant, Lausanne; a blurred twinkling across the lake was Evian and France. From somewhere below—probably the *Kursaal*—came the sound of full-bodied dance music—American, they guessed, though now they heard American tunes months late, mere distant echoes of what was happening far away.

Over the Dent du Midi, over a black bank of clouds that was the rearguard of the receding storm, the moon lifted itself and the lake brightened; the music and the far-away lights were like hope, like the enchanted distance from which children see things. In their separate hearts Nelson and Nicole gazed backward to a time when life was all like this. Her arm went through his quietly and drew him close.

"We can have it all again," she whispered. "Can't we try, Nelson?"

She paused as two dark forms came into the shadows near by and stood looking down at the lake below.

Nelson put his arm around Nicole and pulled her closer.

"It's just that we don't understand what's the matter," she said. "Why did we lose peace and love and health, one after the other? If we knew, if there was anybody to tell us, I believe we could try. I'd try so hard."

The last clouds were lifting themselves over the Bernese Alps. Suddenly, with a final intensity, the west flared with pale white lightning. Nelson and Nicole turned, and simultaneously the other couple turned, while for an instant the night was as bright as day. Then darkness and a last low peal of thunder, and from Nicole a sharp, terrified cry. She flung herself against Nelson; even in the darkness she saw that his face was as white and strained as her own.

"Did you see?" she cried in a whisper. "Did you see them?"

"Yes!"

"They're us! They're us! Don't you see?"

Trembling, they clung together. The clouds merged into the dark mass of mountains; looking around after a moment, Nelson and Nicole saw that they were alone together in the tranquil moonlight.

My Tragedy

I WAS born
With a mental twist:
I cannot endure
An egotist!

This whim excluded
From my life's plan
The artist and
The self-made man,

The politician,
The college professor,
The greater Thespians
And the lesser,

The more successful
Butter-and-egg men,
Society doctors,
Preachers, yeggmen.

Nor would I marry
An utter dub,
An elderly failure,
A damp-eared cub.

This narrowed again
My marital choices,
Excluding men
Who train their voices,

Half-baked writers,
Agitators,
Dry-dirt farmers,
Bell boys, waiters.

In my dilemma
Heaven sent
A man with a gloomy
Temperament,

Neither stolid,
Vain nor sappy;
The very man
To make me happy!

But here my tragedy
Began;
I simply could not
Vamp that man!

—*Angela Cypher.*

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
Dealer Bulletin

Only One Thing Sells Spark Plugs— *Better Performance*

(This is sales bulletin number ten from Toledo to Champion Spark Plug dealers. Written for the Champion sales organization, it is broadcast in the Saturday Evening Post because Champion policy need not be secret from the great public served by Champions.)

For many months we have been urging you to instruct your customers of the better performance which Champions bring to every engine.

We have interpreted this better performance in many ways. But in every instance it has been reduced down to this positive and definite sales formula: In the last analysis, the *one and only* determining factor that sells one spark plug instead of another is better performance.

We know and you know that thousands of tests conducted by disinterested individuals and manufacturers have proved *scientifically* and beyond doubt that Champions are the better spark plugs, because they give better performance in every engine.

But only in so far as Champion's many exclusive features contribute to better performance is your customer concerned.

In other words, what does the public care whether Champion uses Sillimanite in its insulator? Sillimanite would have no significance were it not for the fact that it contributes in a major way to improving engine performance.

World famous ceramic experts tell us that Sillimanite is the finest known insulating and refractory material. Used exclusively in Champion Spark Plugs, it means freedom from fouling, pre-ignition and breakage from heat shock. With its special Sillimanite glaze, it is practically impervious to carbon and oily deposits.

Likewise, Champion special analysis electrodes concern the motorist only because they contain a catalytic agent, which insures better performance by greatly retarding the corrosive and burning action at the sparking points.

The public is interested in Champion's two-piece construction only because it retains the many advantages of this type spark plug, and is made positively gas-tight by patented copper gaskets.

All these advantages combine to achieve the only result which interests the motorist—*better performance*. In selling Champions, that is primarily what you sell.

To maintain spark plug efficiency at its maximum, it is now, as you know, standard practice to change them every 10,000 miles. Even though Champions will continue to function indefinitely, you should recommend this practice to your customers, to maintain Champion's better performance at its maximum.

Millions have learned the efficiency and economy of this practice. *Likewise*, their *own tests* have proved conclusively to them that Champions are the better spark plugs and give better performance in *their own* engines.

That is the one great reason why Champions excel and outsell throughout the world.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

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FROM THE LABORATORIES OF Thomas A Edison

It is not merely because Thomas A. Edison is a great name that it means so much on a radio. It is because Thomas A. Edison is a great name in science . . . in electricity . . . in sound reproduction—the things that make a radio. Fifty years of achievement in the Edison Laboratories are back of the Edison . . . a lifetime of beauty, satisfaction, and pride of possession in your home are before it. Hear the Edison —the radio voice triumphant! There is a dealer, selected because of his reliability, near you.

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EUROPEAN TENNIS

(Continued from Page 11)

Build means much in sport. In tennis, height is a great asset in serving, as are broad shoulders. Tilden's cannon-ball serve is the fastest in present-day tennis. Height is also an asset at the net, in reaching high-flying balls. Tilden's long reach enables him, in the back court as well as at the net, to retrieve seemingly impossible balls.

We see also the ability for endurance unequaled in a player of Tilden's age. Ten years ago, five years ago, Tilden never knew fatigue. Now his endurance is affected only by the most trying matches. At Wimbledon, this year, it is safe to say that none of his matches wearied him. He was in excellent condition. He had not worn himself out by playing in almost every country in Europe, as he did in previous seasons.

In watching Tilden in action, we see beautiful stroking. The swing, the follow-through, are executed with a harmony of line and movement that proclaims them great. Who can deny that beauty contributes to the degree of excellence in results? Certainly it is true in tennis and in other sports. It may be said that the player has class, or rhythm, or easy motion. Joyce Wethered, Glenna Collet, Bobby Jones, Tommy Hitchcock all have this beauty of stroke production. It includes natural grace of motion, perfect coördination and accurate timing.

Something which is included in stroking in tennis, but which deserves special mention, is footwork. Watch Tilden's footwork—another contributing factor to the excellence of his play. There is a definite place for feet at every moment on the court. Tilden manages his like a dancer, placing them neatly and precisely in the right position for each one of the various strokes.

The Perennial Tilden

And lastly, when following a Tilden match, we see strategy and tactics which capture our interest and hold it until the last ball has flown over the net. Tilden has an imagination, and he knows how to use it. He may attempt the impossible—and it may come off. It sometimes does in tennis. At least he puts no limits, in his own mind, upon what his balls can do. Tilden is intelligent, therefore he can work out a scheme of play that is the most logical attack, or defense, against the player whom he meets. He introduces variety, so that his adversary shall not have the advantage of playing against a game made more simple by its sameness.

This year, at Wimbledon, Tilden displayed the best that is in his game. One was impressed by the fact that his tennis is done so correctly. It was a perfect example of what a thing learned in the right way will accomplish. Tilden was gifted at the beginning, without question, but he chose to learn the sound way, the correct and the logical manner of playing. You can easily call to mind the names of several really brilliant players who had fame in the past, who shone for a season or two, but who, try as they might, could not keep it up.

Tilden, because his game is thoroughly sound, has been able to be a leader for ten years, has been able to reappear at Wimbledon with an astonishing victory. It is only another master who is able to defeat him now. Impetuous youth dashes itself in vain against this rock of tennis intelligence and craft. If Tilden keeps on playing he will be, for years to come, a difficult adversary. As long as he wishes, he will be able to enjoy his tennis. This is because he possesses a sound and well-rounded game and a keen imagination. He has outlasted one group of great players. He has been defeated by only one or two of today's great players, and we are inclined to prophesy that he will defeat these on the rebound. For the great players of the future group, who have not yet made their appearance, he will be a difficult adversary.

The Difficult Drop Shot

The game of tennis that Miss Elizabeth Ryan plays is just as individual in its own way as is Tilden's. She is the only woman player who uses the chop exclusively. She combines back court and net play, and that dangerous stroke, the drop shot. Her game is an all-round one—something which all games must be in order to last through many seasons. A player who has developed his game in every department finds that he can go through his matches with much less effort than the player who relies on one or two strokes only. Like Tilden, Miss Ryan has excellent endurance, and a keenness which does not diminish even at the very end of the tennis season.

Something must be said of the drop shot and its use. If it comes off as is intended it is wonderfully valuable. The ball goes just over the net, and bounces low with a backward spin. The stroke is executed by means of the chop stroke. This is one reason why Miss Ryan is successful in her use of the drop shot. She employs the same chop stroke for the short drop shot as she does for her deep balls. Thus her opponent does not know, until the last minute, what kind of ball is coming over the net. It is most difficult to anticipate Miss Ryan's drop shot; and then when it does come over, with its very low bound, the opponent has to do some wild scrambling to reach it. Especially is it a problem when the grass court is heavy from rain, for then the ball does not bounce at all, and there is one chance in a hundred of reaching it. For the player who uses the drive it is more difficult to employ the drop shot, as he must change the grip and position of his racket to do it, and this telegraphs his design to his adversary and warns him in advance.

On hard courts the drop shot is not so valuable as on grass, as the bound is higher, and a player fast on his feet can reach any short shot unless it is a super one, or unless he is far off court. Players from California, where tennis is played on asphalt and cement, have almost neglected this shot, and have instead concentrated on a driving game of great speed and with a certain amount of top that brings the ball down. The game of William Johnston illustrates this perfectly. The hard, fast court also encourages the development of the volley—for example, the games of the two Frenchmen, Henri Cochet and Jean Borotra, who have done practically all their tennis on hard clay courts and the even faster indoor courts of Paris during the winter. It is a good idea for the hard-court player, however, to practice the drop shot, for then when he goes on grass he has a valuable stroke at his command.

In describing the playing of Tilden and Miss Ryan I have not said much

(Continued on Page 60)

THE SHOCK ABSORBER ZONE

Bending can't distort your blade if it's a PROBAK

SHOCK-absorber construction positively prevents drag, pull and vibration when you shave with the new Probak blade in your double-edge razor. All bending strain is dispersed. Edge distortion cannot occur. The highly tempered, finely honed edges of this amazing blade are just as straight and keen when clamped in your razor as when wrapped in the package.

Two patented features—butterfly channeling and duo-tempered steel—give you shaving results never experienced before. The scientifically shaped perforation in the specially tempered middle section of the blade absorbs bending shock and stress—safeguards shaving quality—when you slip a Probak in your safety and screw the handle down tightly.

These are the reasons Probak shaves you as comfortably as a barber's favorite—glides across your face with a light, easy, caressing touch—leaves your skin clean, cool and refreshed. And they are the reasons Probak can guarantee quicker, cooler, smoother shaves on a money-back basis.

Years of research and effort are back of Probak shock-absorbing blades. We know this blade will out-shave your present ones. Prove it without risking a cent. Buy a package of Probaks and use two blades in your double-edge razor (old or new model). If you don't agree they are vastly superior in every way, return the package and your dealer will refund the full purchase price—$1 for 10, 50c for 5.

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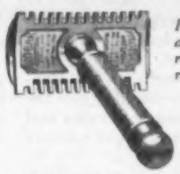

Probak blades are for Probak razor and other razors of this type

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Now you can have a Probak *razor*. Many years were spent perfecting this revolutionary shaving instrument. It's lighter, counter-balanced. You scarcely feel it in your hand or on your face. Positive seven-point blade registration makes both edges shave alike. An extended safety cap protects your fingers. Modern chromium finish. The Probak razor is designed solely for the super-keen Probak blade. Discover how amazingly quick and comfortable a shave can be.

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Send me a MATCHED SHAVING SET, consisting one PROBAK RAZOR and 8 PROBAK shock-absorbing BLADES, for which I enclose $1.

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(Continued from Page 58)

about doubles—the theory, and practice, and so on. I have written before that doubles could be deadly dull or thrillingly interesting. It is true that there should be more doubles played that are really first-class. Any player who is good in singles should be good in doubles—but this is not always the case. Some players do not possess a type of game that adapts itself easily to doubles; Tilden's and La Coste's games are examples of this. But they have played good doubles in spite of this, because they have approached the game in a scientific frame of mind. It is a great game for the player who likes to display the workings of his brain in a tennis way. There are opportunities for the carrying out of interesting bits of strategy and for the anticipation of what the two minds on the other side of the net are planning together.

Our young Americans, Wilmer Allison and John Van Ryn, won the Wimbledon championship in doubles by their dynamic play. Strong, and with the enthusiasm of youth, they went out for every shot. When there was the opportunity of killing the ball it was properly killed. It was not all brawn, however, for their brains were working, too, and it was evident that they were awake to every opportunity that presented itself. This was at Wimbledon. Later on, in Paris, in the Davis Cup doubles, things did not go so well. But it is to be remembered that they were bearding the lion in its lair.

The Secret of Doubles Play

Nevertheless, this young team, composed of Allison and Van Ryn, has had great success. Why? First, because they are both uncommonly good players; secondly, because they understand the tactics of doubles; and thirdly, because they enjoy playing together. No matter what the ability of the players individually, it is impossible to hope for the best results in doubles unless the two players are congenial. They must be well suited to each other in temperament. Each one must feel that he can place his confidence and trust in the other. This must certainly have been true of such teams as the Renshaw brothers, the Baddeleys, the Dohertys. Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen and Miss Elizabeth Ryan, six-time winners in the doubles at Wimbledon, also must have had this feeling of supreme confidence, each in her partner.

"How are doubles combinations arranged?"

I have often been asked this question. There is no hard-and-fast rule. Sometimes a team is arranged by a tennis association, especially if the players are representing the association on a team. The different associations like to be represented by an all-American, all-French or all-English team, as the case may be. The wise committee, however, will allow the player to choose the partner with whom he likes best to play. The team formed dogmatically by a committee will never be so good as the one that arranges itself to the likings and preference of the players. There is the old saying about the leading of a horse to water but not being able to make him drink. The players might try hard enough to make a successful doubles team, but in doubles there is or is not present a willingness of the spirit for coöperation with a partner that is beyond the control of the player. A sympathetic bond—call it what you will—is absolutely necessary. This holds good in mixed doubles as well. If you can find a partner with whom it is fun to play, then you have found a good partner.

"Does the man carry the lion's share in mixed doubles?"

Not so much as he used to. Miss Ryan, the best mixed-doubles player among women, prefers to take all her own shots. In fact, she has been seen to carry the match along when her partner has had erratic flights. She is unusual, it must be admitted, in her doubles ability. When I play mixed doubles, if my partner has a strong overhead, I like him to kill all the balls overhead except the ones that come direct to me. When the man smashes to the woman on the opposite side it means, almost always, a point. I also like my partner to "poach"—take one of my balls when it is within his reach—provided that he kills the ball outright. Three ideal mixed-doubles partners with whom I have played are Jack Hawkes, of Australia, Henri Cochet and Jacques Brugnon.

In the fast mixed doubles in championship tournaments the woman takes her chances at the net as bravely as her partner. In years gone by it was considered ungentlemanly for a man to hit a ball full speed at his opponent's fair partner, but no more.

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, INC., N. Y. C.

Two Famous European Women Players, Señorita Lili d'Alvarez, of Spain (Left), and Fräulein Cilly Aussem, of Germany

"What is the secret of good mixed doubles, or of any doubles?"

I believe that the answer lies in the ability of both players to realize that the individual is submerged and that the team is one. The two partners move together on the court—both at the net or both at the base line—each one thinking of his own position on the court in relation to that of his partner. The both-up-or-both-back idea in doubles is the one which appeals to me the most. You see it in almost all good men's doubles. In women's doubles the English women players have had success in playing one up at the net, one back on the base line. In mixed doubles the most successful teams at Wimbledon this year were those which played at the net.

I have been asked: "What about the behavior of the tennis galleries in the different countries? How do those at Forest Hills compare, for example, with those of Wimbledon and the Stade Roland Garros?"

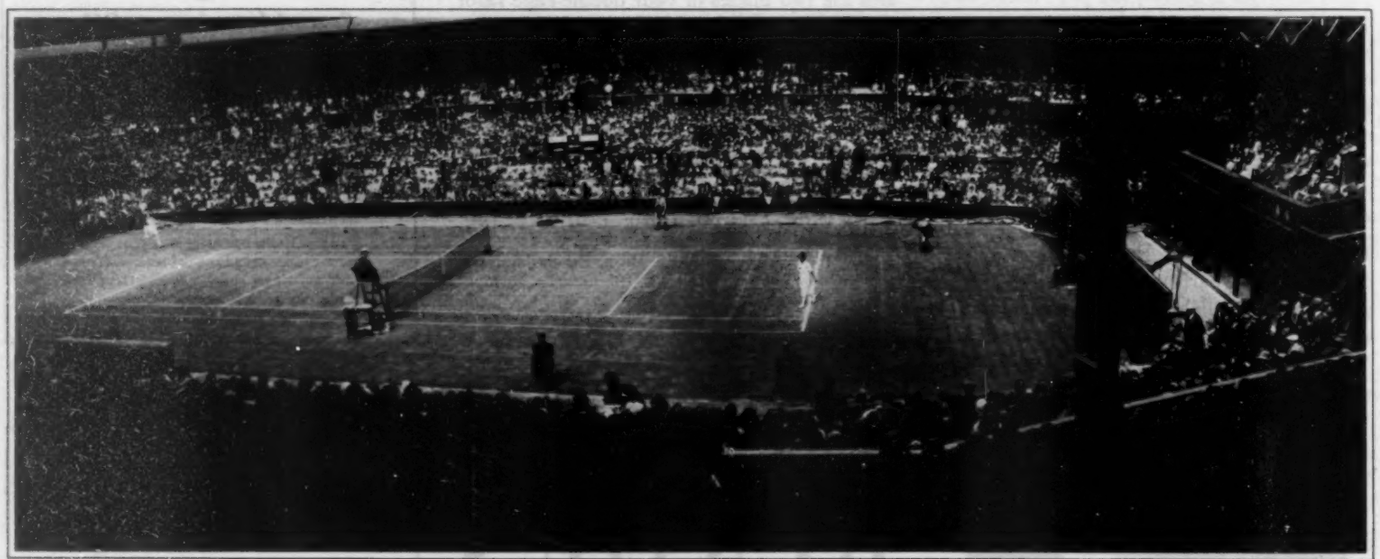
Galleries

I think that the American galleries are, on the whole, exceedingly well-mannered. On Saturdays they are slightly more demonstrative than on other days. One reason is that more people are in the grand stands on this day. Another is that the matches are usually more exciting on Saturday, which, in our tournaments, is the day of the finals. Of course, there are a few noisy people. They are usually present. They are those who either can't be anything else but noisy, or else are not informed as to the etiquette of the gallery.

The English audience at Wimbledon is a beautifully behaved one when you consider the vast numbers of people who go to the tennis daily. The English championships have a far greater everyday attendance than ours.

More demonstrative than either English or American is the French audience. It is the nature of the French onlooker to express approval or disapproval audibly, and often much excitement is added to a match by the comments of the grand stand. If one is accustomed to playing in France one understands this and accepts it as a part of the game. It is not without its entertaining features. Here is an audience

(Continued on Page 64)



PHOTO, BY CENTRAL NEWS, FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A Lawn Tennis Championship Match in Progress at Wimbledon

A New Rubber now turns the wheels of Industry

Goodrich develops
"HIGHFLEX RUBBER" *for power-transmission belting*

IF you could visit manufacturing plants in every kind of industry, you would see thousands of *belts* turning the humming machinery . . . belts ranging from one inch up to two or three feet in width . . . belts made of several plies of cotton fabric —held together by *rubber*.

If you studied the matter a little you would find that this rubber is subjected to a terrific strain. You can illustrate this by making a pencil mark across the edges of a magazine or pad of paper, then bending the pad as a belt would bend around a pulley. Watch the pencil mark and note how the sheets of paper must slide over one another.

This same thing happens in a belt —the thin rubber layers holding the plies of the belt together must absorb the terrific flexing, sliding strain which occurs with each turn around the whirling pulley. And sometimes these belts operate twenty-four hours a day—for weeks and months at a time.

In recent years one special rubber has been developed by Goodrich for power-transmission belting. It has lightning elasticity, an amazing power of recovery and ability to stand constant flexing. It is called Highflex rubber.

It is a common experience for belts made of this new rubber to outwear all others previously used by as much as three or four to one!

Interested executives are invited to address the Chairman, Goodrich Industrial Research Committee, regarding their problems to which rubber may provide an answer. Goodrich, Established 1870, Akron, Ohio.

An installation on a severe grinding-mill drive in the plant of a well-known cement company. This cement company writes that, after experience with belts of other makes and other materials, they find Goodrich Highflex lasting *"three times as long as previous belts used."*

HIGHFLEX BELTING

Another **B.F.Goodrich** *Product*

Over 32,000 rubber articles, representing more than a thousand distinct rubber products—Goodrich Silvertowns · Zippers · Rubber Footwear · Drug Sundries · Soles · Heels · Hose · Belting · Packing · Molded Goods

THE WHOLE when Poisons Collect

DR. GEORGES ROSENTHAL

RIGHT

The celebrated president of the Société Thérapeutique of Paris explains how poisons form in the intestines when contaminating food wastes are allowed to accumulate there. These poisons circulate throughout the entire body. Health and vigor are seriously impaired.

"Keep the digestive and intestinal tract clean with fresh yeast," Dr. Rosenthal says, "and your health will improve."

DR. MAURICE DELORT

LEFT

Considered Europe's greatest stomach and intestinal specialist, Dr. Delort is the famous author of "Consultations on Diseases of the Intestine."

"It is through the digestive tract," he says, "that many infections find their way into the system.

"Yeast," he explains, "stimulates the stomach and intestines . . . acts as a body cleanser and a tonic."

Read what they say about a simple food that keeps intestines active, clean!

Are you worried about your health? About the way you feel?

Do you tire easily, sleep poorly? Are you subject to headaches, skin eruptions, indigestion?

Then nine chances out of ten, doctors say, you are suffering from one of the commonest troubles of modern life . . . "intestinal fatigue."

This condition is dangerous. For your body draws its nourishment from the intestinal tract. When intestines become sluggish, poisons collect. Your blood is polluted. Health fades. You are half-well—*half-sick!*

Wouldn't you like to be rid of this condition . . . free to enjoy life at its richest and best?

Then read what two of Europe's greatest physicians advise . . . two men who have spent a large part of their lives in the study of this very trouble.

Tell how Yeast Purifies the System

One of them is Dr. Rosenthal, of the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, a Laureate of the Academy of Medicine of France and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

"Poisons that form in the intestines," Dr. Rosenthal says, "penetrate into the blood and affect the whole body . . . Fresh yeast cleanses the intestinal tract . . . corrects constipation and indigestion . . . tones up the whole system.

"Coated tongue, bad breath . . . headaches, skin troubles, etc., clear up when yeast is used."

Now listen to another great French authority—Dr. Delort, of the St. Michel Hospital. He says:

"Yeast stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the movements of both stomach and intestines. It is effective, harmless."

Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, is just a fresh, pure product of Nature—a *food*, which softens accumulated body wastes and actually tones up the "tired" intestinal muscles.

Naturally, when contaminating poisons are cleared away, normal digestion sets in. Appetite picks up. Skin eruptions vanish. You face life

Not a "Cure-all". . . Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is a Health Food that thousands eat three

SYSTEM SUFFERS

Here—

STOMACH
INTESTINES
Our commonest ills come from poisons that breed in sluggish intestines. Fresh yeast keeps the intestines healthy, clean.

explain these noted Paris Specialists

with new energy, new confidence . . . and a smile!

Don't you owe it to yourself to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial? Just eat 3 cakes a day, before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (hot or cold) or any way you like. Every cake is rich in the indispensable vitamins B, G and D. Go to the nearest grocery, restaurant or soda fountain and get a supply today!

For free booklet on Yeast for Health write Standard Brands Inc., 595 Madison Ave., New York City.

WHAT OTHER GREAT DOCTORS SAY:—

PROF. DR. MARTIN MENDELSOHN, of Berlin, physician to former German royalty, declares: "Constipation undermines the whole system. Fresh yeast corrects constipation by stimulating the wave-like motions of the intestines."

DR. PAUL GERBER, specialist in internal medicine of Vienna's great Rainer Hospital, explains: "Fresh yeast keeps the whole intestinal tract active and clean . . . checks the formation and spread of poisons . . . helps renew energy."

times every day . . . . regularly

Their Experiences Illustrate What Great Doctors Say

(*Below*) "I had been overworking," *writes* Mr. Albert Rogell *of Los Angeles.* "My health gave way and I developed indigestion. I used to go home armed with bottles and pills. One day my mother suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. It relieved the indigestion and helped me sleep. Today I'm in perfect condition."

(*Below*) "A few years ago," *writes* Mrs. H. C. Van Pelt *of Flushing, N. Y.,* "my system became sluggish and I was so tired that it was a great effort to do my work well . . . It wasn't long after I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast until my tired, sluggish feeling left. Yeast brought back all my old pep."

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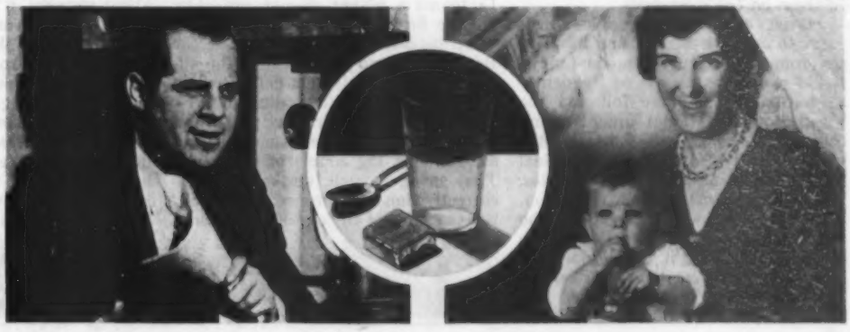

(Continued from Page 60)

which follows with sighs and bravos the action on the court before its eyes. Every move, smile and repressed groan of the player finds its audible accompaniment in the gallery.

"How can a player become good enough to take part in championship tournaments?"

After reading over the account of the French and English championship meetings, one may wonder where the participants came from, and how they happened to be there. Two qualities belonged to every one of the players at Wimbledon and at the Stade Roland Garros. Each one had a keen interest in the game, and each one had reached a certain degree of proficiency. It is impossible to achieve the latter without the former. It is the interest and the continued enthusiasm in a player which lead him to play the game day after day.

From my own experience, I know that I have never become tired of tennis, although I have played it for eleven years. It happened that the game appealed to me when I first took it up, and I have enjoyed it ever since. I have played, on an average, for ten years, three or four times a week. The first year that I played I was not on the court so frequently, but after that nothing could keep me away from the game which I had so quickly learned to love. I didn't have any idea of tournament competition when I began to play, nor did I hold any dreams of championship titles as a goal. I played simply because I loved playing.

Just before I was fourteen I was given a membership by my father in the Berkeley Tennis Club, where I developed my game, and where I still play very often. A few months later the California state tournament was held at the club, and Mr. William Fuller, who was interested in the club juniors, suggested that I enter. So I played, going out in the first round, but making a fairly good showing against one of the leading women players of the bay district. We had a three-set match. She was too strong for me in the third set.

A Champion at Seventeen

After this I became interested in the little tournaments about the bay, and played here and there in junior and senior events. I won the junior meetings, so the next year I went to Forest Hills to represent California in the National Junior Girls Tournament, which I won. I also played in several senior tournaments about New York in which were entered some of the leading American women players. I remember that I won one of these events. Each year after this I played in the Eastern meetings, and between seasons played, after school, on the Berkeley Tennis Club courts. There were tournaments in Berkeley and San Francisco—three or four during the winter—and I played in these on the week-ends.

Match competition enables one's game to improve rapidly, and I believe my game would not have come up as it did had I not played so frequently in tournaments. There followed the winning of the National Junior title and also the National ladies' doubles the next year. I also played in the final match in the National women's singles, where I was defeated by the champion, Mrs. Mallory. I was then sixteen. The next year I was invited to be on the Wightman Cup team, which made me very happy. I was placed in second position. The experience helped my game and gave me confidence, and as a result I was the winner of the National Singles championship, which followed directly after. Since then I have played in the Nationals each year, with the exception of two, and have been a participant at Wimbledon five times, and in the French championships three times, as well as a member of the Wightman Cup team each season, with one exception, since it was begun. I am now twenty-four, so that I have still some years of tournament play ahead. I believe that thirty-five is the age when most players' tennis games come to a standstill.

The Road to Wimbledon

It is unfortunate that a player cannot go on forever taking part in tournaments, if he enjoys them, but match competition is very strenuous. Probably just at the time when a player has his greatest knowledge of tactics and strategy, his muscles begin to protest and his endurance fails him in a strenuous game. It might be well called the tragedy of sport. However, if one adores the game, one can keep on for years, if not at such a high rate of speed.

When I was in the south of France four years ago, I saw His Royal Highness, the King of Sweden, enjoying tournament play in the handicap doubles at the age of sixty-eight. He still plays. The late Lord Balfour took part in doubles when he was in his eighty-second year.

But to go on with what makes a player eligible for championship tournaments—first, enthusiasm; then practice and experience. In tennis, as in anything else that one is going to try to do well, one must have practice without end. The games that you play at your own home club give you practice, and the tournaments that you enter—local ones at first—give you experience, which is impressed upon your mind in the keenness of match competition. I think that one recalls most vividly what one has learned in tournament competition. I know that I always have found this to be true.

If a player wants to go to Wimbledon he begins at his home club. Then he takes part in the small local tournaments. If his showing is a good one here, he will be ready to play in the larger state or sectional tournaments, and if he has success in these the national events will be open to him. From national to international play is just a step, and the fair lawns of Wimbledon, oldest center of tennis, will then welcome him.

"What kind of game should a player try to learn?"

With the example of William Tilden and Elizabeth Ryan still fresh in our minds, we can choose no better models than these two great players. I do not mean that one should model one's strokes on those of Tilden, or that one should copy Miss Ryan's chop stroke. In tennis a player should not copy anyone but should let his game develop its own individuality. But the thing which one must learn is the all-round game. This is what makes Tilden and Miss Ryan outstanding players. They have strokes for every part of the court and for all the situations that arise during the course of the game. They have, as well, strokes that are correctly done, endurance, and so on; but the value of any one of these would be greatly lessened unless it were incorporated in the all-round game.

The well-rounded game, strong in all its departments, is essential for the player who would try for championship honors. Otherwise the experienced opponent, used to tournament competition, with his trained eye, quickly picks out the weak spot. A defensive backhand, a nonaggressive approach to the net, a hesitant overhead, or whatever the weakness may be, is singled out for the attack. Even if Tilden has never seen his opponent before, in about two minutes of play he has his adversary sized up as to weaknesses and strength. Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen used to do this with uncanny accuracy. In a player of long experience, the ability may be almost intuitive. This kind of tennis brain work is, however, one of the later developments in a player's game. At first he is entirely occupied with getting the ball over the net and in some place where his opponent has to run for it.

"What strokes are necessary for the all-round game?"

The drive, forehand and backhand, the chop, the serve, the volley, forehand and backhand, the overhead smash are all essential. For decoration, the player may add all sorts of variations if he desires—but I believe that the straightforward fast game, without fancy curves, is the best one. You've probably seen players getting fancy on the court. They appear to get tangled up in spin and curve, and lose sight of the object of the game which is, of course, to put over the winning ball.

Playing to Win

I must digress for a moment here from the subject of strokes and the all-round game and say a few words on this matter of: "What is the object of the game?" I believe that the object that any player should have when engaged in a game of tennis is the winning of that game. I have been surprised by some people who say that the winning of the game does not matter. I have not heard it once but a number of times, and so have thought about it quite a bit. Perhaps it does not matter one way or the other in an everyday club game. But in a tournament match the object of both competitors should be the winning of the match. They should be keen for every stroke, and treat it just as if it were the "set point, match, tournament, championship." The secret of having great fun in a tournament is to be keen for every stroke and to try to do one's best on each point. Else why enter a tournament? For the keen player it is boring to play against someone who says he doesn't care whether he wins or not. However, I believe that the player who is really indifferent to the outcome of his match in a tournament is very rare indeed. With anyone who enters a tournament and says he doesn't care about winning, it is clearly an affectation. There do exist, however, pleasure and delight that come from doing a stroke well—from having a drive go sailing to the corner where it was aimed and from having a volley leave the racket with a clean-cut report. These are æsthetic pleasures of tennis which in no way prevent the player from having the desire to win.

But to go on with the strokes, so that we may learn to play a good game and thereby gain both æsthetic pleasure and many cups. The drive is a good, dependable stroke upon which to found one's game. Don't make the chop your main stroke, for no matter how excellent it becomes, it will never have so much speed as a fast drive. The modern game is one of speed. Learn a chop, however, as soon as you feel that your drive is firmly established. Then you can introduce variety into your game and attempt to keep your opponent in an unsettled frame of mind. This is what Tilden does so well. If you find that you are in the vicinity of the net, rush in close and pounce on the ball. Don't linger somewhere in the neighborhood of the service line, for it is a most dangerous place—the No Man's Land of the tennis court.

Tips for Beginners

The beginner should try to go in to the net frequently, so that he will be learning his volley at the same time as his ground strokes. The things to remember in net play are: Get in close to the net, try for decisive volleying, and try to realize that there is more time than you think there is for the hitting of the ball. Most beginners at the net, and many other players, are overanxious, striking too soon.

The overhead smash will take time to learn, because the high ball does not come up often enough in a game to afford the beginner sufficient practice. Two players who are eager to learn tennis quickly can go out on the court and give each other the particular balls needed. If both are enthusiastic this sort of practice is good fun and helps one to learn his strokes more rapidly.

The service and the overhead smash are more or less related. That is, if a player serves well, he should be able to smash well. In learning to serve, one should try to develop a service that has the best results with the least amount of effort. During a long match a nonfatiguing service is a great asset. There are some prominent players whose service is not severe—for example, Henri Cochet, Mlle. Lenglen, also Mrs. Mallory. These are players who are or have been leaders in tennis. On the other hand, there is William Tilden, with a cannon-ball serve and a collection of spins and twists that bewilder his adversary. All the young Americans have swift services, those of Johnnie Doeg and Wilmer Allison being outstanding. At Wimbledon, this year, I noticed that it was the American players who had the fastest serves. It is one of the typical features of the American game.

If the beginner is ambitious he can put his chop stroke to work and learn how to do the drop shot. I have already said so much about this teasing and difficult stroke that I shall add no more. Sufficient to say here is that if a player can learn to do it successfully, it is a marvelous shot to have—but if the results are anything short of perfection, then it is useless.

This is a brief outline of what the beginner must start out with if he is going to try to learn the all-round game, the game that is necessary for championship tournaments. How one must do the various strokes, what points of strategy one must cultivate, how one can acquire grace of movement, coordination between brain, eye and muscle—these are all things for which, here, there is not enough space. Footwork, armwork and headwork all do their part in getting a player ready for the championship tournament. There should be a School for Wimbledon!

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One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, the physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

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Among the teachers to whom the medical profession acknowledges a heavy debt of gratitude, none stands higher than Osler.

From the day in 1874, when, at the age of twenty-five, he became a member of the medical faculty at McGill University, his influence upon the training of physicians spread throughout the world. His personal leadership and brilliant teaching at the University of Pennsylvania, at Johns Hopkins and at Oxford went far to imbue the profession with a new scientific spirit.

The torch of leadership

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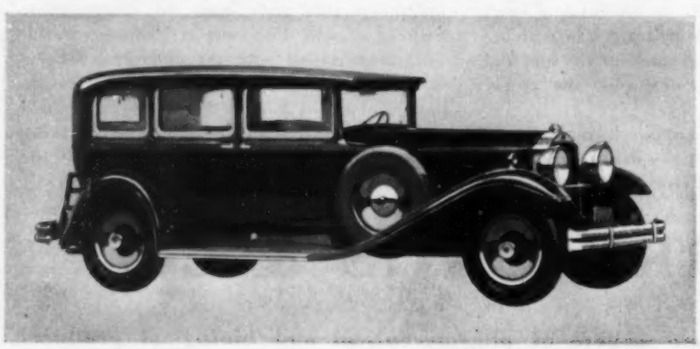

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

WILD SWAN

(Continued from Page 19)

a height varying from two thousand to four thousand feet.

Ookah was not always at the apex of the flying V. The leader, having the greatest air resistance to overcome, had the hardest work to do; from time to time Ookah relinquished that position to another and dropped back into the flock to rest. But he was never content there long. Always, after a short interval, he resumed his place. Always, when he changed his position, a white female swan flying just behind him changed also. She was his mate—his mate of many years, for the whistling swans, once mated, are generally mated for life.

Prairies, woods and lakes slid past beneath them. The air was populous; by far the greater part of the teeming summer bird population of the Far North was on the move. They passed just under a vast army of rough-legged hawks—big, ample-winged birds of slow, majestic flight, sailing southward over a front many miles from flank to flank. They looked down upon numberless flocks of ducks of many kinds, upon wedges of geese both gray and white, upon clouds of migrating shore birds.

Sometimes they traveled in silence. Sometimes they whooped and trumpeted, swan after swan repeating the loud, long cries.

Near at hand, those cries were often harsh and clangorous. Floating down to earth through the void of air, the chorus of many voices, mellowed and modulated by distance, became a soft, silvery music as of flutes and flageolets delicately played.

They traveled fastest when Ookah held the lead, for among them all he was the strongest. Their flight was a grand thing to see. Of all the travelers of the airways they were at once the stateliest and the swiftest. Their wide triangular wings moved slowly, rhythmically; the up-and-down beat was so slight that from the earth it would have been barely discernible. Yet they outstripped the fastest of the fast-flying ducks; they passed above the onrushing wedges of the geese at a speed almost double that of the gray honkers.

The air grew murky and colder. Snow began falling in light flurries. Suddenly, through a shifting veil of flakes, Ookah saw a dark shape directly ahead. He dipped sharply to pass under it; behind him, the converging lines of the V dipped in unison. At once he realized his error. The dark shape was not, as he had thought, a migrating blue heron. It was a great northern bald eagle, even larger and more powerful than the golden eagle.

The eagle was not poised for a plunge, and the swans were flying twice as fast as the big white-headed bird of prey. They hurtled under him at a distance of not more than twenty feet and most of them had passed safely before he awoke to his opportunity. He sideslipped suddenly, turned belly upward and struck his long talons into the breast of one of the hindmost swans. The thick feather covering of the terrified bird saved its life. It tore loose and sped onward with wild cries, while a cloud of white feathers swirled amid the smaller snowflakes.

Twice thereafter Ookah saw dim shapes ahead of him in the murk of snow. Each time, instead of dipping to pass under the slower-moving stranger, he mounted and passed overhead. The high air held few dangers. Below—now that the uninhabited wilderness had been left behind—a scattered multitude of gunners waited in ambush to take toll of the migrating wild fowl. From these enemies the high-flying swans were safe, but hour after hour Ookah heard the intermittent crack of shotguns floating upward from lakes, marshes and rivers where ducks or geese had stopped to rest or feed.

The air cleared and grew warmer. The swan army spent seven bright sunny days feeding and resting along the shores of a lake so vast that it was in reality an inland sea. Here, in spite of Ookah's watchfulness, hunters claimed five of their number. The next cold wave sent them on their way; again their black bills were pointed to the southeast. The weather held bright and only moderately cold until they had topped the blue ridges of the Alleghanies. A little while longer and they would have reached the haven toward which they had all the while been heading—the bays of the Chesapeake and the sheltered waters of Currituck, the favorite winter rendezvous of the whistlers. Then, when the end of their long journey was almost in sight, a great storm smote them.

It was the worst storm in Ookah's experience. It was a madness of whirling snow and sleet and crashing volleys of wind; it was a blackness, a shrieking, a roaring, a flailing that blinded and deafened and numbed and paralyzed. Against the elemental powers thus let loose the white-and-gray army was helpless. Neither the strength of the swans nor Ookah's cunning availed in that chaos.

Ookah never knew what happened to his mate or to the others. For hours he was an atom in that cosmic madness, a speck whirled on and on through a bellowing blackness. Something struck his wing at last. He collapsed, plunged downward through stiff twigs and wind-whipped foliage and lay half insensible on the rain-soaked earth.

A gray fox came down at sunrise to the edge of the Nottingham pinelands and stood, one slim forepaw raised, gazing out over a broad expanse of flooded rice field.

The storm had passed, but a fresh breeze still swept the tall sword rushes, dark gray clouds drove swiftly across a pale gray sky, a mistlike drizzle was falling.

It was a poor morning for hunting, but the fox was hungry, the storm having kept him close throughout the night. He trotted along the edge of the pineland, casting quick glances now and then at the open water to his left, where squadrons of pintails, shovelers and coots were floating. At intervals low banks, or dikes, thickly grown with rushes, jocko bushes and a few isolated cypresses, made out from the pine wood, extending far across the watery waste of abandoned rice lands. Presently the fox turned to the left along one of these banks.

The feet of countless raccoons, wildcats, opossums, foxes and marsh rabbits had beaten out a path through the rushes on the narrow bank. The fox moved noiselessly along this path, hoping to surprise a rice rat or marsh rabbit or perhaps a king rail. The bank curved sharply to the right. The fox turned this corner and halted abruptly, his eyes bright with amazement. In the path ahead of him a huge white bird was sitting on its breast, its long, slender neck lifted high.

The fox hesitated only for a moment. The big white bird he took to be some sort of goose; it was not unlike the white geese that he had seen in the plantation barnyard, though it was much larger and its neck was longer. Here was a finer prize than he had dared hope for. He crouched low, his muscles tight for a leap.

Quick as the gray hunter was, Ookah was quicker. He had remained until this moment exactly where he had fallen when, two hours before dawn, the storm had driven him against a limb of a cypress tree standing on the rice-field bank, disabling his right wing. For a long while he had sprawled upon the wet ground utterly exhausted, conscious only of a pulsing pain in his wing, but gradually, as his strength returned and the daylight brightened, he had begun to take note of his surroundings. He had been on the point of getting to his feet and walking to the water—he knew that his injured pinion was useless—when the fox appeared at the bend of the path in front of him.

Once, on the Arctic tundras, where he nested with his mate, Ookah had been pursued by a black fox during that critical period of the late summer when the whistling swans, having molted their quill feathers, are unable to fly. Even then the whistlers can outrun all except the fleetest of the Eskimo hunters, but Ookah could not distance the furry killer racing after him. He turned ten yards from the shore of a small lake and charged his pursuer, and the fox, startled and for the moment at a loss, dodged away. Ookah reached the water just in time.

Perhaps the wild swan remembered that experience. Beyond the crouching gray fox at the bend of the narrow dike, he saw the gleam of water in the rice field; nowhere else was there any refuge, for on both sides and behind dense sword rushes hedged him in. He lowered his long neck, half opened his great wings, one of which trailed upon the ground, and, with a loud, clucking croak, rushed straight at his enemy.

There was not time for the fox to leap aside. Astonished, frightened, he threw himself on his back. Ookah ran over him and lost a tuft of white feathers as the fox's narrow jaws chopped at his breast. Next moment the swan plunged from the bank and splashed down into the water of the rice field.

A new life began for Ookah—a new life in a strange new world. The storm had driven him three hundred miles out of his course and had flung him, with a disabled wing, into a totally unfamiliar environment. Instead of the broad, open reaches of Currituck and the spacious coastal sounds from Pamlico to Chesapeake Bay—the winter feeding ground of the whistling swans for generations—he saw around him a rush-grown watery wilderness intersected by narrow banks and dikes, and threaded by long canals, opening here and there into shallow ponds. These great flats had once been the well-cultivated rice fields of Nottingham plantation, but the day of rice planting was done in the Carolina low country; the vast rice fields had been abandoned; sword rushes, cat-tails, lotus, wampee and other water growths had spread widely across the flooded fields. Nature had reëstablished her dominion. The once famous Nottingham rice lands

(Continued on Page 70)

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RUGS

See that the Gold Seal, shown at right, is pasted on the pattern of the rug you buy. It protects you against substitutes!

Let us ask you a question *you have often asked yourself*

Lift your eyes from your reading and take a good look around the room. A *seeing* look. Candidly, are your surroundings as colorful and inviting as you would like to have them? Are you quite at ease when guests come? Haven't you become so accustomed to things that their gradual change to drabness has escaped you?

And *this* is your home — that you live your life in, where you spend your time, where you entertain. Why not have it lovely!

Refurnishing! Nowadays it can be done pretty inexpensively. A beautiful new rug *alone* will renew and revivify the whole room—take years off its appearance.

Expense again!

No, not at all, for we are speaking of Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs.

Congoleum Rugs are easy on the budget. They make it possible for you to buy other lovely furnishings and decorations that help, with the money saved, to make your home a home to be proud of.

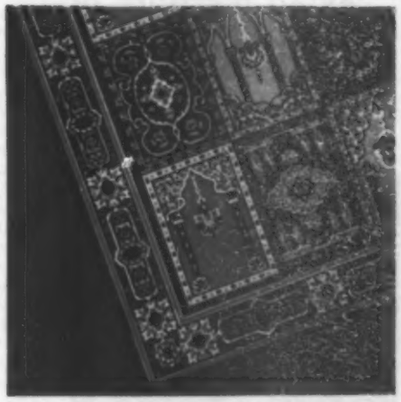
It would not be easy, moreover, at any price to find a more gallant array of beautiful designs from which to select. Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs are not only beautiful in themselves, but lend something of their beauty to their surroundings.

It would be hard to find more enduring wear — more service per dollar than Gold Seal Congoleum gives you. And, too, when Congoleum comes in — that's an end to sweeping and beating, the beginning of days of added leisure and freedom from drudgery. A light occasional mopping over the smooth, sanitary surface is all that is needed.

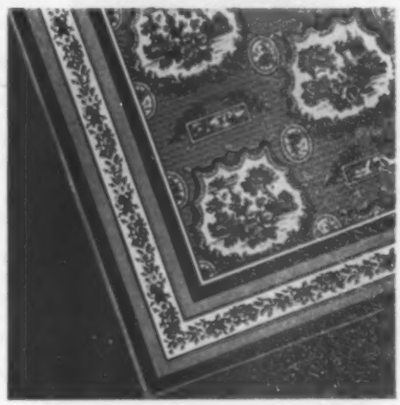
As the appearance of your rooms gets on your nerves more and more, remember that Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs are the economical answer.

Some day you will thank us for telling you these things. And you will thank us for reminding you that all genuine Gold Seal Congoleum—rugs and all over floor-coverings—have the Gold Seal pasted on the face of the pattern. It is put there to protect you.

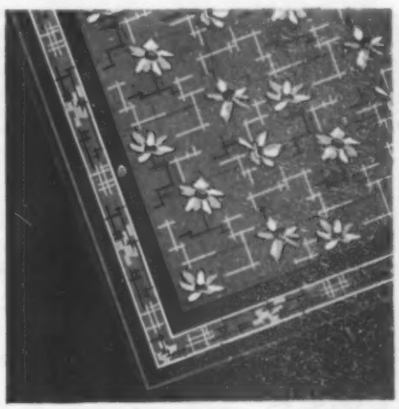
CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., KEARNY, N. J.
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal



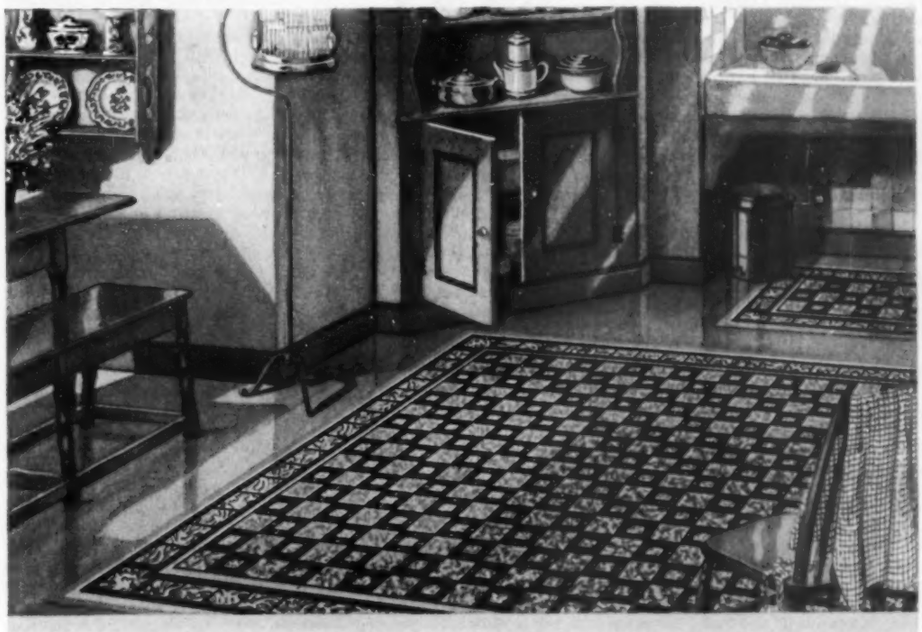
"MECCA"—The soft hues that give this rug distinction are truly Oriental. The pattern is a unique combination of Prayer rugs skilfully arranged into a harmonious whole. This pattern is obtainable only in genuine *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs. No. 615.*



"ARCADIA"—The popularity of this rug is based upon a happy combination of color and design that appeals to most everyone. Its lovely Dresden china blue makes it ideal for bedroom, dining room or kitchen. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 618.*



"DUVAL"—Here modern tones of green are combined with harmonious contrasting colors. A caracul brown trellis sets off the flowers of canary yellow. The whole is delightfully bright and sunny. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 619.*



"SPARTA"—*In this rug the popular kitchen colors of cream and blue are given delightfully unique treatment. A rich marbleized effect in gray, pink and blue, and the novel sea-wave border, give this design a quality of unusual interest. The colors will harmonize naturally with most any decorations. Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 624.*

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CONVENIENCE—No prying off with ice pick or fork, nor splash or waste as with ordinary milk caps! A slight pull on the tab opens the *hinged* flap partway for pouring (see picture). A gentle pressure and the bottle is as tightly sealed as before. Clean, simple, easy, quick!

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Canadian Manufacturers: THE ARIDOR COMPANY (Canada) Limited, 245 Carlaw Ave., Toronto

(Continued from Page 67)

had become a paradise of wild life of many different kinds.

Ookah looked upon his new home that first morning and, in spite of its strangeness, found it fairly good. The pain in his injured wing was passing into a dull numbness; he could not fly, but for the present there was no need of flight. He spent the first day exploring the long, deep canals and the open, shallow ponds, finding plentiful provender and meeting with no disturbing adventure.

The ponds, the canals and the wider stretches of submerged rice fields where the sword rushes had not spread swarmed with coots and many kinds of ducks, and these were old acquaintances whose presence somehow reassured him. He passed that night, surrounded by squadrons of mallards and pintails, on a large pond in the heart of a waste of rushes, and the next sunrise found him thoroughly rested and refreshed.

The second day was more eventful than the first. As he drifted along a deep canal close to the rushes, a big dog otter thrust its head out of the water directly in front of him, peered at the startled swan a moment, then disappeared. Twenty feet in front of Ookah three blue-winged teal were floating; suddenly Ookah saw the otter's head again as its jaws closed upon a female teal. This was one of the rarer dramas of the canals and the abandoned rice fields, since the otters fed almost exclusively on fish and only occasionally troubled the waterfowl; but Ookah knew from that moment that there were hidden dangers in the placid waters upon which he floated.

He learned, too, that there was danger in the air. Dabbling in the shallow reaches of a broad, flooded rice field, he was suddenly aware of a remembered sound—a keen, thin whine changing to a hum and a rushing as of wind. Above him he saw the plunging eagle—not his old enemy Kish-Kee, the golden eagle of the northern tundras, but a bald eagle, white-headed and white-tailed.

Terror engulfed Ookah like a wave, but the swan was not the eagle's target; there was easier game at hand. Five coots had been swimming near Ookah. They dived as the eagle stooped at them, but the white-headed hunter chose his victim, and the moment it appeared above the surface he plunged for it again. Four times he drove it under. At the fifth onset the coot was too exhausted to dive, and the eagle clamped his curved grappling hooks into it and bore it away.

Gradually Ookah learned that the dangers of the water and the air were not so serious for him as for the smaller wild fowl. Three times he saw ducks taken by an otter, but no otter molested the wild swan. Twice, in open water where there was no refuge, eagles swooped close to him, but swerved upward again. So long as they had numberless coots to prey upon when fish were scarce, the big white swan held little interest for most of the winged hunters. Once, when an eagle hungrier than the average drove at him with unmistakable determination, Ookah saved himself by darting into a narrow channel amid the rushes where the tall, stiff blades met over his head.

Wildcats, racecoons and foxes prowled by night along the narrow rush-grown banks, or dikes, intersecting the rice fields. The wild swan, in his wanderings, often crossed these banks in passing from one canal to another. One morning just after sunrise he waded ashore on a rice-field bank at a point where there was a break in the dense growth of sword rushes, intending to cross the bank to the canal on the other side. The bank was not more than five feet wide and Ookah was halfway across when a tawny shape leaped from the rushes and landed squarely between the swan's shoulders.

Terror gave Ookah strength. Beating the air madly with his uninjured wing, he staggered forward, carrying his antagonist on his back. The cat was not an exceptionally big one. It weighed perhaps twenty-five pounds, which was hardly more than the weight of the swan, and its sharp teeth, digging into Ookah's back at the base of his neck, could not immediately penetrate the thick covering of feathers. In a few moments it would have accomplished its purpose, but already Ookah was plunging down the side of the bank. As the swan splashed into the water, the bob-tailed cat released its hold and scrambled, wet and snarling, up the slope of the low dike.

The weeks passed and loneliness assailed Ookah, a longing for the companionship of his fellows and, most of all, a longing for the white swan that for years had been his mate. He did not know what this feeling was, but day by day it grew stronger. Often in his sleep he seemed to hear his comrades of the white-and-gray army. Twice he woke believing that his mate was beside him; and sometimes by day the feeling possessed him that she was somewhere near at hand beyond the rushes, and he spent hours searching for her up and down the long intersecting canals.

He was no longer a contented exile; he was restless and vaguely unhappy. Several times he tried to fly, but, though his injured wing was not now totally useless, he was still incapable of flight. No bones had been broken when the storm had hurled him against the cypress limb; muscles and sinews had been badly torn, and these were healing slowly. In time, if all went well, the disabled pinion should become as strong as ever, but weeks must still pass before that time arrived.

James Gordon rode, one bright December morning, down to the edge of the Nottingham pinelands and, throwing his booted leg across the pommel of his saddle, sat for some minutes looking out over the flooded rice fields.

A quarter of a mile away, on a broad canal paralleling a rice-field bank making out from the pineland, a big white bird swam into view from behind a clump of rushes. Gordon's blue eyes sparkled. For weeks he had been watching the wild swan that had appeared on the Nottingham rice fields just after the October storm.

The bird had evidently been blown out of its course and had suffered some injury to its wing, since it was unable to fly. Gordon, a keen naturalist and wealthy enough to indulge his hobby, had made Nottingham a great preserve where the abundant wild bird and animal life of the low country maintained its natural balance without interference by man. When the swan appeared he had been tempted to break his rule and secure the bird as a museum specimen, for whistling swans were so rare in the low country as to be almost unknown. He had decided against this, however, and had given strict orders to his rangers to see to it that no poacher molested the solitary whistler.

He watched the white swan now with renewed interest because of a thought that had suddenly occurred to him. "You've come through safely so far, old fellow," he muttered, "but if this warm weather holds something's likely to happen to you soon." He frowned, pulling at the end of his short mustache. He had protected the swan, but now he began to doubt his wisdom in doing so. It was the unseasonable warmth—May temperatures in the middle of December—that had changed the situation.

Gordon's eyes searched the waters of the canal near the rush-grown margins. His gaze focused suddenly upon two dark knobs, about as large as walnuts, on the surface about a hundred yards distant. He studied these narrowly, then nodded.

"Yes," he said, his eyes again fixed upon the swan, "I'm going to shoot you, old bird, and I'm going to do it as soon as I can ride to the house and get my rifle. The warm weather's bringing them out and they'll be hungry. They'll get you if I don't get you first, and I haven't any time to lose."

He wheeled his mare and galloped off amid the pines.

Two pairs of eyes watched him go—the two dark knobs on the surface of the water that Gordon had studied so closely, and another pair of eyes that, all the while, had been watching him from the concealment of the tall sword rushes on the rice-field bank.

The former pair remained totally impassive, expressionless yet coldly sinister. The eyes watching from the sword rushes twinkled derisively. For a few minutes there was no movement among the rushes. Then a long cane pole was thrust out from among them as Pete Barker, Negro poacher, resumed his interrupted fishing.

Three-quarters of an hour later, Ookah, having dined meantime on water snails, came swimming slowly down the canal. He could not see the poacher hidden amid the rushes on the rice-field bank, but Barker watched the big bird's approach with avid, eager eyes. He had laid down his fishing pole and taken up his single-barreled shotgun. He was figuring the chances hurriedly. The swan would pass within easy range, but the shot would be heard at the plantation house and he might not be able to secure his game and get away before Gordon or one of his rangers arrived.

The swan was almost abreast of him now and Barker still hesitated. Suddenly he realized that the wind was blowing from the swan toward him; if he killed the bird, the breeze would float it within reach in a few minutes. He raised the shotgun to his shoulder, aiming at the swan's head.

Ookah, now directly opposite the poacher's hiding place, did not see the glint of the sunlight on the gun barrel. He saw at that instant something else—two small dark knobs gliding swiftly toward him across the surface of the water near the other shore of the canal—and like a flash he turned and with all his strength swam straight toward the rice-field bank where Barker was crouching. The poacher took in the situation at a glance, laid down his gun and waited, invisible, amid the rushes.

Fear that was utter panic doubled the strength of Ookah's sinews. Those two dark knobs gliding across the water filled him with such terror as he had never known It must have been some deep instinct that told him how terrible was his danger, for he had never before seen an alligator's periscope eyes. The saurians that abounded in the swamps and the flooded rice lands of Nottingham remained torpid

(Continued on Page 72)

THE NEW TEXACO MOTOR OIL

"..more than meets the requirements of today's high compression engines," *says the*

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A STUDY of this report reveals a number of interesting facts about this new lubricant. It is definitely shown that the new Texaco Golden Motor Oil has a higher viscosity at high temperatures and a lower viscosity at low temperatures. It is an oil with a flatter viscosity curve, which means greater heat-resisting qualities and a longer-lasting body.

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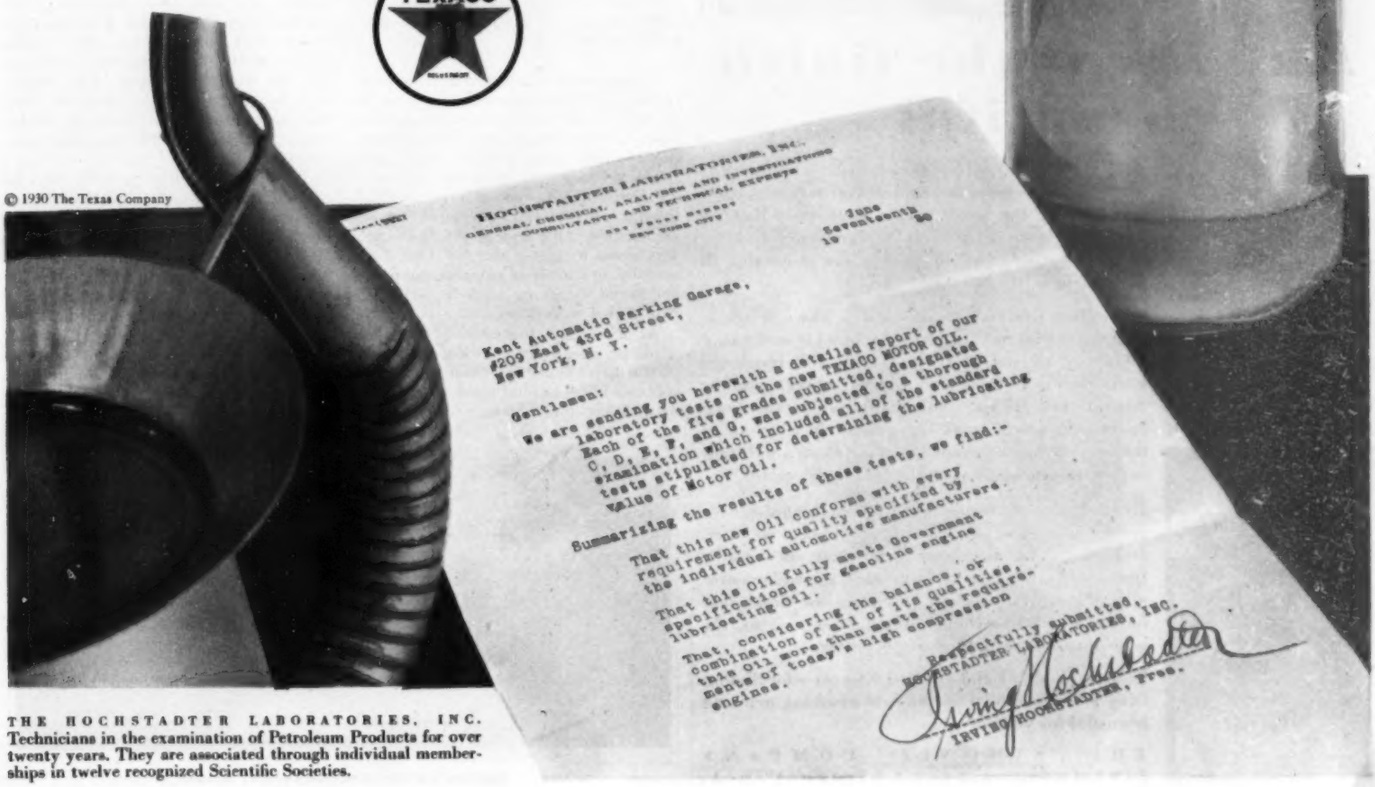

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Simonizing will make your car look like new again. The wonderful Simoniz Kleener quickly and easily cleans off all grime, discolorations and blemishes from the finish—truly the only way of restoring the original lustre. And, Simoniz provides the long, lasting surface of sparkling protection that makes it so easy to keep the finish looking clean and bright—just by wiping occasionally with a dry cloth.

EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH

Every car needs Simoniz to protect the finish. No matter where you drive and in all kinds of weather, Simoniz guards the finish from dust, dirt, traffic fumes and other elements that dull, age and eventually destroy the lustre. It makes the finish last longer and keeps colors from fading . . . so, the sooner any car is Simonized the better.

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THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
2101 Indiana Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 70)

in their hidden dens from October till March. Only rarely, in exceptionally mild seasons, a period of unusually warm weather brought a few of them out in midwinter to remain active a few days until the next cool wave drove them into retirement again.

This was the danger that James Gordon had seen in the unseasonable warmth, the danger that he knew was imminent the moment he saw those two rounded knobs—a big 'gator's protruding eyes—on the surface of the canal. This was why he had decided to shoot the swan, knowing that, if he did not secure the bird as a specimen, a hungry alligator would pull it under. The danger was even more imminent than Gordon had realized; before he could return from the plantation house with his rifle the wild swan was running a race with death.

It was a mad, desperate race. Behind Ookah the two protruding knobs had become a huge, black, shapeless head rushing through the water; back of the head, half of the saurian's eleven-foot plated length was visible above the surface. Ookah knew instinctively that his one chance was to reach the rice-field bank. He had feared the rush-grown dikes since his encounter with the wildcat, but now that fear was forgotten. Beating the water with his wings, his neck outstretched in terror, he swam as he had never swum before.

He reached the bank, clambered up the slope and dropped exhausted among the rushes. A heavy body fell upon him. There was a brief struggle, a wild flapping of wings, a smothered medley of curses and grunts. Pete Barker rose presently, holding the swan by its legs, which he had bound tightly with fishing cord. He looked about him cautiously, peering over the tops of the rushes. Suddenly his triumphant grin faded. From the path through the rushes along the bank James Gordon, holding his rifle in the crook of his arm, spoke to the poacher.

"I got here just in time, Barker," he said quietly. "I saw the whole show. Give me that swan."

There was a wide green lawn in front of Nottingham plantation house; in the middle of the lawn was a small lake, and around the lawn, under the bordering live oaks, ran a closely woven wire fence to keep out dogs and the wild creatures of the woods. Here Ookah lived a captive. He had plenty of room for exercise and James Gordon's wife was good to him. She fed him daily and, being a lover of animals and birds, she found somehow, little by little, the way to his wild heart.

At first Ookah feared her, but after a while he would come to her for bread, follow her about and even reply with soft cluckings or loud musical trumpetings to her call. She was pleased. She believed that the big white whistler was wholly contented. Yet once or twice she was puzzled when she saw him stop suddenly and stand motionless for many minutes, his head lifted high. She had an impression then of strained expectancy. It seemed to her that the swan was listening—that he was waiting, every fiber tense, for some eagerly desired summons.

James Gordon stood watching him one bright March day when jessamines were in bloom and brown thrashers were singing from the tops of the oaks.

"His wing has healed," Gordon said to his wife. "He could fly now if he wanted to. The wild swans that have been wintering on the coastal bays will be starting soon for their nesting grounds in the Arctic. You'd better let me clip his wing or one of these mornings he'll say good-by."

Mary Gordon smiled. "No," she replied, "I don't think he'll leave us. He's happy here and safe. But I won't keep him if he wants to go. You say the wild swans mate for life. Perhaps some day he'll remember his mate and ——"

James Gordon clutched her arm. He felt her muscles tighten and knew that she, too, had heard the sound. At first he thought it came from far beyond the woods, but in a moment he realized that it was floating down from on high—a silvery melody of many voices, softened by distance, like the modulations of an orchestra of flageolets and flutes. His eyes searched the air overhead. He raised his arm and pointed.

A thousand feet above the earth, clearly outlined against the bright blue sky, a long white wedge of swans was moving northward across the heavens. For a moment Gordon's gaze followed the V-shaped phalanx. Then his eyes dropped to the lawn.

"Look at him," he whispered.

Ookah was standing erect in the short grass. His slim neck was raised to its utmost height, his head was cocked on one side, his black bill pointed slightly upward. A moment he stood thus, motionless, rigid. Suddenly, with a loud, exultant trumpet call, he dashed forward. For twenty feet he ran along the ground, then launched into the air, his great wings beating powerfully, his long neck outstretched in front of him.

They watched him until he was no more than a speck in the dim distance, a shining point above the blue northern horizon. Gordon turned to his wife.

"Well," he said, smiling, "you can't blame me. You wouldn't let me clip his wing."

She did not answer him directly.

"Was it," she said, "just the call of the North? Or did he know that his mate was in that flock? Did he hear her voice in that silvery chorus floating down? I wonder."

PHOTO BY FISHER STUDIO

Peninsula Point Bay, Ketchikan, Alaska

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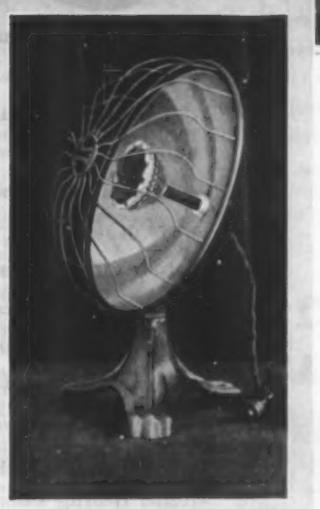

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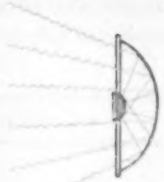

The Amazing New Hotpoint Focalipse Heater

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Tapered Roller
TIMKEN BEARING
EQUIPPED

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THE SQUAW WOMAN

(Continued from Page 25)

Darrow's feeling toward Singing Pine, however, was not one of fixed antagonism. There were even times when he knew a shamefaced affection for the child, realizing as he did that this third small figure under his roof brought a sense of completion to an oddly assorted home circle. He tried as best he could to keep the newcomer contented in her new environment. He made toys for her—a jointed doll of dyed wood which Claire later dressed and adorned with bits of ribbon, a brisk little windmill that rattled merrily away on the lodge roof, a syrinx of graduated willow whistles which she kept under her pillow and blew plaintively and persistently. He also gave her an old watch, which she disemboweled with gusto, sewing the small and glittering cog wheels on her deerskin smock front. But most precious of all seemed the bows and arrows which he whittled for her out of a stick of hardwood that had come to him from a more southerly latitude. And many an evening, through his drifting pipe smoke, he watched Singing Pine and Claire intent on their archery practice, the poised brown-skinned figures, one smaller and darker than the other, but each beautiful in line and contour, each savage and simple in the green-gold light that gave a touch of mystery to their movements and murmurs as the bow was balanced and drawn back and the slender arrow went singing home to its target.

The child, Darrow observed, was amazingly accurate in her shooting. She had handled a bow, obviously, from the summer she had first learned to walk.

The white woman, it was equally apparent, was not entirely satisfied with inefficiency. She practiced long and patiently, studying her shots and correcting her errors of judgment.

When she eventually, in the uncertain evening light, knocked over a rabbit at sixty paces, that feat was followed by a triumphant shout that would have done credit to a Blackfoot. But the rabbit, Darrow noticed, was quietly and frugally skinned and the pelt added to the accumulating store in the fur loft.

Darrow found, in fact, a new and perplexing satisfaction in watching Claire. She seemed, day by day, to fit more harmoniously into her background, to color down to her woodland environment. She even seemed to draw a new vitality from that tonic northern air, with a rose flush of healthy youth under the butternut brown of her suntanned skin. Yet she was no longer a girl. She was a woman, for all her hardened slenderness of torso and limb. He liked to study her as she sat before him in the canoe bow, the light aslant the rounded neck under the close-clipped hair and the equally rounded brown shoulder that moved in quiet and velvety rhythm with her paddle strokes. He liked to study her, too, as she sat sewing in her low-backed chair with the wolfskin thrown over its rough spindles and the light of the clustered candles glowing on her side face where the tender hollow under the cheek bone gave a look of intensity to the quietly stooping head. He noticed, for the first time, the faint shadows about her lips, the shadows that hover about the mouth of every beautiful woman.

Yet Darrow, as he studied her, was not altogether happy. The memory of her remoteness seemed to accentuate an isolation which had never, before that summer, oppressed him. There were times, in fact, when he got abruptly up from his chair and strode out into the ghostly northern twilight, to pace some broken trail between the blue-shadowed hills or watch the streamers of the Aurora Borealis above the sub-Arctic horizon. He came back, as a rule, quieter in spirit, but with some deep-lying yet undefined want whimpering from his heart. He even asked himself, once, if it could be that he had known enough of this wilderness life. And he found the courage, a day or two later, to articulate that question to Claire.

"You're not altogether happy here," he ventured as she sat silent after their midday meal, her ruminative gaze bent on Singing Pine as the Indian girl wandered out toward the shadowy silence of the spruce lands. The child, for all Claire's kindness, still nursed her aboriginal passion to be alone.

"You haven't heard me complain," countered the woman at the end of the dish-littered table, looking up in quiet surprise at the more intimate note in Darrow's voice. Her gaze, however, was lost on Darrow. He was looking down at her hands, the inadequate, small hands that now showed so browned and calloused and sinewed. If he could see in them scant suggestion of power, he could, nevertheless, detect there some mysterious touch of valor. It was true, of late, that she had never complained. But, when one came to think of it, there were many reasons for complaint.

"Are you satisfied?" he asked, in a voice from which he could not altogether keep the constraint. So much had habitually been left unsaid between them that he had a feeling, as he spoke, of treading between carefully mounded graves.

"Are you?" she asked in turn, less disturbed than her companion by the thought of barriers down between them.

"Not altogether," he acknowledged after a moment of silence. "But I wasn't thinking so much about myself. I was wondering about you."

Her look, at that, became a more barricaded one. She even turned away and stared out over the blue-misted timberlands beyond the open door.

"And I've been wondering what's happened in the world," she ruminated aloud.

"Probably the same old things," retorted Darrow with a movement of impatience—"the same old murders and automobile accidents and elopements and putrid politics and scandals in general!"

"But that's only one side of it," she contended, looking up at the embittered note that had crept into his voice. "It still has its pleasant points."

"I fail to remember them," he said as he reached for his tobacco pouch of elkskin intricately ornamented with porcupine quills.

Claire watched him as he filled and lighted his pipe. She seemed to find something impenetrable in the lean brown face above the wavering match flame.

"Why did you ever come up here?" she quietly inquired.

Darrow stiffened at that, perceptibly, but in the end he found the courage to face her.

"Because it's the kind of life I found most to my liking," he said, with a trace of his earlier remoteness.

"Having made a mess of the other kind," suggested the woman with the audaciously smiling lips. But she stopped short at his deepened color, conscious as she was in turn of treading between buried ghosts. "No," she went on again with meditatively narrowed eyes, "you didn't make a mess of life. I think somebody else did it for you. And I rather feel it was a woman."

He smiled wintrily at her conclusion. "Why do you say that?" he demanded.

"Because," she answered with more valor than he realized, "you still nurse some absurd hatred of women." She was smiling faintly and almost commiseratively as she met his eyes. "But even if one of us did hurt you, in some way, doesn't it seem a little cowardly to run away and bury yourself from the world?"

She was on thin ice, she knew, but her quietness of tone succeeded in infecting him with an answering quietness.

"Perhaps I hadn't much choice," he finally answered her. "And I wasn't exactly out after a parade of courage. What I was trying to do, I fancy, was to make the best of a bad bargain."

She nodded understandingly. But her face remained solemn.

"Yet you ran away," she persisted, "and went native up here in the wilderness."

"I can't agree with you about going native," he said with studied patience. "This is an orderly and well-stocked camp. I don't live the way Indian Laird lives, and I never intend to. And there hasn't been as much sacrifice about it as you imagine."

"But you've cut away every tie with all that old world," she reminded him. "You've no radio and no newspapers and no mail. You've ——"

"Mail twice a year," he sardonically interrupted, "when I go down for supplies."

"Which scarcely counts," she as curtly amended. "For without such things, even though you are passably comfortable, you can't help going native so far as your mind is concerned. But that isn't the big issue. The big issue, after all, is that you ran away from something. Instead of fighting out a battle, you were satisfied to bury yourself. And that leaves nothing decided. And nothing ever can be decided so long as you stay hidden away in Camp Reliance."

He managed to smile at her solemnity. But it impressed her as a defensive smile.

"Yet I've felt rather satisfied with it out here," he contended.

"No, you're not," was her quiet retort. "You've only been pretending to be. And the longer you stay the harder the pretending is going to prove."

But he refused to agree with her. He even resented the intrusion of this light-footed trespasser along the shadowy corridors of memory.

"You're not looking at all this," he maintained, "from my standpoint. I've some rather ambitious plans about this place. Sometime during the next few months I've timbers to dress and a work shed to build. Then I want to test clay for tile and brick making and modernize my water supply. Eventually I hope to harness some of this power and install an electric generator. But before I can do that, of course, I've got to have gas caches and outboard motors north of Elk Crossing. That's

(Continued on Page 78)

The Singing Shave

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Tenors, baritones, basses—a new crop of soloists is springing up in American homes. These gentlemen are Singing Shavers. They learned to sing by using a remarkable blade. It is so keen that whiskers fairly float off before it. It is so durable that it doesn't know when to stop giving perfect shaves . . . Come close and we'll whisper the name. "Ever-Ready Blades!" Sure, your dealer carries them. Join the Singing Shavers. Buy Ever-Ready Blades today.

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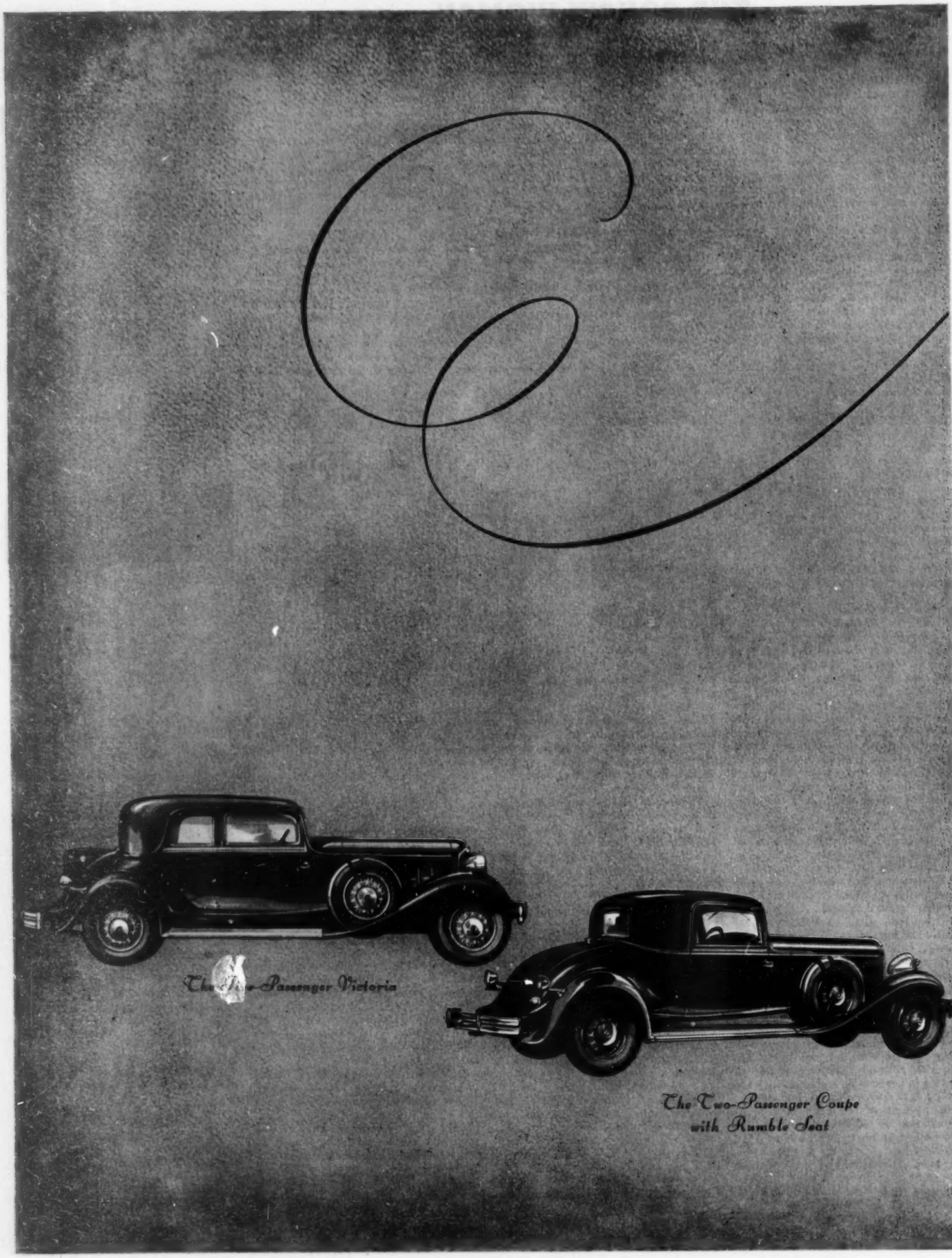
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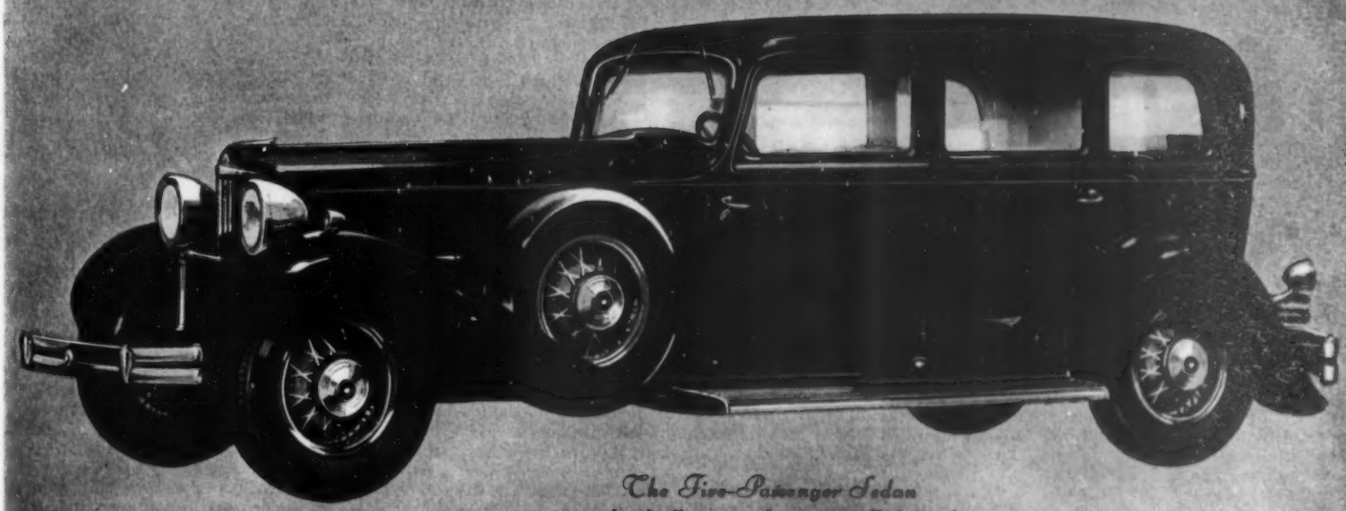

The Five-Passenger Sedan

135 inch wheelbase, 125 horsepower. Eight in line. Down seat pillows over full Marshall springs. Side arm-rests and folding center arm-rests front and rear.

(Continued from Page 75)

as far north, at present, as my power boat can operate. And you can't bring in the heavier stuff by paddle canoe."

He waited for some word of understanding from her. But she remained silent.

"Oh, I'll be busy enough," he averred with a half-challenging squaring of his shoulders.

But it failed to impress the listening woman. It sounded big and brave, yet it struck her as in some way pathetic, as too much like the narcotizing knickknacks carved by a penitentiary prisoner.

"And when you go back?" she asked as her wandering gaze came to rest on his lean and calloused hands.

"But what would I get out of going back?" demanded Darrow after a moment of silence.

She looked at him more closely, as though that casual question of his puzzled her.

"Wouldn't it satisfy your own soul a little," she asked with altogether unexpected earnestness, "just to prove that you were still able to come out from under cover?"

"Under cover?" he repeated in a sharpened note. "I didn't know I was hiding here."

"Not in one way, perhaps," she agreed. "And yet, in another way, you are. You can call it going into retreat, or holidaying in the wilds, or anything you like. But when it comes to the final issue you've been afraid to face your old friends; you've ——"

"Perhaps I haven't any left," he interrupted, the earlier note of bitterness once more in his voice.

"Everybody likes a good fighter," averred the woman with the faintly luminous glow in her eyes. "And the real ones would stick. Your friends, I mean. And you must have had quite a number of them."

He shrank back a little, disturbed by this disinterring of things so long respectably covered. He felt, of a sudden, very much alone in the world.

"I think I'd prefer being forgotten," he said out of the prolonging silence.

"That's nonsense," was Claire's embattled retort, her own voice sharpening a little. "And now that we're being frank, I may as well tell you that's part of your pose. It's based on self-pity. And some day you may even wake up and find it's a sort of sulking."

His smile, remote and rueful, merged into a frown of perplexity, as though he found something bewildering in this unexpected championing of a lost cause.

"Perhaps," he went on in a quieter voice, "it wasn't so much a matter of sulking as a matter of self-preservation. For, after all, there's a trifle more to it than you imagine. Men really get to the end of their rope, now and then. But they still want to live. And I had my own life and health to think of. Up here, you see, I can sleep tolerably well. In the city, I seemed to have forgotten how. And insomnia really makes you miserable. Besides all that, sunlight and open-air work are the final sanities left to us."

"One can get sunlight and open air without running off to the sub-Arctics," argued the earnest-eyed woman at the table end. "And isn't there, after all, a sort of exhibitionism in burying yourself behind seven hundred miles of pine woods?"

"I fail to see anybody about to be impressed by it," he reminded her.

"Well, I know it's not good for you," she said, with what he accepted as feminine decisiveness. "It may tire out your body and make you sleep better, but eventually it can't help souring your spirit."

"Thank you," he said, with his quietly ironic smile. But it was her inning and she was not to be silenced.

"Surely you see that you can't go into cold storage like that, for a year at a time, without losing something, without taking on a sort of mental staleness. You get out of step with life, out of touch with things. There's something that fades away, month by month, the same as it does with shop goods stored away on an upper shelf."

"You've noticed that in me?" he asked, an unlooked-for note of humility in his voice.

"You can't expect to live as the Indians live without getting a little like them," she pointed out, denying him the luxury of open sympathy. "Look at that man Laird, living like an animal with those lousy and half-starved Indians! Look at your own man Lacasse, with his mind half gone through being so much alone!"

"Lacasse came here because he'd killed a man."

"And you haven't an excuse one-half as respectable as that," was her almost impatient retort.

"Then what would you advise?" he asked after another of his moments of silence.

"I'd advise you to go back to your own people," was her quietly decisive reply. But he shrugged diffidently and let his listless gaze wander out to the saw-toothed spruce ridges along the horizon.

"Perhaps," he finally ventured, "they don't want me any more than I want them."

"Try it and see!" she challenged, unconscious of both the urgency she flung into that proclamation and the wistfulness that had crept into her companion's sun-tanned face. He looked up at her, misled by this new note of intimacy that so obscured their immediate past.

"You mean together?" he asked, wondering why his heart should be beating so crazily.

He was conscious, as she gazed at him, of vague recessions, of barriers once more widening between them. It made him think of a receding shore line seen through drifting sea-mist.

"What have I to do with your future movements?" she quietly demanded as she rose from her chair and began gathering up the dinner dishes. Darrow, with a little of his color ebbing away, also rose. He stood irresolute, for a moment, watching his camp mate as she continued to clear the table. Then, with his jaw set, he crossed to the lodge corner and took up his ax, which he swung over his shoulder as he stepped slowly out through the open door.

Beyond the lake head, all afternoon, Claire could hear the sound of that ax as it fell steadily and viciously against a stand of timber, to be cut up for firewood with which to fight back the cold during a long and bitter winter.

XII

DARROW, on his return to camp, seemed once more completely in control of himself. He came back, narcotized by fatigue, with the familiar look of personal aloofness on his lean and guarded face. Yet to the quietly watchful woman he was not entirely the same as before. She seemed able, at last, to fit him into his place. He stood, after that first intimate talk when so many barriers had been beaten down, much less a man of mystery to her. And she made an effort, in response to that newer understanding of him, to be more considerate, more compliant. She even gave more thought to her appearance, choosing colors which she thought might please him, wearing gayly decorated buckskin jackets which met with his grudging approval. When she put wild flowers in front of his place at the table, he studied them solemnly and made no comment on their presence there. But when, a few days later, she deliberately abstained from that trivial service, he glanced about for them with an almost childlike look of inquiry in his eyes. When she lamented the fact that they had no music, he surprised her by producing a German music box which had been broken during its long journey up to Camp Reliance. But he worked over it, hour by hour, until it was once more able to tinkle out the Blue Danube Waltz and the Pilgrims' Chorus. When a third perforated brass disk which he fitted to the instrument identified itself as the Wedding March from Lohengrin he rose abruptly from his chair and left the room.

Claire made no effort to probe after the reason for that overprecipitate escape. She was slowly but surely learning to respect her camp mate's silences. Yet they were more and more able, for all their studied regard for each other's rights and reserves, to sit and talk companionably together. But there remained, always, a dead line beyond which they betrayed no wish to venture. They could read side by side, fortified by that openly acknowledged neutrality and assured of their safety, the more casually intimate because of that relieving sense of detachment. Sometimes, when she was tired of sewing, Claire even joined her camp mate in a game of cards. Sometimes, too, Darrow made it a point to help her with the housework. But he seemed always on guard, when close to her. And she, in turn, remained within her ghostly stockade of dignity. They had, apparently, arrived at an armistice. And it seemed best, all things considered, to let sleeping dogs lie.

But their veneer of tranquillity was a trifle thinner than they imagined. Claire, one night when Singing Pine had been put to bed early as a punishment for dropping Darrow's binoculars in the lake, was struggling with a doeskin slip into which she was attempting to fit half-length sleeves. But the sleeves refused to adjust themselves to her indignantly writhing shoulders.

"This thing simply won't come out right," she complained as she tore away a half circle of stitching. "It fits like a meal sack."

Darrow, looking up from his volume of Whitman, saw her standing bare-armed in the modified light of the living room. He noticed the redness of her faintly belligerent underlip, which had the habit of squaring itself in her moments of indignation. He noticed the tender pool of shadow between the massed darkness of her hair and the melting brown line of her shoulder. He noticed, also, the slender oval of her chin as she looked, with head twisted back, along the defying wrinkles of doeskin. Then he turned back to his book, staring hard at the page where the typed lines remained undeciphered.

"What's wrong with it?" he heard her say over her shoulder, as much to herself as to him.

He put down his book and got up from his chair. He made a pretense of staring critically at the wrinkled doeskin. His mind, however, was on other things.

"You haven't cut your skins right," he told her, after a second inspection of the slip. His movements were quiet enough as he went to the kitchen stove for a piece of charcoal. And his hand was quite steady as he made corrective markings on the soft fabric that draped itself about her body.

"These armholes, you see, aren't in the right place," he said with studied matter-of-factness as he adjusted the puckered hide over the back-thrust slope of her shoulder. That brought him perilously close to her. He became conscious of her quiet breathing, of some aura of mystery that was more than vague aroma and bodily warmth surrounding her. He turned on her with an abrupt small cry, and took her in his arms, clasping her with a savagery that left her momentarily helpless.

"Please don't," she said with quiet and quarantining coldness.

She could feel the shudder that went through his frame. But he stepped back, a moment later, with his arms fallen to his side and an unexpected look of contrition on his face.

"I'm sorry," he said in a husky voice as he steadied himself against the table end. "I—I forgot."

She slowly took off the outer garment of doeskin, which hung limp and lifeless from her hand as she gazed at him over it. She seemed searching his face for something which she failed to find there. Her own face hardened defensively as she crossed to the farther end of the table and laid out the half-dismembered garment with its irregular charcoal markings.

"These wider armholes should make it all right," she said as she reached for her needle. And her voice, quiet and detached, brought his troubled eyes up to her face. He stood staring at her for a prolonging moment of silence, with something suspiciously like hate on his nervously twitching face. He watched her as she threaded her needle and once more took up the doeskin slip. Then, still without speaking, he turned and flung out of the lodge.

She did not sew any more that night. But through her barred door, two hours later, she heard him when he came back. She heard his restless movements about the living room, the scratch of a match as he relighted his pipe, the groan and creak of his roughly made chair as he sank into it. She also heard, from time to time, the later impatient turnings on his pallet bed strung with rawhide. And the waterfowl along the lake front were garrulously greeting a new day when quietness finally descended on the lodge between its northern hills.

Claire, when she came back from her morning swim in the lake, found Darrow morosely quiet and constrained. He did not openly evade her, but he was none too happy, apparently, when near her. He spoke to her when necessary, but never once did his dark-shadowed eyes openly meet her level and lucid gaze. He even betrayed a nervous irritability which she found it hard to account for.

When Singing Pine was found with a purloined cupful of Swiss milk tablets, he scolded and shook her with a violence that seemed new to him. When, later in the day, he caught her in the act of taking his English barometer apart, he seemed to lose the last of his control. He caught her up and carried her out to the clearing edge, where he cut a switch from the underbrush and laid it about her bare brown legs.

Singing Pine, with Indian stoicism, endured that punishment in silence.

(Continued on Page 82)

The Ford Truck has rugged strength

THE strength and reliability of the Ford 1½-ton truck are well indicated by the excellent service it is giving in a large number of widely different businesses. Under the varying requirements the Ford truck is called upon to meet, its performance is uniformly good, and marked by a high degree of economy.

Perhaps no other service imposes greater demands on the strength, power, and endurance of a chassis than haulage of materials in dump bodies. In this, as in other fields, the Ford truck has proved its mettle.

In order, therefore, to make available trucks of this type at economical prices, the Ford Motor Company has added a series of five dump bodies to the present line of standard bodies.

Ford

These include light and heavy hydraulic, and gravity and hand-hoist dump bodies, and a body with mechanical power-hoist. This provides a wide range of selection, as to price and hoisting method. With the Ford chassis, these bodies form units of high value, embodying the reliability, economy, long life, and strength which characterize Ford products.

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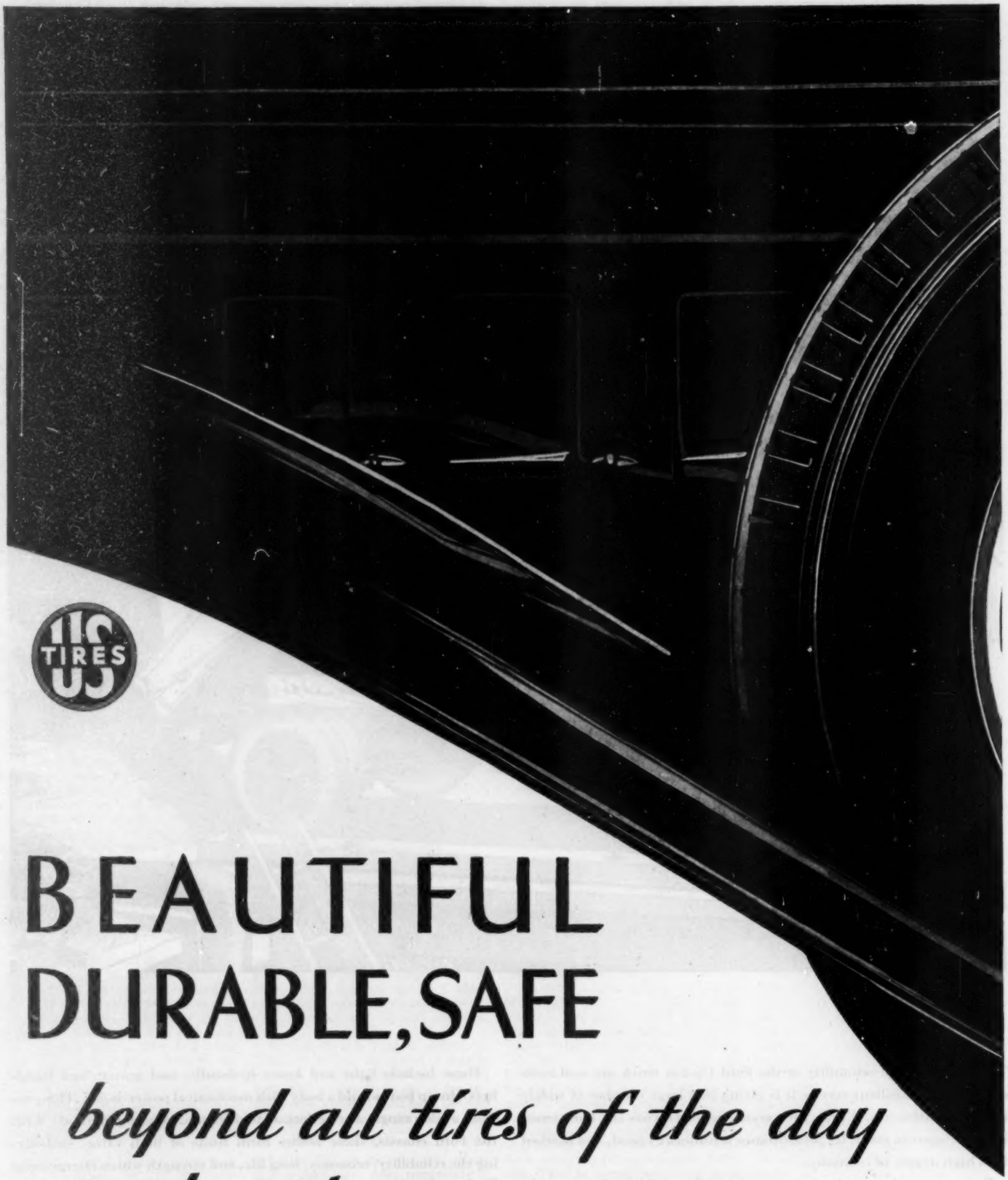

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beyond all tires of the day
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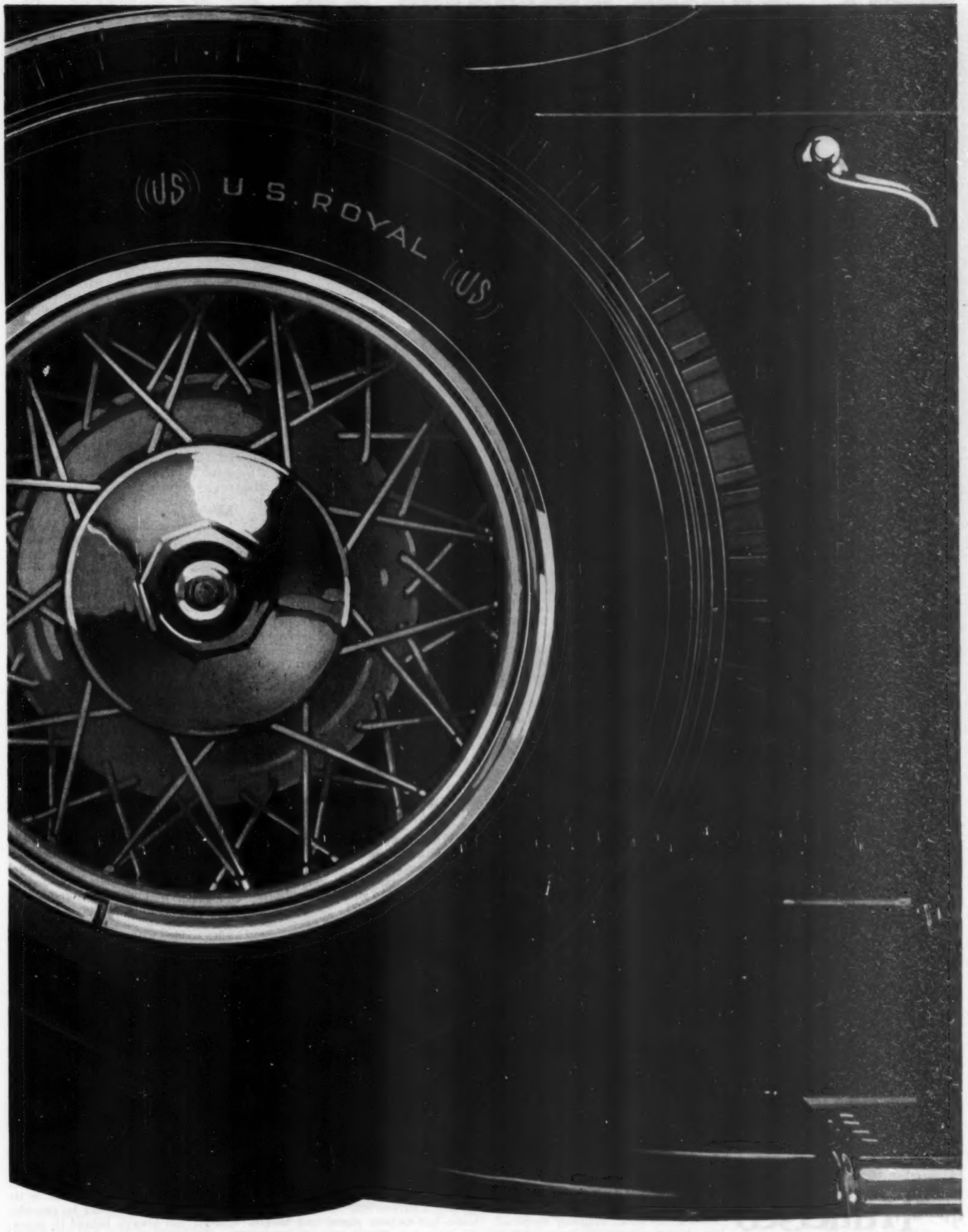

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COMPLETELY enjoyable daily outings all winter long! Comfort, even on the coldest days—in a Francisco-heated car! A touch of a control button on the instrument board brings you a flood of warmth—almost the instant you step on the starter.

The Francisco has always been *guaranteed* to deliver *more heat* than any other car heater. This year an electric blower unit gives you still greater volume—plenty of heat for front seat and back seat—delivered wherever you want it, through any or all of three heat outlets. Full heat flow even with your radiator shutters closed tight; continued heating for 25 minutes after your motor is stopped.

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Insist on a Francisco, for your comfort and health. Standard equipment—$5 to $10 (extra for V-type motors). De Luxe outfits, with quiet-operating blower unit, at higher prices. Your car dealer, garage or automotive store can supply you.

THE FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER CO.
Columbus, Ohio. . . In Canada: The Francisco Canadian Auto Heater Co., Hamilton, Ontario

Real heating comfort in every part of the car—front seat and back seat.

the Francisco Car Heater

(Continued from Page 78)

She remained equally silent when she was sent supperless to bed. And Claire, too, did her part to sustain that painful conspiracy of silence. If any glance of understanding passed between the two women before the deerskin curtain was draped about the slim-bodied offender, it was lost on the ruffled and frowning Darrow.

Yet Darrow, when the silence of night had fallen on the house, found himself the prey of contending emotions. He wondered at his growing hardness and harshness. He was puzzled, too, by a persistent sense of frustration, an uncertainty of mood and movement which left nothing solved and nothing determined. And things could not go on like that forever. As for Singing Pine, she was still a child and he had demanded too much of her. And sternness, apparently, was seldom successful with women and children. He would do what he could to make amends to the little beggar. He would build her a toy canoe out of birch bark and stain it a fine bright red with the juice of bearberries. He would make her a buckskin bow-guard decorated with porcupine quills, and a new pair of moccasins, highly ornamented with disks of polished copper that he could cut out of his unused ditty box. And when he went down to Elk Landing in the autumn for his winter's supplies he would bring her back a mouth organ and a box of colored beads and some drawing crayons and a bag of indurated trade candy from the post there.

But he stopped short at the thought of autumn and his winter's supplies. He remembered, with an obscure sinking feeling under his breastbone, that he might not, after all, need those winter supplies. Before the freeze-up, in fact, the whole tenor of his life might abruptly alter. For an armistice, he recalled, was in the very nature of things nothing more than a temporary affair.

He stopped short still again when, returning from his early morning dip in the restoratively cool lake water, he confronted Claire in the lodge doorway.

"Where's Singing Pine?" demanded the woman with the absurdly agitated eyes.

"Probably asleep in her bunk," suggested the undisturbed Darrow. He could smell bacon and coffee cooking on the sheet-iron range in the little kitchen. He could see the heaped bowl of wild raspberries standing on the breakfast table. He could feel a renewing tingle of health and well-being through his warming body. And life, after all, wasn't so hopeless an affair as he had imagined.

"But she's not there," answered Claire with real alarm in her voice. "She doesn't seem to be anywhere about the camp."

Darrow swung back the deerskin curtain, wondering why the disordered cot should impress him as so forlornly empty, as empty as a deserted bird's nest.

He went to the door and called, his full-timbred voice echoing desolately back from the unruffled morning lake. Then, after a moment of meditative silence, he hurriedly inspected the different outbuildings and explored the broken trails about the clearing edge. But he perceived no trace of the missing Singing Pine.

When he went down to the boat landing and found one of the birch-barks missing, his frown suddenly deepened. He said nothing, however, until he returned to the lodge and quietly assessed his stores there. He knew then, by what he saw to be missing from those stores, the actual and unpalatable situation. And he nursed a depressing sense of history repeating itself as he realized that Singing Pine had run away.

"Where is she?" asked Claire, her alarm heightened by the expression on her camp mate's face.

"She's gone," Darrow answered, trying in vain to keep his voice casual when he said it.

"Gone where?" the other questioned, with a small wringing motion of the hands ill suited to her usual reticence.

"Back to her own people," Darrow was compelled to admit. "She's run away."

"But she could never travel that far!" cried the unhappy woman, disturbed by a reviving memory or two of her own. "She'd get lost and die on the way."

Darrow, however, did not share in those fears. She was an Indian, after all, inured to life in the open, and backtrailing, with anyone of her blood and training, was almost an instinct.

"She's only a child," contended Claire, "and we're responsible for her. In one way we drove her to this."

Darrow, in the ensuing silence, was conscious of her shudder as she thought of a little heap of bones bleaching in a hollow between the spruce ridges. He felt, at the moment, that this shudder was caused by the memory of his own harshness.

"Well, she stole enough of my Swiss milk tablets to last her half a month. And she'll forage easily enough for what food she needs."

But his companion was scarcely listening to him. She murmured still again: "She's only a child," and sank dispiritedly into a chair, where she stared out through the open lodge door. "She must have been horribly unhappy."

Darrow winced at that, knowing as he did that the rule could be applied to more cases than one.

"Or imagined she was," he curtly amended. And Claire, in turn, was not unconscious of the implication. He could see her face harden and the tremulous shadow about the faintly squared underlip. But, instead of answering him, she bowed her head in unexpected contrition.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked, stirred more by silence than by speech from her.

Their two glances met and locked.

"I want you to go for her and bring her back."

"But supposing she won't come back with me?"

"We must at least make sure she's alive," was the other's desperate-noted proclamation. "You've got to go."

"All right," he agreed with an assumption of roughness that was merely a mask. "But do you realize what it means for you? That you'll be utterly alone here for two weeks, perhaps for three?"

"I'd rather endure that," she acknowledged, "than know you weren't doing what you ought to do."

"I'm guilty, I'm afraid, of a great many sins of omission," he said as he crossed to the door and looked out. He stood there for some time, conscious of her gaze on him. Then he took a deeper breath and turned about. "I can be off in an hour," he told her, "if you'll help me pack. I'll have to take our heavier two-and-a-half-fathom canoe and weight down the bow. That will hold me back a little. So don't worry if I'm behind schedule."

"I understand," she said as she set about helping him make ready. She tried her best, as she did so, not to betray her accruing heaviness of heart. But Darrow, as he watched her clouded face, attributed her concern to a natural-enough worry about Singing Pine. He could not hope, all things considered, to figure largely in her thoughts of the future. It surprised him a little, accordingly, when the packing was finally completed and the last casual instructions had been left with her, to see a slight quiver of her underlip as she watched him step into the canoe lying close to the boat landing where she stood.

"You'll be careful?" she said as he reached for his paddle. A vague tremolo in her voice brought his gaze about to her face. She had lost much of her color, but her eyes, for all an odd luminousness that burned in their depths, were quiet.

"Oh, I'll be back," he said with gruff conviction, pretending to be intent on tightening his belt.

He noticed, when he looked up, that she was holding out her hand.

"Good-by," she said in little more than a whisper.

He took the small brown hand in his and held it there a moment, his jaw muscles flexing under the sun-tanned skin. Then he dropped it again, abruptly turning away.

"Good-by," he said without looking back at her.

But she watched him, with her hand shading her eyes, as he forged out over the amber-green water, his paddle flashing in the sunlight. She watched him as he crossed the bay and headed into the main body of Lake Sequomack. She stood motionless, still watching him as he receded and grew smaller, until the silence beyond a projecting spruce point finally swallowed him up.

XIII

CLAIRE, alone at Camp Reliance, found herself the prey of a new and unexpected desolation. Whatever Darrow may have been to her, she realized at the end of her first long day of solitude just what his presence there meant. She plumbed, for the first time, the full depth of her isolation. She even harvested the impression, when a change of weather brought two imprisoning days of howling wind and driving rain, that she was alone in an empty world drifting through empty gulfs of space. She learned, too, how much her comfort of mind and body depended on weather conditions. The forest about her, when bathed in quiet sunlight, might seem consolingly benignant. But when sodden with rain and lashed with wind it loomed before her, malignant and merciless. It left her afraid of herself and afraid of the future.

Even when the skies cleared and the sun shone again, she found small happiness in an ensuing peace that impressed her as one of weariness. She noticed, with a ghostly touch of terror, that the days were growing perceptibly shorter. The late-ripening eyeberries and blueberries were still thick on the rocky hillsides, the leaves were still green on the poplar and birch, the flat-bottomed cumulus clouds still drifted lazily across a sky of robin's-egg blue. But even those days of beauty seemed to hold a threat. For more than once that northern summer made her think of a sleeping tigress, ominous in its very quietness. It could be peaceful enough, but always, behind its peace, it carried a note of passion, a promise of wildness that could not forever be

(Continued on Page 85)

A WORD TO WIVES WHO ARE EFFICIENT

If the "motor car repair bills" item crops up too often in your budget—investigate! That money can be saved, and therefore "earned" for other and more necessary purposes.

. . . but there is one part you must play —one duty that is yours

YOU and thousands of other financial supervisors of the family budget have no doubt often thought, with a sigh perhaps, that the joys and conveniences of motor cars are upset by the ever-present expense of keeping them up.

This is a subject that every efficient family budgeteer should be informed upon, for it was not intended so to be.

Motor car manufacturers today are producing the finest pieces of mobile machinery the world has ever known. The men who design and supervise their manufacture are really nothing short of geniuses. It is not their intention or desire to burden you with repair bills for keeping these cars up. In fact they do everything in their power to make these beautiful things of steel absolutely proof against failure.

But there is one part you must play—one duty that is yours.

Saving 80% of Repair Bills

All machinery must be properly lubricated if it is to be kept from wearing and finally breaking down. Fully 80% of all breakdowns—and therefore 80% of all repair bills—are due to poor lubrication.

One of the things that designers of motor cars have built into their cars is a method of lubricating them called Alemite High Pressure Lubrication. Under this system vital spots of the car are lubricated at a pressure of 1¼ *tons*—forcing out the old, worn lubricant and forcing in the protecting Alemite lubricant.

This Alemite sign is your assurance of Genuine Alemite-ing

Special Lubricants Designed for this System

That isn't very technical, is it? It's easy to see that this changing and replenishing of lubricant means perfect lubrication protection. The warning signal is when your car begins to squeak and squawk.

But—and here is the only "but" in the whole proceedings—merely forcing any old grease into Alemite High Pressure Lubrication Systems is not enough. Cheap, inferior "greases" do more harm than they do good. They would be costly to you in repair bills, even if they were *given* to you! To be sure of full lubrication protection, insist that only genuine Alemite Lubricants be used.

. . . ask your Alemite Dealer about Recorded Alemite Service

What Alemite-ing Is and Where to Find It!

Unless you have your car Alemited by specialists at their jobs, you cannot expect your car to dodge the repair bills and operate with the smoothness and quietness of one regularly treated every 500 miles with Genuine Alemite.

This service is easy to find and to make sure of. Wherever you see the red, yellow and blue Alemite sign—and you'll find them anywhere—that is your assurance that you will get Genuine Alemite-ing.

This Genuine 100% Alemite Service includes the forcing of Alemite High Pressure Lubricant into every vital part of the car's chassis *every 500 miles*—

the flushing out of gears and differentials by a special Alemite process, and the forcing in of fresh Alemite Gear Lubricant—every 2500 miles—

spraying springs with special Alemite Vesuvius Graphite Oil—every 500 miles. This does away with all spring squeaks and makes your car run smoothly and luxuriously.

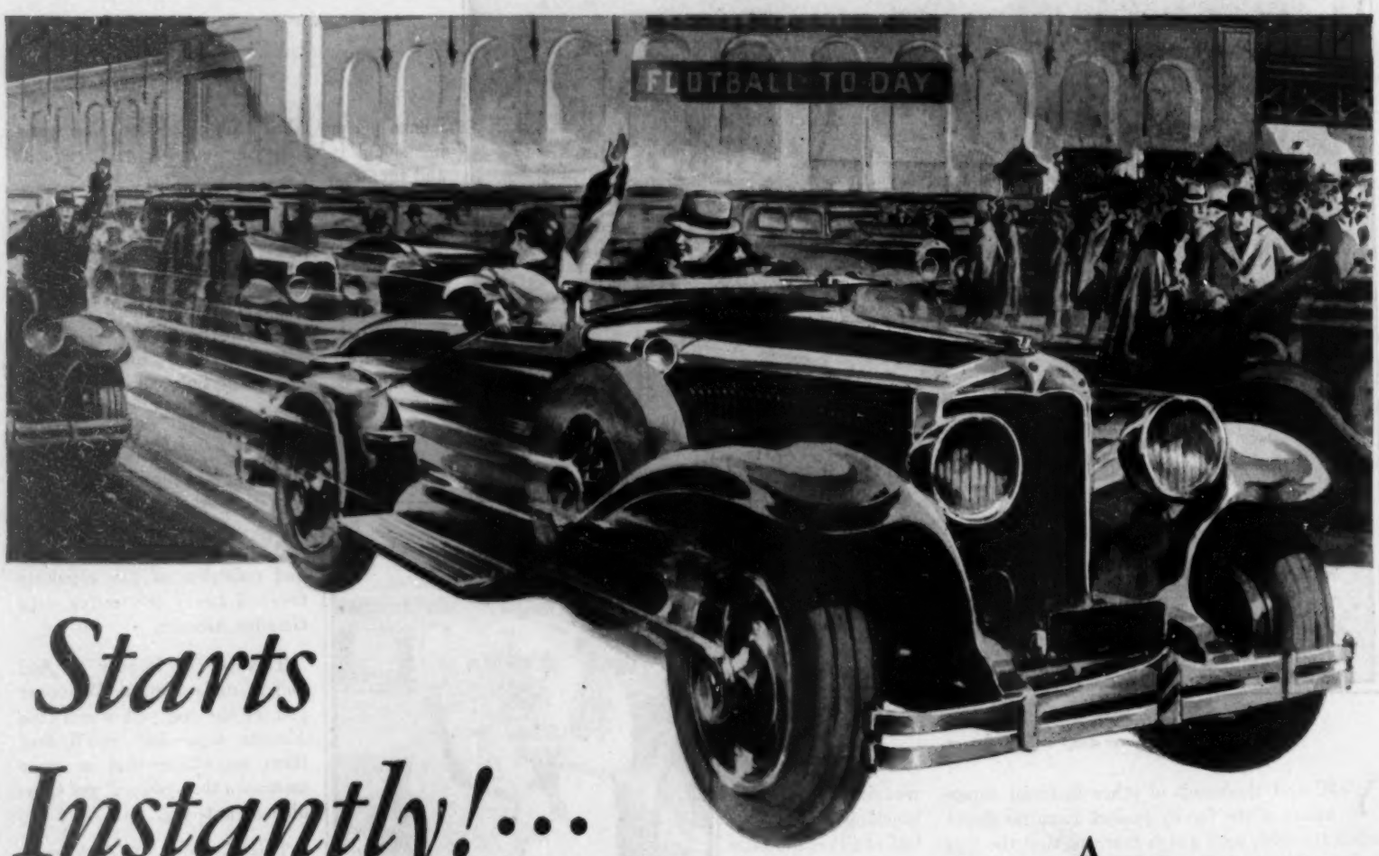
You can thoroughly depend upon the man who serves you under the gay red, yellow and blue Alemite sign!

Alemite Corporation, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2670-a N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian address: Stewart-Warner-Alemite Corporation of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

No Matter How Cold—

KOOLMOTOR

THE ORIGINAL HIGH TEST, ANTI-KNOCK GREEN GASOLENE



Starts Instantly!...

AHEAD of the traffic—away while the road is clear! What if the day is cold and the engine colder—Koolmotor starts instantly.

No churning and churning as the motor turns uselessly, weakening your battery and trying your patience. No prolonged use of the choke, diluting the oil and paving the way for future trouble. Koolmotor is ready to go when you are.

Koolmotor is checked by laboratory cold tests, of course—but it is also tested day after day, all winter long in the Cities Service fleet of more than 4000 motor vehicles—over all kinds of roads in all sorts of weather.

Use Koolmotor, Koolmotor only, and get summer service from your car all year round.

Cities Service Company · 60 Wall Street, New York City

Cities Service Radio Concerts, Fridays 8:00 P. M., Eastern Standard Time—over the following stations on the National Broadcasting Company's Coast-to-Coast and Canadian Network: WEAF, WEEI, WHO, WLIT, WTIC, WBC, WGR, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, KYW, KSD, WOC, WOW, WDAF, KSTP, WTMJ, KOA, WFAA, WKY, WSAI, WJAR, WCSH, WEBC, WTAG, KPRC, WOAI, KSL, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KGO, KECA, CKGW.

Cities Service Oils & Gasolene

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held in leash. And the very briefness of that season of warmth, to the watching woman, gave it a poignancy all its own. It would go out in a riot of color, the sun would sink lower, the tumbling waters would be silenced, and a tired world would sleep under its blanket of snow.

She was reluctant, at first, to venture far from the lodge. And it was as night came on, she found, that she invariably grew more depressed in spirit. She did her best to fight down this feeling, working busily by day and fortifying herself with an unnecessarily lavish blaze of logs in the fireplace at the coming of dusk, when the horizon line grew so empty and the occasional forest sounds could be so disturbing. A new consolation even came to her when, fighting down her instinctive fear of firearms, she studiously examined the different weapons in the house and learned how to load and discharge them. She felt safer when she knew that a ready magazine rifle leaned against the shack corner, that a double-barreled duck gun stood waiting behind her door, and that a black-metaled automatic with a full clip lay under her pillow.

She grew surer of herself, in fact, as she marked off day after day on the calendar in the little bronze frame on Darrow's writing table. Her quest of berries even took her deeper and deeper into the surrounding country, though she was always careful to mark her line of advance and make sure of her power to back-trail.

She forgot herself only once. After mounting a hill of scattered jack pine she wandered down into a valley where the open slopes were thick with raspberries. Even the air was heavy with the pungent smell of overripe fruit, where acres of berries, with no hand to pick them, had fallen to the ground. They lay there thick enough to carpet the earth with a covering of red, to rot unseen and ungathered in that lonely wilderness. They reminded the wondering woman of what Darrow had told her about the richness of that north country, if one only had the wit to uncover its wealth. And it was not long before she had filled both the hampers which he had woven for her out of willow switches and lake reeds.

Yet when she started back for home she found that she was not sure of her direction. She stopped short, surrendering to a moment of panic that left her shaking from head to foot. Then, ashamed of her terror, she took a deep breath and stood erect. She was, she assured herself, in no immediate danger. It was merely a matter of keeping her head and finding the lost trail. Close about her was food and water; and if she failed to come across a familiar landmark before nightfall, she could easily build a shelter and wait there until morning.

But she refused to acknowledge that she was lost. She decided to retrace, as best she could, her own uncertain tracks through the tangle of raspberry canes, working her way toward the higher ground again.

When she came to the slope top she stopped, standing puzzled in the bramble bed that rose almost as high as her shoulders. Then she knew an odd curdling of the blood. For standing in the same bramble bed, not twenty paces away from her, was a brown bear, intent on eating berries. She could see the big and busy paws, the pointed and hoglike snout, the small and porcine eyes above the wide and hairy shoulders. She must have screamed without knowing it, for the hairy and hoglike face turned and contemplated her. He stood for a moment without moving, as a tingle of nerve ends eddied up and down the body of the watching woman. Then, with a grunt of disapproval, he dropped to the ground, shambling off through the tangle of underbrush.

Claire, waiting until all movement had ceased, decided not to spend that night in the open. She did not breathe freely, however, until she reached the fringe of the copse. There, still lugging her hampers of berries with her, she fought her way up the farther rocky slope, studied the next valley, and knew a wave of relief as she recognized a leaning lop-stick spruce that stood beside her outward trail. Ten minutes later she read the ax mark on its trunk and knew that the road back to the lodge lay ahead of her.

Once safely back between walls again, she did her best to make light of that adventure. She tried to tell herself that any such animal was as harmless as a house dog, that her recurring chills of terror had been due to her urban bringing up, and that even Singing Pine would have been ashamed of such fear. But the encounter left a deeper mental scar than she was willing to admit. Some back wash of that nervous shock actually kept her from sleeping well, even after every door was barred and a loaded rifle leaned against the wall at the head of her bed. She found her dreams invaded by long-haired and paleolithic monsters who stalked her through the gloom of unbroken forests and crowded about her in bone-strewn mountain caves. When she started up from a fitful sleep, in the middle of the night, she awakened with an oppressive feeling of a presence somewhere close about her, of danger lurking in the neighborhood. She imagined, as she lay listening and waiting, that she heard a twig snap outside, followed by the slow movements of some unknown intruder.

She slipped out of bed and caught up her rifle, moving silently to the half-opened window. She leaned there, peering through the fly screen, once more listening and waiting. But she could detect no sound or movement amid the shadows about the clearing edge. She went back to bed, chilled in body and depressed in spirit. She wished, as she lay there waiting for morning, that Darrow would come back. Living there without him would always be intolerable. She would be kinder to him in the future, no matter how hard and harsh he made life for her. She would compel him to revise his opinion of women, and perhaps even his opinion of her. But he would never break her will. He had been unfair, in that studied campaign of humiliation of his. Life itself had been unfair, to confront her with conditions for which she had had such little preparation. She was not made for solitude like this. She could never be happy without companionship, without the press of life close about her.

She let her mind turn back to happier and earlier scenes in her life, permitting a cool stream of memories to flow over her bruised spirit. She remembered a quiet midnight when, through an open window between Bellac and Chateauponsac, she had heard the apricots falling in a French garden. She recalled a stadium stippled with flags and faces, a stadium that rocked and hummed with shouts as a halfback with an oval ball in his hands wavered and dodged and catapulted down an emerald field, looking little as he ran antlike across the white lines. She remembered a military band playing in the gardens of the

(Continued on Page 87)

FOR INSTANCE...

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM MAY SAVE YOU A BAD CASE OF RHEUMATISM

The average adult faces either rheumatism, nervous disorder, heart trouble or kidney disease somewhere in the future

For decayed teeth and infected gums are among the chief causes of these diseases. And the average person has five neglected cavities, while thousands are contending with gum troubles.

Germs and poisons developing from a diseased tooth or the infected gum around it may be absorbed into the blood stream and lodged in other tissues or organs which then also become diseased. Many a mysterious ailment starts this way. So what a pity thousands fail to realize that nearly all tooth decay *can* be prevented and gums kept firm and healthy! What a mistake that so many thoughtlessly use any dentifrice regardless of its merit.

The formula for Squibb's Dental Cream definitely recognizes the *causes* behind tooth decay and gum troubles—and the best ways to *combat* them.

Germ acids cause tooth decay by attacking the enamel. These decay germs feed and *multiply* upon the fermenting food particles which collect between your teeth, in the pits and fissures, and along the gum margin, *The Danger Line*, where there is a tiny crevice. Your tooth-brush can't reach all these vulnerable places. So acids constantly irritate the gums and decay germs slowly destroy the teeth.

Ordinary dentifrices are insufficient—but Squibb's Dental Cream contains 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Plenty of this safe, effective antacid to penetrate crevices and render acids harmless. In still another way, Squibb's helps keep the gum margin firm and healthy. It definitely soothes irritation. It contains no grit, no astringents—nothing which might injure the delicate tissues. And as long as The Danger Line keeps healthy, pyorrhea will not develop—the gums will not become infected.

Squibb's cleans teeth thoroughly and safely. Begin using it regularly. Within a few months you'll notice your teeth keeping freer from decay . . . The Danger Line pink and firm—real protection against pyorrhea and disease. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.*

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

★ *The Danger Line is the line where gums meet teeth. As long as this knife-like edge of gum tissue keeps healthy, pyorrhea will not occur. Nor will tooth decay spread beyond it and attack the sensitive neck of the tooth. In the cross-section above, notice the tiny crevice at each side of the tooth. The arrows show it. Food particles collect here, ferment and irritate the gums with acids. Eventually the delicate gum edge recedes and then The Danger Line is no longer a protection. Never let this happen.*

IS YOUR CAR A HEAVY DRINKER ?

Tested and approved
Contest Board
American Automobile Association

IN HOT WEATHER, you naturally expect to add water to your radiator once in a while. That's no special hardship, for water is cheap and plentiful. But when your car develops a huge thirst in winter, it's probably boiling off valuable anti-freeze as fast as you put it in. You can't control the temperature, but you *can* use an anti-freeze that stays on the job — Eveready Prestone, the ONE-SHOT anti-freeze.

Used by Byrd Antarctic Expedition

With every type of anti-freeze to choose from, the Byrd Antarctic Expedition used Eveready Prestone. They first thought of using kerosene, but decided against it. Fortunately . . . because later, in the unimaginable cold of the South Pole, the kerosene actually froze! Yet Eveready Prestone easily passed the stringent test of Antarctic winter. The Byrd Expedition radioed: *"Eveready Prestone meets all manufacturer's claims . . ."*

Constant research by the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation laboratories has further increased the efficiency of Eveready Prestone. This year it is actually superior to the Eveready Prestone which more than a million motorists used to their complete satisfaction last year. So that you may easily identify Eveready Prestone, it is now *green* in color.

Economy Plus *Protection*

The economy of using Eveready Prestone lies in these two facts: 1. A single filling will last all winter, irrespective of temperature-fluctuations. 2. Eveready Prestone is an *undiluted* anti-freeze. Compared with other anti-freezes, a considerably smaller quantity is required to give your car complete all-winter protection. For example, if the radiator capacity of your car is three gallons, you can get complete protection from early fall to late spring for a cost of $2.50 to $7.50, depending on whether you live in a moderate or extreme climate.

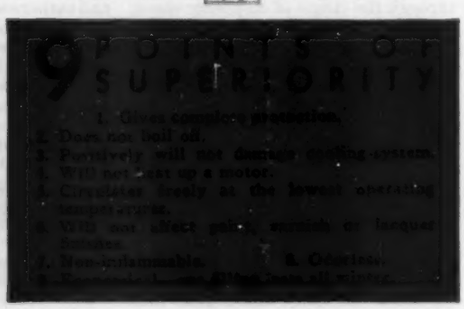
Go to your dealer or garage-man, before he gets swamped with work during the first cold snap. Have him prepare your car for winter, taking the simple precautions necessary to make the cooling-system water-tight.

You can put Eveready Prestone in *today*. It's always in tune with the temperature.

Tune in the Eveready Hour, every Tuesday evening at nine (Eastern standard time) over the N. B. C. network.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
General Offices: New York, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*



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Villa Borghese, and Mussolini on a horse, and the massed singing of school children in the clear Italian light. She thought of Helen Morgan sitting on a piano. And she thought of how she had once watched the sunrise from the Greek theater above Taormina, when a certain tall youth from Princeton had paid the shrugging custodian twenty *lire* to leave them alone with their glory and their girl-and-boy happiness—which passed so abruptly away before they got back to Palermo again. She remembered Fifth Avenue by night, with the milk-white globes of street lamps along Murray Hill looking so much like a double rope of pearls hanging down a woman's breast; and the big London bobby who had kept the camera holders from climbing into her motor car and photographing her and her troublesome three feathers as she wormed her way slowly in toward Buckingham Palace. She even recalled a regatta at New London and the yacht-club dance that lasted until dawn. And she awakened to face a somewhat different dawn, with the early bark of a wolf echoing across the blue-misted sprucelands and a fire to be built in the sheet-iron kitchen range that seemed always to house a residuary odor of bacon fat and fried fish.

An even more disturbing surprise awaited her, however, when she entered that kitchen. She found the door forced open and unmistakable signs of a marauder in the disordered food shelves along the back wall. She inspected the broken door bar, remembering what Darrow had once told her about the boldness and cunning of hungry bears. But this intrusion, she found, was not that of an animal. She could clearly discern where some cylinder of metal, probably a rifle barrel, had been used to pry open the door. And it had taken no little strength, she realized.

This discovery, followed by the even more disturbing discovery that some of their flour and salt pork had been carried away, did not add to her happiness. Solitude, of a sudden, became a menace. She tried to fight back a growing sense of fear with the thought that the intruder was nothing more than a tired and hungry Singing Pine, lurking contritely about in the neighborhood of the camp. But that consolatory suspicion could not be easily accepted. No slender-bodied girl, Claire was compelled to acknowledge, could have forced open so heavy-timbered a door.

The shadow of that unknown presence lay heavy on her, keeping her close to the lodge throughout the day and prompting her to repair, as best she could, the ravaged entrance to her kitchen. She could see no trace of a stranger about the clearing, but she nursed the feeling, as night came on, of being silently besieged. She sat watching and listening in the dimming light, depressed by the woodland stillness about her, poignantly conscious of her isolation. When she finally fell asleep, it was in Darrow's arm-chair, with a loaded rifle leaning beside her.

When she awakened with the sun shining warm on the valley slope between the forest fringe and the wind-ruffled lake, she experienced a belated revival of spirits. She even swung open the living-room door and made a valorous effort to sing aloud as she prepared her morning meal. Nothing had happened, and nothing, in all likelihood, would or could happen. And at any time Darrow's canoe would be rounding the point and his deep-timbred halloo would come ringing up from the boat landing.

That thought brought with it a fortifying sense of deliverance. And she felt better after she had drunk her second cup of coffee and finished the last of her breakfast bacon. She was contentedly spreading fresh-made raspberry jam on her third slice of toast when a shadow darkened the doorway between her and the sunlit lake.

In the doorway, outlined against the stronger light behind him, she saw a man leaning on a long-barreled rifle. He was a gaunt and ragged man, with an equally ragged beard that covered his face almost up to his cheek bones. The sleeves of his buckskin jacket, too short for his long and gorillalike arms, were torn and shredded, and there were yawning gaps in the toes of his equally abraded shoe-packs. She noticed the glimmer of cartridge heads in the sweat-stained belt that hung sagging about his waist. But what held her gaze was the cool insolence of the small and pig-like eyes so casually inspecting her.

She tried to meet that gaze without flinching. But she knew, without being told, that her visitor was Lacasse. She could see the telltale limp as he took three or four guarded steps into the room so big with silence.

"W'ere dat man o' yours?" he demanded, his rifle resting once more in the crook of his right arm. He spoke, she observed, not only in the broken English of the *habitant*, but also with the thick and halting slowness of a man long used to solitude.

"What man?" asked Claire, fencing for time. Much might depend, she remembered, on what was said or left unsaid during that colloquy.

"Meestair Darrow," retorted the intruder, throwing a touch of hate into the name as he said it.

The woman's studious eyes remained on him for a moment.

"You are Lacasse," she proclaimed as she rose from her chair.

"Seet down!" promptly commanded the man with the rifle. And Claire, conscious of a light in his eye not at all to her liking, sat down again.

"What do you want?" she demanded of him, schooling herself to quietness.

"Many t'ings," he said with his short guttural laugh. He looked appraisingly about the room and then back at the waiting woman again. She puzzled him, for some reason. "How long you been hees woman?"

She knew a flash of anger at that question, in spite of herself.

"I am not his woman," was her prompt and indignant cry. It seemed to carry conviction to the dulled mind of the intruder.

"*Très bien!*" he said, reaching out for a chair, but never for an instant letting his gaze wander from her. "W'ere he go?"

"He has left me," Claire equivocated, trying to keep at least one move ahead of the game.

"Good," said the bearded man with the rifle. "Den I stay here."

That, she concluded in her helplessness, was the end most to be desired. She had known enough of being dragged a captive through wilderness solitudes. And at any hour some avenue of escape might open up in front of her. Yet her heart sank, a moment later, as Lacasse went to her duck gun and magazine rifle and emptied them, pocketing the shells. Hope did not entirely die away, however, remembering as she did the loaded automatic lying under her pillow.

"If you stay here," she found the courage to proclaim, "you stay only as long as you treat me with respect."

He blinked over that, as though his dulled mind had trouble in harvesting its true import.

"And eef not?" he slowly inquired.

"I'll kill you!" cried the other, with unexpected passion.

He studied her intent face for a silent moment.

"Den how am I to keel Meestair Darrow?" he asked with a simplicity that impressed her as childlike.

"Why should you?" she questioned, once more in control of herself. She realized, as she studied the emaciated figure in its canopy of rags and the unfocused small eyes with the fire of lunacy burning in their depths, that the path before her would not be an easy one to tread.

"Dat man say I mus' not leev alone," proclaimed the foolishly indignant Lacasse. "All de tam he try to coax me out from de forest again. He preten' he tak' me down to w'ere de *chemin de fer* can carry me back to de ceety, so le docteurs can feex me up. But dat is a lie. All de tam he on'y wait to 'and me over to de law. I know. He spik soft words, but all de tam he hate ol' Lacasse and want see heem lock' up in de leetle stone cell!"

Claire sat silent a moment, pondering her next move.

"But any time," she prompted, "you can go back into the forest and be free for all the rest of your days."

"It ees not easy to leev in de forest," averred the gaunt intruder, with a glance about the dish-laden table. "And I am ver' 'ongry."

"Of course you are," she agreed, noticing that he proffered no objection when she rose and turned toward the kitchen. "And I'm going to cook you a meal fit for a king."

He nodded at that, with solemn approval.

"And I will leev here like a keeng," he proclaimed, "and you will cook me many beeg meals."

If he wondered at her embittered smile as she passed back and forth between table and range, he remained ignorant of how forlornly she was speculating on the fact that her new form of bondage was not so vastly different from the old.

"He's crazee on de head, dat man," Lacasse abruptly announced, obviously thinking of Darrow. But he busied himself a moment later, in attacking the breakfast which Claire had placed before him. He ate grossly and ravenously, demanding tea instead of the coffee which had been prepared for him. When he had finished he sat with the sugar bowl before him, munching great handfuls of sugar between his irregular yellow teeth. And when he had emptied the sugar bowl he demanded tobacco.

Claire obediently opened a fresh tin of Darrow's imported English tobacco for him. He smoked in placid silence, for several moments. Then he looked frowningly about the room.

"Tomorrow I burn down dis camp," he quietly proclaimed.

Her heart skipped a beat at that pronouncement, but her manner was quiet as she turned to him.

"Then where would you get your next meal?" she demanded.

That thought held him arrested.

"Well, I burn heem by and by," he announced with a grim unconcern that brought home to the watching woman just what stood ahead of her. She crossed slowly to her bedroom door unchallenged by the stolidly blinking intruder, and stood inside the smaller chamber, shaking with a thought abruptly born of her terror. Under her pillow there, she remembered, still lay her loaded automatic. She could take it up and make a pretense of carrying out her bedding to air. Then she could shoot him where he sat, before he had time to catch up his rifle.

But she was without the power to reach for the weapon. She could never kill a man, she knew, in cold blood. And some avenue of escape, she forlornly maintained, would yet open up for her. The final issues in this world were not always decided by brute strength. Her mind, in the end, should prove as alert as the mind of this half-witted savage who had wandered in like a half-starved timber wolf out of the northern wilderness. And at any time now Darrow should be coming back. All she could do in the meanwhile was to feed and watch the ragged figure lounging in regal ease about the camp. But she slept that night with her hand warming the grip of the black-metaled automatic.

When she unlocked her door in the morning, she found Lacasse sitting on the boat landing, watching Lake Sequomack, with his rifle in the crook of his arm. She was happier when she had him once more indoors, seated before the ample breakfast which she had prepared for him. She had laid his place, this time, with his back to the lodge door. But he gave no thought, apparently, to that arrangement. He ate less ravenously than before. Yet his silence impressed her as animal-like. And his rifle, she observed, was always within reach

He looked up when he had finished and regarded her with blinking approval.

"You a good cook, by gar," he proclaimed. "Tomorrow you come weet' me!"

Her heart tightened at that, but she remained outwardly calm.

"Where?" she asked, steadying herself against the table end.

His gesture was a sweeping one. "On de woods," he curtly informed her.

"What good would that do," she demanded, "when we have everything we want here?"

"Not everyt'ing," he amended. "Some tam soon, maybe, we hav' more dan we want."

She realized, as she stared out through the open lodge door where Lake Sequomack lay so delusively placid under the morning sun, that her enemy was not so obtuse as he seemed, that he knew, perhaps, more than he pretended.

"But you're not afraid of Boyd Darrow!" she challenged. The same shiver went down her spine, while speaking, that she used to know as a child after feeding a peanut to a zoo elephant.

Lacasse's ragged shoulders rose in a wide and indolent shrug. Then he reached out an unclean hand and patted, with absurd affection, the long-barreled rifle beside him.

"Not after we keel heem," he said with an equally absurd fortitude.

Claire sank into the empty chair opposite him, frowning over that airy bracketing of herself and her enemy as her unfocused eyes wandered out to the silver-glinting water of the lake.

Then her eyes narrowed and hardened and her blood ran cold. She sat immobile, struggling to make her glance once more an undirected one. For rounding the point, as she looked, she had seen the pointed curved bow of a birch-bark paddled forward by a solitary figure. And that figure, coming closer and closer with each quick stroke, was Darrow's.

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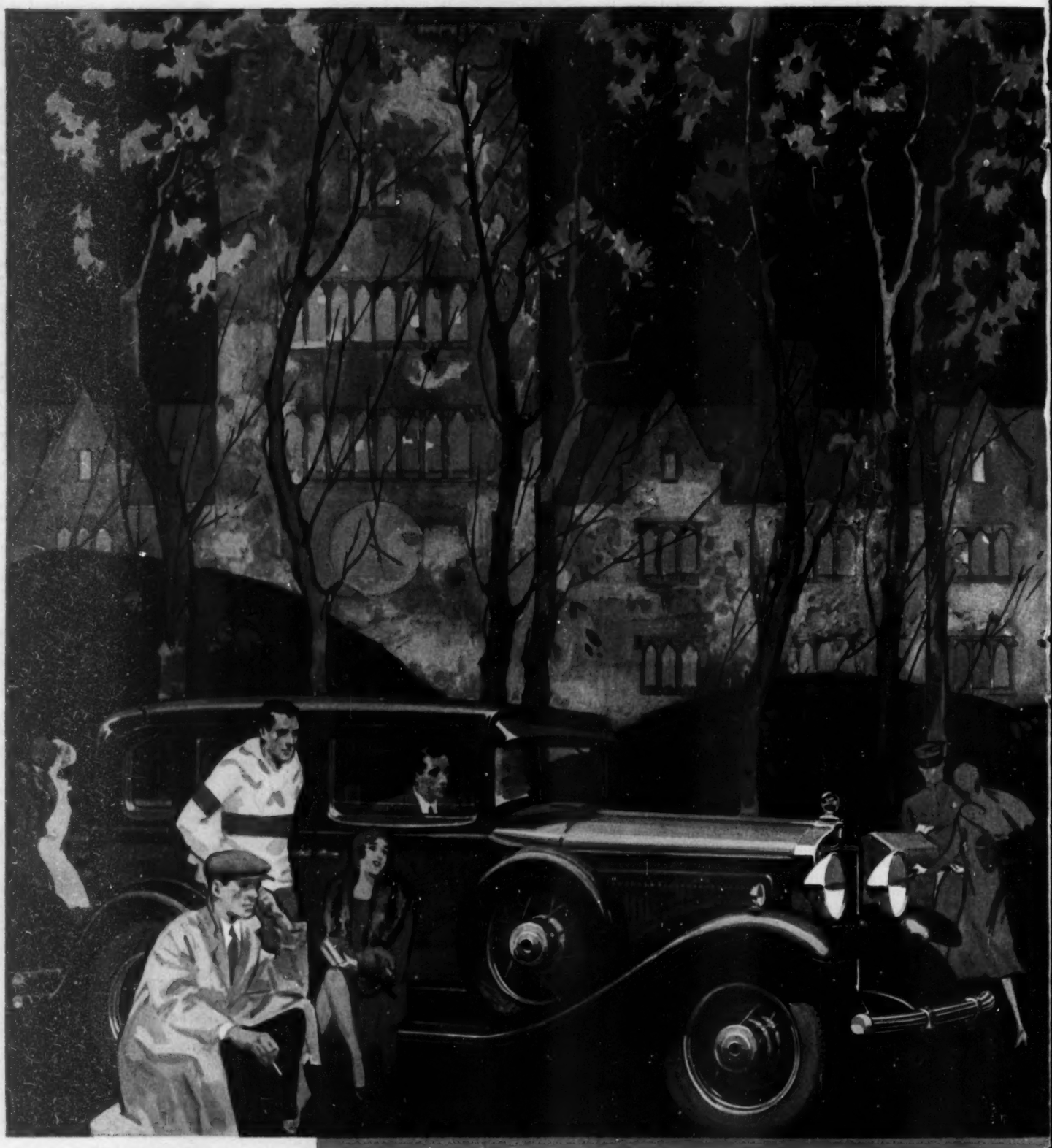

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WILLYS·KNIGHT

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IN design and in action, the Willys-Knight is perhaps the most individual of all modern automobiles. For the Willys-Knight is markedly different—not only in body lines and details of appointment, but also in the smooth, positive functioning of its patented double sleeve-valve engine. In fact, the Willys-Knight is the only American car to offer the advantages of this superior power plant—a motor of the same type as that used in many of the most costly European cars. Willys-Knight individuality features two lines of ultra-modern Sixes—the new low-priced Willys-Knight 87 and the luxurious Willys-Knight Great Six. Each of these cars is a preëminent value in its price class. An inspection and a demonstration of either the Willys-Knight 87 or the Great Six will reveal the achievement of new ideals in fine car style and performance.

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BUSINESS PIANO

(Continued from Page 21)

enough, anyhow, to make it worth while. But on the radio everybody listens—the whole wide world. No?"

Mr. Maxenheimer took a notebook from his pocket and tore a page out of it. And as he wrote busily he went on talking:

"Mr. McLaughlin knows you are too good for this job. He is willing to let you go. I asked him first. See, I have to sell him pictures; I mustn't be bad friends with him. He is glad to have you get a chance. Go ask him, if you don't believe me."

He put the pen away. He gave the paper to Richard.

"There's the address," he said. "Give this to Mr. Fishbaum. He's my cousin. Tell him Manny Maxenheimer sent you. I got it on the paper there. Be there in the morning. I happen to know they need someone at once—today and tomorrow and all the time. They have a spot every afternoon for tryouts. You get a break, see? You play for WHYB Station. You play good. In New York the big guys hear you. Some feller says, 'Listen to that boy out West playing the piano. Here we got this ritz piano and nobody can play it for sour apples. Find out who he is—write, telegraph, get him on long-distance—bring him here tomorrow.' So, in a little while, you are playing the finest grand piano that can be built, for an hour or two every day, advertising it, and you get good pay, and pupils for twenty-five dollars an hour. Remember, ten o'clock, Mr. Fishbaum."

Mr. Maxenheimer, suddenly alarmed about a departing train, was gone. Richard, not at all sure he was awake, stood staring at the bit of ragged paper in his hands. He read it carefully:

Mr. A. Fishbaum, WHYB Studio, the Claremont Building, 8th Floor, Capitol City, Ten o'clock, Tuesday morning.

And under this:

Dear Abe: Here is a boy that can make a piano talk. Give him a real try. He is good. Best regards,

MANNY.

On the other side was written only:

Richard Hardy, Llamarada Theater, Hilltown, organist and pianist.

In a daze Richard went to find Mr. McLaughlin, and the owner of the Llamarada seized his hand and pumped it. His blue eyes were full of tears; his snow-white, cottony hair stood on end.

"You are to go," he said in a stern, commanding tone. "I don't want any arguments out of you. I am your boss, and I say go. Everyone will be proud of you."

"But the theater, my job ——"

"Never mind. Miss Brown, who plays the organ in the Methodist Church, will play until you find out how you get along. If you are asked to stay there, she will fill in till I can get an organist. It is a shame; we will all be lost without you. But when I was young my feet and hands reached always upward. It is the right of youth. You are a good boy, Richard; I wish you luck!"

Richard's long legs carried him at high speed to the little house where Virginia was hanging curtains.

He burst into the door and shouted "Virginia!" in a loud, excited voice.

He heard her laugh a little. She was sitting right before him by the front window, sewing on a bit of dotted Swiss, sitting on a rocker she had had since she was a child—her grandmother's rocker. The small house was already partly furnished. The sun shone through the newly hung curtains. Virginia wore a thin summer dress, and her bright, golden hair was tucked behind her ears because of the heat.

"Here I am," she said quietly, laughing again affectionately. "Why are you hollering so?"

Richard lifted her up bodily and kissed her.

"We'll be married tonight, and you'll go with me," he said. "I'll go now and get the license."

He put the piece of paper into her hands. Virginia folded her sewing and sat down in the rocker, read the paper and turned it over, and looked up, a faint frown between her brows.

"What is it?" she said. "Why, Richard, I never saw you so excited. It doesn't mean anything! Tell me!"

He told her. His voice throbbed with happiness. He walked about the little room. He told her, for the first time, how he had been wanting to play the piano again, told her about his prayer, about Mr. Maxenheimer and his funny voice. He stooped over her and kissed her, hardly noticing how quiet she had grown.

"I don't know how I can play the organ tonight, Virginia, won't you marry me right off and go along with me? Or maybe we'd better wait and see how I come out. Gee, I mightn't get the job." But he did not believe his own words. They were only an offering to good fortune. "I've got to go home now and tell mother. Give me a kiss and tell me you're happy. It seems strange, doesn't it, to quit the Llamarada? I thought I was stuck there for good."

"Quit the Llamarada?" asked Virginia in a scared voice. She sat so still Richard realized that she was not with him. All the rosy color had gone from her face. He laughed a little, teasingly.

"You speak as though I were deserting the Army," he said.

"But your pupils ——" said Virginia weakly.

Richard frowned. "Good night, Virginia!" he exclaimed impatiently. "I can get other pupils; they can get another teacher. Why, I thought you'd be pleased to death, and you act as though something awful had happened. Can't you understand what it means?"

"I think so," said Virginia slowly, picking a few threads off of her dress, winding them around her finger. "It means you'll go up there, in a radio studio, with a lot of crazy, irregular people to work for—anyone who will pay for time. It means that if you make good, as you likely will, you'll leave everything we've planned here, and want me to go to the city to live. It means a flat, and I don't like flats. I like a front door and a porch and yard. It means uncertainty—maybe a few months of work, and then, last winter over again. It means I'll have to leave everyone I know and care for. I don't want to live in a city. I've always lived here or at Sugar Ridge. I like it here. I—I want to live in this very house, I can't bear to give it up. It means change and everything new and strange, and you gone all hours. No, I'm not happy about it, Richard. I think you ought to let well enough alone."

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Richard.

Virginia flushed hotly. Tears stung her eyelids. She said with dignity, "You don't need to swear at me, Richard Hardy!"

"I wasn't swearing at you," said Richard, his own face suffused with disappointment. "I was just swearing." It was poor apology, and he said, making a restless movement, "Mr. McLaughlin was pleased as Punch; told me to go right off. Miss Brown is going to fill in. I—I was going to take the early bus."

"Richard, you can't depend on these people," she said eagerly. "They're always making changes, always getting new programs and new people. You know Maizie Plunkett went up to WHYB to try out, and they let her wait and wait and wait, and then the man there was perfectly brutal to her. He told her she hadn't any voice and to go home and forget it."

"No more has she," said Richard. "I could have told her that."

"Well, I think she plays and sings beautifully. I—I don't care for the radio, Richard."

"I suppose that settles radio," he said, and was at once ashamed.

They were silent. He retrieved his precious bit of paper. Virginia made a little gesture of wiping her hands of it.

Richard stiffened himself and said, "You don't really know anything about the radio, and neither do I. I'd be a fool not to give it a try."

"Maybe you'd be a fool to try it," she said. Their tempers were rising.

He said uncertainly, "I thought you'd be pleased and proud."

"Don't go, Richard," she said sweetly, coaxingly. "Don't go, darling. Stay here, and let's go ahead with things beautiful and safe, as they are. Let's just forget it and go ahead with our plans to be married at your mother's and to go housekeeping. Why, Richard, the house will be ready in a day or two. You've already paid a month's rent. Darling, you wouldn't go back on all our plans, would you? It will be so different; it won't be happy, like it was planned. You can play the piano at the Llamarada in the afternoons. Even with taking care of your mother, we can save a little. I'm a good manager, Richard, and we can buy a grand piano in a few years. I love it here so much. Let it go, Richard, please."

Richard looked at her as though he had never seen her before.

"What's the difference where we get married, where we live, if we're together?" he asked in bewilderment.

Suddenly she began to cry, putting her beautiful hands up over her beautiful pink-and-white face, her blue eyes swimming with tears.

"You don't love me," she whispered through her crying. "If you loved me you wouldn't say such a thing. You wouldn't make me so unhappy, g-going away and everything; talking about the radio and the piano all the time."

Silly things came into Richard's mind—things like:

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

Only, there seemed no honor involved in the present situation. But wasn't there? Wasn't he a man, grown, and trained in a profession? What was she crying about, anyhow? She ought to be happy—as happy as he was. His long bony face set into lines of absolute hardness. He got up. He spoke to her quietly.

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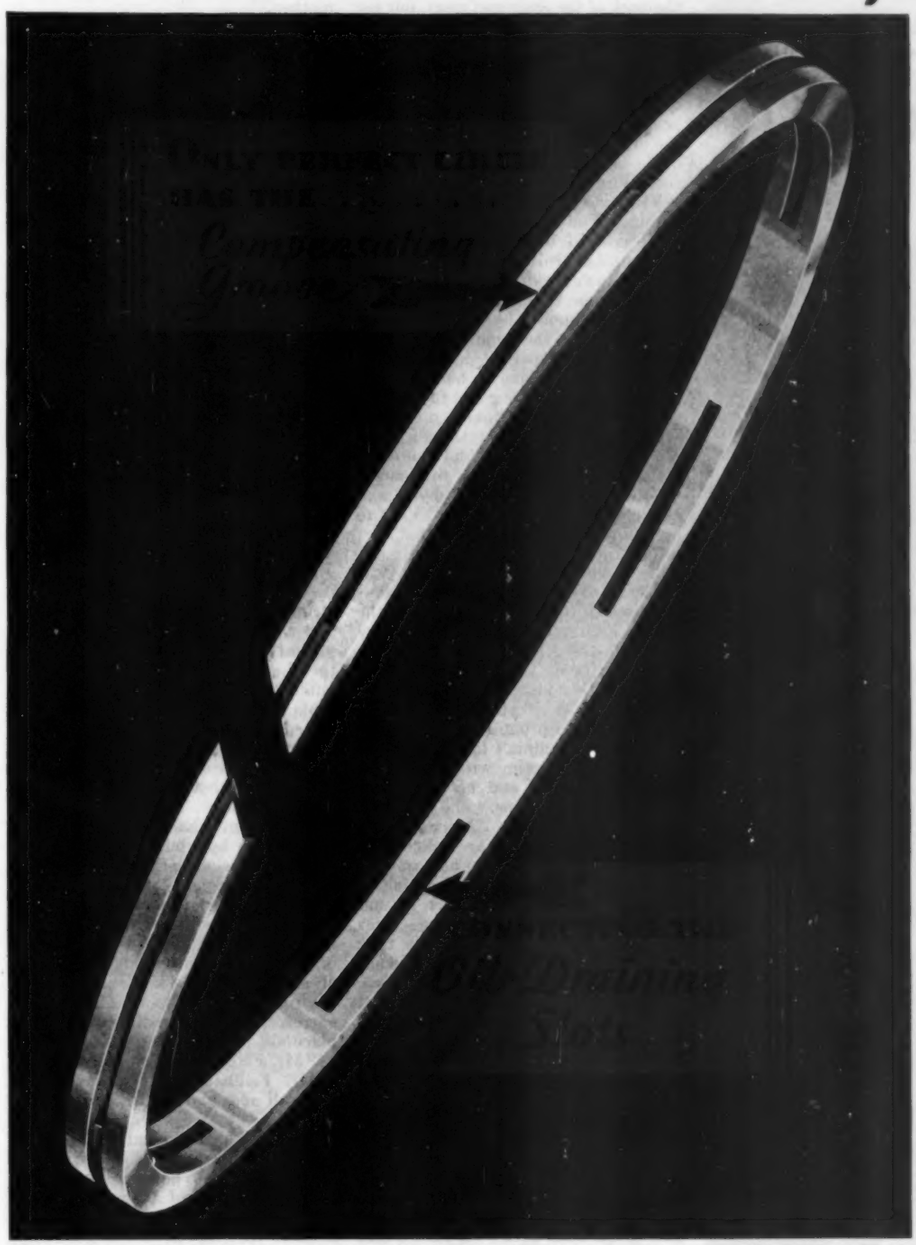
Neither DESIGN NOR PERFORMANCE *Can be Duplicated*



Double-Duty Oil-Regulating Ring, 75c • Single-Duty Oil-Regulating Ring (pictured), 60c • Compression Type, 30c
[4½ inches and over, prices slightly higher]

You may hear it said that this trick or that gadget is the way to fix up your car when it begins to show the symptoms that call for new piston rings.

But stop and think! What is it you want—a few miles or a few weeks of partial relief—*and then more trouble?*

OR, at perhaps no greater cost (sometimes less), the *new car performance* which PERFECT CIRCLES bring you?

There is no short cut to PERFECT CIRCLE performance. It cannot be duplicated by any other ring or device. That is why 85% of the car makers use PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* rings as standard equipment—many for as long as eight years.

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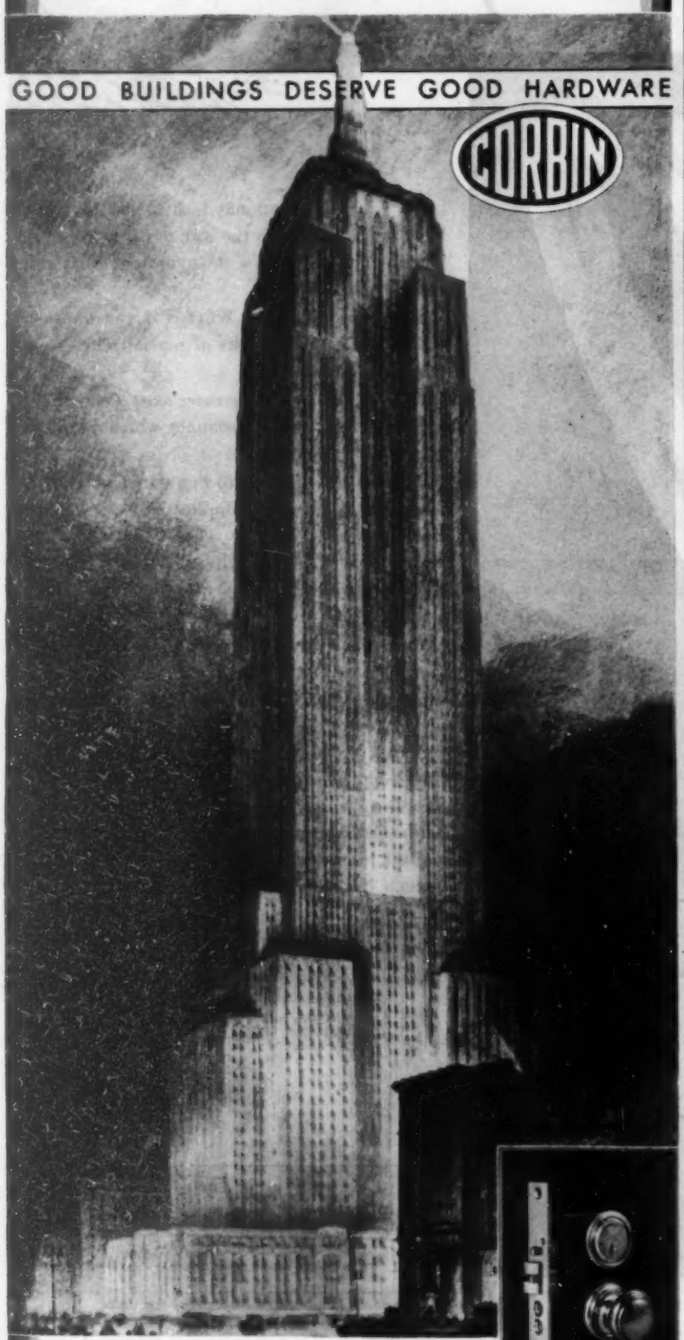
GOOD BUILDINGS DESERVE GOOD HARDWARE



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The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA
Makers of the world's most complete line of builders' hardware

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"This is my profession," he said. "I've spent years learning it. This is the thing I'm to live by. Playing the organ in the Llamarada is all very well, but it isn't the piano. I may be crazy, but I always thought a woman went along with a man wherever his job took him—that is, if she loved him. I'm going up for this tryout, and if I can get the job I'm going to take it, even if the pay's smaller. I'm going to stay with it and make something of it. If you don't want to go with me—well, that's up to you, Virginia. All I can do is ask you to go along."

She turned about and leaned against the back of the chair and wept, but her tears did not change him. They tore at his heart. She was young and sweet. She had been in his arms, her lips to his so many times! She was his girl—his own! But he did not weaken, although he was terribly unhappy. He went to the door.

He said, after a minute, "Good-by, then, Virginia."

Virginia shuddered. She cried, jumping up, "You're going, then?"

He nodded soberly. Perhaps if he had put his arms out to her—but he had his own pride. "If you go you needn't come back," she flared.

Richard's mouth hardened. "That's up to you," he said again.

She was pulling at the small diamond she had been wearing on her left hand through the long spring and summer.

"I thought you loved me," she sobbed. "I thought everything was going to be perfect for us. And a motion-picture salesman only has to come in the theater and say 'radio' to you, and all our plans are gone. I don't want to live that way. I want to be safe."

The ring was in his fingers. He put it into his pocket. His heart was squeezed dry. He went out and shut the door softly behind him. At the gate he hesitated. His feet would carry him no farther. It seemed he could not leave her there. He was deserting her and the little house she had been fixing so lovingly. Why, she was to be his wife! They were promised to each other. His mother, Virginia's family in Sugar Ridge, Miss Pitcain, with whom she lived, her friends and his—everyone knew all their plans. She had her rights in their affairs. Marriage and engagements to marry are taken seriously in Hilltown. A man had an obligation to his woman that stood before all other obligations. To care for her tenderly, to seek her happiness, was his whole duty. But wouldn't they both be happier if he were doing what he wanted to do? Didn't a man have to take a chance now and then? Wasn't this a matter in which he should decide, she yield? She was only fearful of a city because she had never lived in one. She was governed by Hilltown prejudice, where they felt sorry for everyone who lived anywhere else.

Obscurely, in his mind, his masculinity asserted itself. If he yielded to her now —— But why should he? He could not understand how she could care more about a certain house, a certain town, than about his future and his work.

He waited, hoping she would call him, that there would be tears and kisses and reconciliation. They had quarreled once before, and he could not forget the hunger and pain of those months he had not seen her. He had found, then, that there was only one girl for him—one face, one manner, one voice, to satisfy his need. Only one! And he was leaving her now to play the piano in a radio studio! He might not get the job, and he would come back, defeated and separated from her.

She did not call, and he walked slowly and heavily away in the searching August sunshine, feeling himself cold and silent—all the music, the intricate voices of harmony stilled in him. In his mother's house he gave her the news quietly enough.

He added, "Virginia doesn't want to go. She wants me to stay here." She looked at him sharply, questioningly, and he said, slowly, marking on the cloth over her table:

"I think—I told her I'd go anyhow. I think I ought to go. Don't you, mother?"

"You must decide," she answered. It was difficult for her to think of him gone again—those pains at her heart at night. But she said nothing of this at all; only drew him down and kissed him quietly and assured him she knew he would make good.

The WHYB studio was a confusing place. Telephones shrilled and typewriters clicked. Young men darted about with fluttering strips of blue paper in their hands and cigarettes between their lips. A very collegiate youth with curly black hair stood against a wall, reading out loud from a typewritten sheet of paper, "Turn left at Stop-and-Go Sign No. 5, and follow the arrows to Cromer's," while a fat man stood beside him, coaching him impatiently.

Wide panes of thick glass were set in the walls, showing two soundproof studios, draped from ceiling to floor in heavy folds of putty-colored cloth, the ceilings hung with pleated silk, the floor deeply carpeted. In one studio was a piano with a bench, a table with a microphone on it and a chair before it. In the larger room were musical instruments, another grand piano, chairs and a bulletin board, a loud-speaker set in the glass between the studio and the distant operating room. In the outer office an amplifier stood on a table. A girl with bright red hair operated a telephone switchboard and threw Richard a mechanical smile.

Richard stared into the larger soundproof room, where a young woman was standing, alone, singing without accompaniment. No sound came from her moving lips, but the voice eerily came into the office from the amplifier. It was a magic, mysterious sort of business. Over Richard's heartache, the self-doubt which possessed him this morning, was the confusion, the sense of personal danger and alertness which all sensitive people know in a strange environment. He was a cat in a strange garret. He was incredibly alone, in a place filled with busy people.

"Mr. Fishbaum'll see you now."

Mr. Fishbaum was a cadaverous man, all nose and bright, shiny, black eyes.

"This is a strictly commercial studio, Mr. Hardy," said Mr. Fishbaum. "All our artists have to be business people—on time, careful of their obligations. But we have confidence in Mr. Maxenheimer. He's sent us several good buys from the sticks. What kind of a piano do you play?"

"What kind?" said Richard, feeling at a loss.

"Sure, what kind? We don't need a dirt piano. We got a fellow can play the best dirt piano in the state. And we've got a good flash-piano player. That girl singing in there now can play a wonderful flash piano. But we haven't got a real ritz pianist, and we have to

(Continued on Page 95)

THERE WAS USUALLY ONE ON EVERY QUAD

ONE fellow who took it easy. One Gay Nineties boy who liked to ride but hated to pedal. One, in short, who let the other three do the work.

He has a modern counterpart in every gallon of ordinary motor oil. One quart that takes it easy—that is of little or no lubricating value. It is a quart that ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of ordinary oil—a quart of waste that lets the other three do the work.

You'll never find this quart of waste in a gallon of Quaker State Motor Oil. For Quaker State is not refined in the ordinary way. It is *super*-refined—carried a step further by an exclusive process that removes the quart of waste. In its place you get a quart of the finest lubricant—four full quarts of lubricant to every gallon of Quaker State. So you really get an *extra* quart.

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MOTOR OIL

Get that Extra Quart in every gallon

A 5 TON LOAD OF DIRT PER DAY

Taken from the oil of four million engines by AC Oil Filters—that's why you should change the Cartridge every 10,000 miles

Just think—a big truckload of dirt taken every day from the engine oil of four million cars. Part of that truckload of dirt comes out of the oil in your engine.

After 10,000 miles the oil filter ceases to function, as it becomes filled with dirt, sludge and abrasive material taken from the oil.

Replacing the cartridge every 10,000 miles means less engine wear and lower operating costs. Your dealer can make the change in a few minutes.

Partial list of cars factory - equipped with AC Oil Filter:

BUICK
CADILLAC
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CHEVROLET 1927-28
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HUPMOBILE
KISSEL
LA SALLE
MARMON
MARQUETTE
NASH
OAKLAND 1927-28-29
OLDSMOBILE
PEERLESS 1927-28-29
WINDSOR

AC-SPHINX
Birmingham
ENGLAND

AC Spark Plug Company
FLINT, *Michigan*

AC-TITAN
Clichy (Seine)
FRANCE

AC SPARK PLUGS AC SPEEDOMETERS AC AIR CLEANERS AC OIL FILTERS AC FUEL PUMPS AC GASOLINE STRAINERS
AC AMMETERS AC OIL GAUGES AC THERMO GAUGES AC COMPLETE INSTRUMENT PANELS AC GASOLINE GAUGES

(Continued from Page 92)

send all the way to the South Side—a taxi, mind you—every day, for an accompanist for Chester Reid. Why that blues singer can't play his own accompaniments is too much for me. As though we couldn't get another crooner! But no, the piano has to be just so—not too loud, not too soft, not ahead of him, but just exactly behind him. He's as fussy as a Caruso. If you can accompany him and fill in on empty spots and take the evening hour for The Purple Piano Tuners, we can put you right to work."

"I accompanied Madame Simco for a year," said Richard. "I can play accompaniments."

"Maybe you can play for Madame Simco, maybe you can play for Schumann-Heink, but can you play for Chester Reid is what I want to know."

Richard gathered himself together. He must be full of self-confidence to impress anyone as assertive as Mr. Fishbaum.

"Yes," he said, shutting his mouth afterward, his face a little pale.

"We got a spot this afternoon for tryouts. Be here at a quarter to three. . . . Andy!" he shouted, and a pleasant, calm young man with bright yellow hair stuck his head in at the door. "This is Richard Hardy. Manny sent him to us. He plays a business piano. This is Andy, our program manager and chief announcer." The two shook hands, and Richard knew he was dismissed. "And, Andy, tell those Alabama pears, or peaches, or whatever they are, that they have to cut out the chatter and stick to their guitars." He complained, turning to Richard, "These old-time vaudeville actors have to wise-crack all the time. It spoils their stunt. And, Andy, send that subannouncer out into the hall to recite. He's too English! And tell Chester Reid to be here at three o'clock. Tell him we have a new accompanist for him to try."

"Stick around, Hardy," said Andy out in the big office. "Take it all in and get the idea before you try out. What are you going to play this afternoon?"

Richard showed him his carefully selected program: Suite Bergamesque of Debussy, two Chopin Preludes, and a selection from Ravel.

The fellow called Andy shook his head. "It's all one to me," he confessed. "But go to it. However, Fishbaum will want to hear you play something he knows, so that he can tell something about it."

"How about the First Hungarian Rhapsody? I brought the music, although I know it anyhow."

Andy thought this a good choice, and Richard sat down in a deep chair facing the big soundproof room. Andy drove the aspiring subannouncer, who was called Charlie, out into the hall, answered the telephone, gave the switchboard girl the message for Chester Reid, talked to a booking agent named Reinhart, stopped now and then to give Richard a little information or advice. He was a friendly soul. Richard liked him. He thought the program manager was marvelously competent. Andy had a thousand things to do and nothing hurried him. He consulted with the young man who evidently wrote the copy for the advertisements read over the microphone.

"Everything has to be written," Andy explained to Richard. "No ad-lib stuff in this studio."

There was a terrible uproar about a mistake in someone's advertisement, and Andy straightened it calmly and skillfully. A booking agent came in and secured an engagement for a tryout for two women, who, he assured them all, "could play the meanest banjos you ever heard." In a farther cubbyhole, two young men at a complicated telephone switchboard, with mechanism all around them that would have sent Jobe, the Llamarada projection man, into ecstasies, struggled with a program coming from a distant station to be broadcast over WHYB.

"Listen in on this induction!" a young voice shouted, and Richard could hear a faint buzzing. Charlie, who had wandered back in from the hall, asked Richard what they thought they could expect from a hay-wire transmitter? Richard didn't know, and the subannouncer confided to him that it was always that way with remote control. When he was in Cincinnati ——

"Is this the gas house?" asked the man at the telephone, in full irritation, and Richard's new guide said the "gas house" was their own power station.

"If Fishbaum would spend a little money ——" said the very young subannouncer condescendingly, and then he went into the small studio, and when Richard, at Andy's advice, left to go to the corner drug store for some lunch, he heard the young man's clipped, pleasant voice announcing a sale of women's silk lingerie at a downtown department store. As Richard went out, Andy called to him and followed him into the hall.

"If you get back while Fishbaum is still out, try the piano in the small room. Shut the door tight. The mike will be in use in the big room. We'll try you on the piano in the little studio."

Richard thanked him.

There was no quiet in the drug store. It was packed with hurried people. Men reached over the heads of girls on the stools for sandwiches and soft drinks. The place was noisy, crowded, terrible. Richard felt a secret sympathy with Virginia's aversion to the city. His life had not been like this in Boston. It had certainly been otherwise in Hilltown, where he lived at home and played to the same orderly crowd, night after night. This was "downtown." This was scramble, and eager, loud voices—men and women whose quick minds turned from one thing to another without confusion. But the food was good, and Richard steadied himself. He must tear his mind away from the picture of Virginia in her grandmother's rocker, her hands before her face, crying. No use getting in a funk. He had burned his bridges. He had to go ahead. He had to play the piano, and play it well. He had heard a terrible phrase in the studio—Mr. Reinhart, the booking agent, arguing that his client ought to have another trial. She had been trembling with mike fright. Was, then, the little network of wires with a rim around it so disconcerting? He could imagine the vacuum silences of those cloth-hung rooms.

When he returned to the studio a full orchestra of sixty pieces was in the big studio, the sounds from the amplifier filling the office with a quick, sweet staccato. Richard watched the competent leader, whose baton seemed to have charmed the loud-speaker. He began to doubt seriously that this was a world for him. He wanted to play the piano, not exorcise, not toy with witchcraft. All the words were so queer: "Hay-wire transmitter"; "dirt piano"; "on the air"; "off the air"; "WHYB signing off until 11:55"; "spots" and "ad-libs."

He closed the door of the small studio behind him and was enfolded at once into shining peace and quiet. He had never been alone like this in his life. This was new and wonderful. It was better than the empty, dark theater at home. The microphone on the table, dead now, was nothing but a piece of metal. He sat down at the piano. His back was to the wide pane of glass. Virginia would be in the theater at 6:30, as usual, he thought. Virginia!

"This is what I've given her up for," he thought in panic. "A piano in an empty room!" Virginia, who was warm and sweet, and kind enough to love him. Virginia, who was living, was life itself.

He spread out his music and began to play. He ran over the keys and sounded some full chords and let them run naturally into music. The piano was excellent. The keys were a little worn and dirty. He stopped and wiped one or two of them clean with his pocket handkerchief and played on. He did not practice his carefully selected program, but began a haunting waltz, full of odd heartache, swung into a march that told of men going to war, of women watching with tear-bright eyes, and went on with the rambling music a skilled pianist plays for his own delight. And all the while he played he was thinking of Virginia and the little clean house—the nest she was making—wondering if she would ever forgive him; wondering why men were held by such conflicting passions, when life was so simple for women; resenting it even, a little, that he was nothing but a slave to hungry ears and ten fingers; wishing that he could be like Andy or Charlie, or the young man with his blue papers—all of whom loved girls and married or quit them without remorse or complications. For him there seemed always some desperate choice to make—heartbreak and loneliness.

But he shook off the dangers of self-pity. This was what he had spent his life learning to do. This was what he must do or be forever silent. When his chance came that afternoon he would do his best and let the chips fall where they might. He would stand by his position, having taken it. After all, was he a man or wasn't he? He answered himself with a renewed brilliance of execution. It was all a man had—his self-respect. If he let this chance go he would deserve to ride forever in the shallows. What if he wasn't happy? Did it matter to anyone? Did it matter to the piano? Not at all. He would work!

And so he came out of his terror and unhappiness. So he found himself, and with the forming of his thoughts he reached a new power and assurance. No one knew whether he was right or wrong till the play was played out. But a man had to do what he thought was right, and go on from there.

He saw that the studio clock was nearing one, and rose and turned to leave the studio, before Mr. Fishbaum returned, and stopped and stared. The big studio was empty. Grouped around the loud-speaker in the outer office was the whole force; Mr. Fishbaum in the middle, his thumbs in his vest pockets, a cigar in his teeth. Andy was there, and Charlie, and the telephone girl, and the fat man, and the copy writer, all standing in a group, listening. They turned their faces toward him when he rose. Mr. Fishbaum was talking, but Richard could not hear his words. Mr. Fishbaum beckoned to Richard impatiently. They had been listening in

(Continued on Page 99)

Preventing Explosions *with* NICHOLSON FILES

THE network of electric cables beneath the street of a city generally is joined together beneath manholes. If moisture seeped through and touched them an explosion might result.

Skilled workmen protect these "splicings"—or meeting places of the cables—from moisture with lead joints.

To cut down the ends of these joints to the correct thickness, these expert workmen use Nicholson Rasps and Half Round Files.

Under ground and over ground—on the sea and in the air—in the big industrial plants and in your home workshop there are thousands of uses for Nicholson Files.

Your hardware dealer can supply you. And you can tell a genuine Nicholson by the crossed files trade mark which is always stamped on the tang.

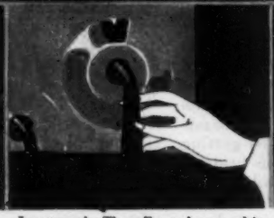
NICHOLSON FILE CO.
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

NICHOLSON U.S.A.

A File for Every Purpose

Just pull out the two utensil drawers —there is everything you need, without taking a step.

Just be comfortable, and set your own cooking height by having the legs of your range adjusted to your own height.



Just turn the ThermEstate lever, and it (1) turns on the oven gas, (2) lights it, (3) sets the heat control.

Just use every bit of the oven space, for the Estate Fresh-Air Oven is built like a double boiler. Uniform heat in every inch—uniform baking results, always.

Just stand still and do all your cooking right here at the range. For everything is at your finger-tips on this silvery, stainless work-table top.

Cash Price $169.50 for city gas as shown in illustration. Other Estate Ranges from $49.50 up. Higher west of the Rockies and on all ranges specially constructed for home gas systems. Convenient terms of payment, if you wish.

Introducing the NEW

[MODEL "K"]

© 1930, The E. S. Co.

It takes the walking out of cooking

. . . *gas range, cupboard and kitchen-table,* ALL IN ONE

FOR you who think in terms of today . . . for you who know that a little luxury goes a long way toward happiness . . . for you who realize that every step saved in the kitchen gives you more time for living, Estate has created a daringly new gas range. Splendid in each inspired detail—the finest achievement of Estate's 85 years of leadership in the building of cooking appliances.

Imagine a gas range lovely as a colonial cabinet, with a stainless, silvery "Estalloy" top for a work-table, centering all your cooking activities right before you.

No more circling from table to sink to cupboard to range. For this new range takes the walking out of cooking. Your meals are ready to serve, on time, in time—you go to the table a calm and gracious hostess instead of a hurried, harried cook.

Now you may be stately tall or daintily petite and still be kitchen-comfortable. For this range is made to your measure—its adjustable legs give you exactly the working height you want.

There are so many things to admire and talk about in this newest Estate. The Fresh-Air Oven, built like a double boiler, to take the ups and downs out of baking. Oven control by a single lever that turns on the gas, lights it, regulates the temperature. Insulated, too, to keep the heat in and the cook cool. And the broiler-pan, adjustable to various heights, slides in and out like a drawer.

Salt and pepper? Raise your hand, they're right there on the shelf waiting for you. Potato masher? Spice canister? Knife sharpener? These and many other kitchen implements come with the range and nestle in two roomy utensil drawers. Everything to give you finger-tip control when you cook.

Would you have believed yesterday what your own eyes tell you today? Yet this new Estate is smiling at you right now from a thousand show-windows. In cool green or mellow ivory enamel.

So easy to keep enduringly beautiful, this new range . . . smooth, unbroken surfaces . . . shapely legs . . . no catch-all corners. You'll always be proud of it. So visit your dealer or gas company; see this newest Estate, as well as the complete line of Estate Ranges. The request coupon below will bring you a handsomely illustrated booklet describing this new model, together with our pamphlet of recipes for Famous Cakes. The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 24-A, Hamilton, Ohio.

Sales branches, warehouses and service in New York, Boston, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Portland (Oregon).

★ *If you live beyond the gas mains* you may still enjoy the Estate Range, specially designed for home gas systems, such as Delcogas, Flamo, National Gas, Pyrofax, Shellane, Skelgas and others.

THIS BRINGS YOU a handsomely illustrated booklet describing the newest Estate Range and recipes for Famous Cakes.

MAIL IT TODAY!

THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY,
Dept. 24-A, Hamilton, Ohio

Gentlemen: Please send me illustrated booklet on the new Estate Range, also the recipes for Famous Cakes.

Name .....

Address .....

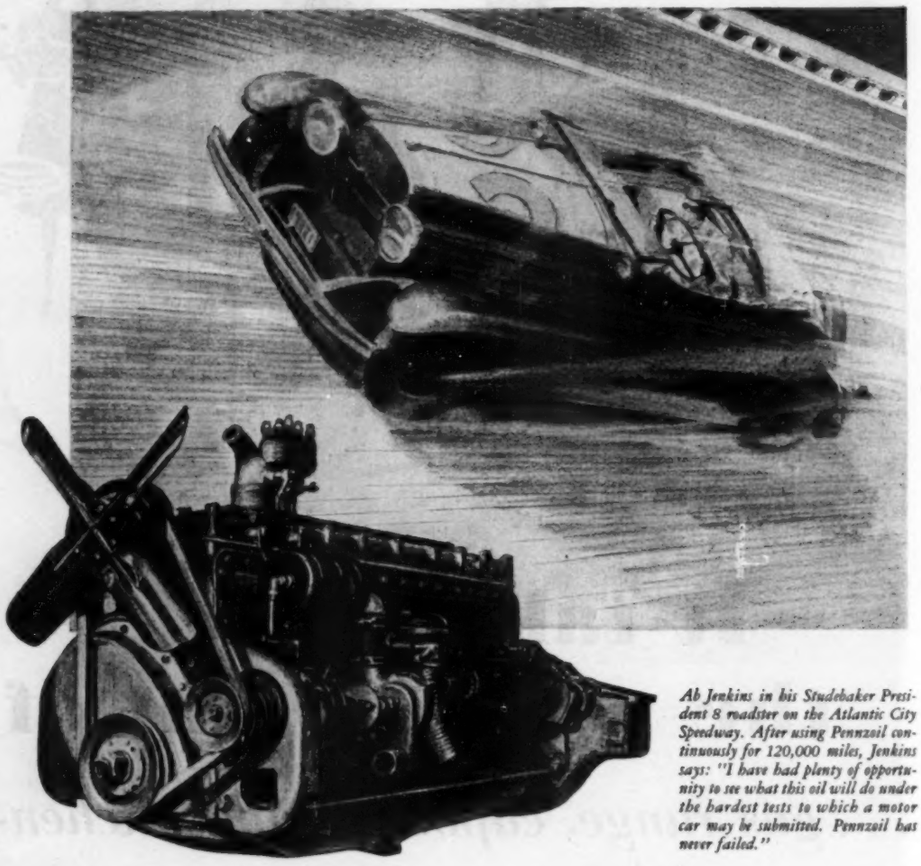
City ..... State .....

Estate GAS RANGE

. . FOR CITY GAS AND HOME GAS SYSTEMS . .

120,000 Miles of Hard Driving!

Powerful proof of the Friction-fighting Ability *of* PENNZOIL



Ab Jenkins in his Studebaker President 8 roadster on the Atlantic City Speedway. After using Pennzoil continuously for 120,000 miles, Jenkins says: "I have had plenty of opportunity to see what this oil will do under the hardest tests to which a motor car may be submitted. Pennzoil has never failed."

"THE BEST MOTOR OIL IN THE WORLD"

120,000 miles! That's a lot of driving. It's a whale of a lot when you consider what *kind* of driving this strictly stock Studebaker of Ab Jenkins' was subjected to! 30,000 miles in 26,329 consecutive minutes on the Atlantic City Speedway—just for a start! Then off for a demonstrating trip across the continent—scaling mountains which were thought impossible for an automobile to climb. *And every turn of the motor was lubricated with Pennzoil.*

It takes Pennzoil to stand a test like that—to stay on the job mile after mile under the hardest driving conditions. Motorists who use Pennzoil know there is nothing like it to resist heat and friction. They know by the way Pennzoil reduces their repair bills and safeguards them against worn-out parts. They know by the amazing improvement Pennzoil makes in the performance of their motors. That's why millions of them call Pennzoil "the best motor oil in the world."

Pennzoil is different from all other oils. This is not merely because it comes from 100% pure Pennsylvania crude. Not because it is refined by a special process which uses only the *heart* of that crude. Not even because it is made by lubrication specialists of fifty years' standing who have at their command the facilities of the largest organization in the world devoted exclusively to the refining of Pennsylvania oils. *It is because Pennzoil is the result of all these factors.* And Pennzoil is the most economical oil you can buy, because it lasts at least twice as long!

Change to Pennzoil *now*—and notice how your motor actually runs smoother, sweeter as the mileage rolls up! Sold by dealers from Maine to California.

The Pennzoil Co. *Executive Offices and Refinery: Oil City, Pa.; Division Offices: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles.*

35¢ A QUART

Slightly higher in Canada

PENNZOIL

HIGHEST QUALITY PENNSYLVANIA OIL

PERMIT NO. 2—PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASS'N

This seal is more than a pledge of 100% pure Pennsylvania. It is our guarantee to you of highest quality finished Motor Oil.

GUARANTEED BY THE PENNZOIL COMPANY — 100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil of Supreme Quality — PENNZOIL

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(Continued from Page 95)

on him. He was suddenly in a cold panic. He opened the door and came out. He was white to the lips.

He said to Andy, "Was I on the air?"

Andy grinned at him. "No, Hardy, just on the amplifier. Boy, you're good!"

"Fair," said Mr. Fishbaum quickly, "quite fair."

Andy winked—a wink Richard took to mean that Mr. Fishbaum was reluctantly impressed.

So there wasn't to be any mike fright for him. It was over. He was suddenly grateful.

Andy, who was facing him and nearer than the others, said softly: "Don't sign up for more than six months. You belong in New York."

There was a long afternoon ahead of Richard. He had a talk with Mr. Fishbaum. He played the piano for Chester Reid, a medium-sized, gray-eyed, exacting crooner, and satisfied him. He watched and listened to Bennet, a tall, very thin, mournful young man, who played a dirt piano. He heard the performance of the two old vaudeville actresses with their mean banjos. There was nothing left of them but clever fingers. They were thin and worn, their faces marred with deep lines, stamped with dissipation. Richard wondered how women could ever let themselves get that way, thinking of his mother and Miss Pitcain. But when the two women came out of the studio and Andy took one aside and said: "Listen, you'll have to ditch her. You can't carry her. By yourself you're a wow, but she spoils your act," the old vaudeville actress said humbly: "We've been together twenty years. I have to carry her. Either we go on as an act, or not at all." And Richard was compelled to respect them. Twenty years; an act, or nothing. And they were thin and poor, in spite of brave paint and rouge and bright glass beads. What a bad break for both of them!

He signed a contract for a little more than his present earnings, for six months, with Fishbaum. The owner of the studio seemed to think six months was as long as Richard would stay with them. After the contract was signed the studio manager relaxed and admitted that Richard was as good as anyone he had heard in a long while. He had something for the radio.

"It's like a movie camera, in a way. Some beautiful and charming women can't get by with a camera. Some people can play a musical instrument or sing, and it's all lost in the microphone. You're good," said Fishbaum. "Now just be on time every day and we'll have no trouble. And when you're playing on the big time, don't forget where you got your start."

In his room at a small hotel, Richard sent a wire to his mother and one to Mr. McLaughlin, and sat down to think. He pondered a strange thing. When he played for Chester Reid for his regular four-o'clock singing period, he got it. Reid was very popular; thousands of people listened for him every day. He was the studio's star. A mysterious excitement came in, after a minute or two—a thing Richard called, to himself, "response." It was strong, almost overpowering—a wave of answering emotion, unalloyed and clear. It was like a direct current, and disturbed Richard exceedingly, there in the room where the piano and the voice seemed muted. It was as though the small, cloth-hung studio was filled with the minds and hearts of unnumbered, disembodied persons. Richard asked Reid about it when they had finished, and Reid looked at him quickly and said:

"Of course I feel it. Sometimes it's nearly too much for me—like hands reaching out. But I never speak of it to anyone. I'm superstitious about it. Don't say anything to Andy or to Mr. Fishbaum. They'll tell you 'horse feathers.' They don't get a thing back from the microphone. The radio is a business proposition to them—purely mechanical. Only a few performers feel what they've just voiced, and they don't talk about it. It means you were born for the microphone—that's all I've got to say."

Born for the microphone! Maybe it was true. Maybe it was what he had, unconsciously, been seeking for years. Almost all the people in the studio were young. Perhaps this was the great new medium; Richard felt a door opening wide before him. He was thrilled. His piano, in the quiet room, had given nothing of dramatics, nothing of the performer but the distilled excellence of his own conception of sound, the mathematical perfection of performance to which nothing but vitality was added. Unconsciously, the concert pianist dressed and performed for the audience. But in the radio business there was nothing but music. He thought of the loud-speaker over the radio store at home, with a little knot of listening people on the edge of the walk; the sound floating out over the square, around the stores and offices. Lord, it was wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!

For the first time he began to hear music—music for the radio. He had composed a little—things mostly imitative—feeling in himself no urge to create, satisfied and overawed with playing the productions of other men, who had known inspiration. But now there came to him a certain tempo and harmony, a new music, not exactly jazz—simple and intimate.

Greatly excited, he hunted among his music sheets for some blank scores, could not find any, and struck some off with the edge of the blotter and a lead pencil on the blank backs of pages of music, and began to put down the notes, setting first the simple line of melody that had come to him out of the silence. He worked in a quick, sure excitement, watching the development of the theme on the carelessly ruled scores, until, with intense satisfaction, the motif was finished and rounded off.

The next morning he was at the studio early, watching for a chance to try out the music, to add the accompaniment, the fuller harmony. It seemed even better to him than the night before, but he said nothing to anyone, hugging it to his heart, hoping for more such inspirations.

He wrote a long letter to Virginia that night, ignoring their quarrel, saying nothing of the future, telling her of his day and all that had happened, trying to express his new thoughts and feelings—except the music. Perhaps he was more hurt by the fact that he had told Virginia of his silly prayer, and that it had made no difference, than by anything else. But he wrote without bitterness, sending messages to the others on the staff of the Llamarada, telling her he missed her.

"I won't be able to get home, although it is only half a day's trip," he wrote, "for this is a seven-day job, with hours here and there. But if you come up, of course you will let me know." He signed it simply, "With love, Richard."

He was soon caught up in the activity of the studio. He learned to grab for luncheon and breakfast, but to take time for his dinner. The shop talk came naturally to his lips in a few days. He sent his mother money and wrote to her regularly. For days he hoped for a letter from Virginia, but at last made up his mind that she was through with him, that that was over, and he sat in his little room and wrote down the melodies that came to him at the same hour every night. He struck up a friendship with Bennet, who did not know one note from another, but played everything by ear. Bennet had never had a music lesson in his life. He was a natural. He had only to hear a fragment of a tune to reconstruct it all with a shrewd, native harmony. He interpolated cascades of scales, ripples and ornamentation into his playing, drawled the music sensuously, or played with a quick, stimulating syncopation. He liked to hear Richard play, and they came and went to and from the studio together, ate together, and Richard was less lonely. Finally Richard began to confide in Bennet about his compositions, and they tried them out cautiously together, and Bennet was encouraging, picking up the tunes and altering the time a little, listening while Richard played them truly.

Within a few weeks Richard was at home in the studio. He was "Rich" to everyone, knew them all by first names, was involved in arguments and gossip. With the adaptability of youth, he felt that he had indeed been born for the microphone, brought up in a studio. His fan mail began to come in, slowly at first, then more steadily, as people learned to listen for his periods. He sent these letters to his mother, hoping, but not asking, that she would show them to Virginia. He found Mr. Fishbaum was hard as concrete, stern, exacting, but at the most unexpected times filled with a soft sentimentality, kind and sympathetic.

Many people in Hilltown listened in for Richard and wrote to the studio. Mr. McLaughlin covered four pages with careful Scotch praise.

Miss Pitcain, who was the ticket seller at the Llamarada, walked into the studio one day, and Richard almost kissed her, he was so glad to see her. "I've come to shop," she told him, smiling. He took her out to luncheon and asked eagerly for news from home.

"Virginia nearly cried herself away the week after you left," Miss Pitcain told him when they had talked about everyone else. "I told her she was a silly girl to let you go, but she didn't answer. She put her things in storage and let the house go. It does seem too bad. I think she made it kind of a test of love. After all, she is very young and romantic, and doesn't like to be put in second place."

"There isn't any first or second to it," said Richard. "They are two different things. Do you think I should have stayed in Hilltown? I thought, after I left, that she would come up here to me. I miss her terribly."

"No," said Miss Pitcain slowly, "I don't think you should have stayed. Perhaps things will be all right between you yet."

Richard doubted it. But he did not know what to do.

When they left the restaurant she drew him back and said uneasily: "Your mother isn't at all well, Richard. If you could get home just for a day, just for a few hours even ——"

"I'll try," said Richard. "I've been here more than two months now and haven't lost an hour's work. I'll ask Mr. Fishbaum. Is it anything special with mother? She writes that she's quite well."

"She isn't, though. The practical nurse that stays with her told me she has had several bad sinking spells at night. It's her heart, I think. Perhaps I shouldn't have told you."

"Of course you should." Richard was alarmed. "I'll try to get home Monday afternoon. I can borrow a car and get back to the studio for the Tuesday-morning work. You let me know exactly how she is, will you? Perhaps you could ask the doctor."

"I will, and I'll tell her you'll be home soon to see her."

But it was only the next morning that the telegram came from Mr. McLaughlin, saying that his mother had died an hour earlier, after a bad night. It came to the studio, and Richard stood reading it, and then looked around, perfectly helpless. Andy took the telegram away from him, read it, and got Richard a chair and went for Mr. Fishbaum at once. They were all very quiet and kind, and Mr. Fishbaum sent Richard home in his own car, with the chauffeur to drive it. Richard was not to come back for a week. Bennet packed his bag, everyone looked after him, and he rode home in a daze, feeling such a grief and loss that he was beyond tears.

The little house where his mother had lived all her married life was quiet. Friends were in charge. Mr. McLaughlin and Miss Pitcain had already looked after things. The first thing Richard did when he got into the house was to close the piano. He hardly knew why he did it. It seemed to him suddenly a hateful thing, a thing that had cost his mother her life. He went into her room and closed the door. She was very lovely, like a young wife again, in her white dress, lying on her own bed as though she slept. The boy had his bad hour alone. His heart was torn with regret. Those two months—he should have stayed with her those two months. It might have been longer if he had been there. She had never suggested his staying, had not even thought of it. But it had been his place to think of it. Now he was entirely free. There were no ties on him. His mother was gone, Virginia had loosed him, and he was all alone. He tried to think, but had only this one great conviction which stood in his mind like a peak—he would never play the piano again. It had cost him everything. The other loss merged into this one. His mother, sewing late at night, living sparingly, walking on the icy streets to deliver sewing, and falling—all alone. It was too late now for him to do anything for her. But he could do this—he could never play the piano again!

He came out after a while, composed and silent, haggard and dry-eyed. He answered and asked questions mechanically, saw Virginia, her face scalded with weeping, felt the pressure of her hands, heard her voice without emotion. Jobe and Ruth, Mr. McLaughlin, and even Bill Finney, clean and humble, came and went before him. None of them were real. There had been only himself and his mother. She was his whole family. Now he was alone.

Somehow he got through the terrible business. Miss Pitcain offered to pack and look after his mother's things, to rent the house for him. He told her he would let her know. Miss Pitcain left, and he was alone in the empty house, having promised Mr. McLaughlin to eat dinner with him at the hotel. It had been easier to promise than to argue or explain. But he did not want

(Continued on Page 102)

KUPPENHEIMER

Their good appearance, controlled fabrics and handcrafting

Good CLOTHES

» assure their leadership in quality, style and value

Those Frequent Headaches may be caused by an ACID CONDITION

Whenever an over-acid condition casts its shadow upon you, you must force yourself to work, and even pleasures are too great an effort. Appetite lags; the digestion is poor. The whole system suffers.

Laboratory tests show an acid condition is due to errors in the present-day diet of most people. But you need not wait to diet your way out of the difficulty:

Take a tablespoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

This will quickly neutralize the excess acid. From the hour you relieve an acid-soaked stomach with this creamy, pleasant-tasting remedy, you'll feel like a different person.

Take a little whenever a sick headache, heartburn, flatulence, nausea, indigestion, or biliousness, shows that the digestive system is becoming too acid. Whenever you are taking cold; when sluggishness shows the intestines are clogged, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia has a gentle laxative action.

This wonderful anti-acid is most pleasant to take. It is widely prescribed for men, women and children. According to leading medical authority, it is magnesia in the very best form. It's a liquid —not a tablet; bottle and wrapper of the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia bear Chas. H. Phillips' signature, for your protection.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Along with this ideal anti-acid, dentists advise Phillips' Dental Magnesia, a toothpaste that corrects acid mouth

(Continued from Page 99)

to eat. He wanted to be alone, to go back, step by step, through the years of his boyhood, to remember all the little things that had had no significance before. A boy brought him a telegram. It was from Mr. Fishbaum. Like everything else that had happened in the last few days, he read it without emotion, without proper comprehension:

HAVE HAD HUNDREDS OF FAN LETTERS ASKING FOR YOU STOP REINHART HAS MADE GOOD OFFER FOR YOUR CONTRACT STOP HE CAN PLACE YOU ON PURPLE NETWORK TWO HOURS A DAY ADVERTISING ARGENBRIGHT PIANOS STOP ALL CLASSICAL MUSIC STOP WIRE INSTRUCTIONS SORRY TO BOTHER YOU NOW BUT MUST HAVE REPLY BY MORNING FISHBAUM

He put the yellow square on the rack of the old upright piano on which he had taken his first lessons and given many others. He wondered if he could get his old job back, playing the organ at the Llamarada. Then he could live on here alone, in his mother's house, among her familiar things, and he would never have to go away and leave her here, in the Hilltown Cemetery, alone.

He didn't say anything to Mr. McLaughlin about the telegram. He asked him, while they made a pretense of eating, if he could have his old job back, and Mr. McLaughlin said:

"But what about the radio? We've been so proud of you! You don't want to come back here. Your mother wouldn't want it."

"It's what I mean to do. I should never have gone away."

Mr. McLaughlin bent his troubled blue eyes on the still youth. He looked anxiously toward the door of the dining room and back at Richard again.

Finally the owner of the Llamarada said: "If you want your job you can have it. But I don't want you to say one way or the other for a few days. I don't think you should come back here. I'd feel that I was taking advantage of you to hire you now. You go back to your job for a little while, and then we'll see."

"I'm not going back. I'm going to stay right on in my own house. If I can play the organ in the theater and stay here, it's all I ask. You see, I don't want to talk about it, but I don't want to play the piano any more."

Mr. McLaughlin looked very grave at this. He turned and beckoned to someone. Richard looked up and saw Virginia, pale and determined, approaching them.

Mr. McLaughlin said, "I've got to go to the theater now. Virginia doesn't work tonight. I thought you two might want to take a walk." He had the air of an archconspirator.

Richard was unresisting. He and Virginia went out together and walked away from the hotel, away from the square, down toward the river.

She said, "Let's sit down here on the old band stand."

Richard sat down obediently and she sat beside him. There was a little silence. The leaves were falling in showers, but the night was not cold.

"Richard," she whispered, "I'm sorry. I—won't you make up?"

"I never was mad," he told her. "It's all right."

She was struggling with tears.

"I've been so wrong, so foolish. Richard, let me go back with you. See, I'm asking you. I've been a stubborn, silly girl. I've been so terribly unhappy and didn't know how to give in. Hilltown, with you away, hasn't any meaning. I'll go anywhere with you."

"I'm not going back," he said.

"Why not?" Her voice was small.

"I'm not going to play the piano any more. It—it killed my mother. It robbed her of everything."

"Oh, Richard, don't say such a thing!"

He said nothing. She took his hand and put it to her lips and covered it with kisses and cradled it against her cheek. She drew his arm around her neck and held his hand closely in her own. She drew his head down. She kissed his cheek and temple, his hair, and turned his face with her fingers and kissed his lips.

He was not responsive. He seemed far away. Her face was wet with tears of pure pity and love.

"I love you, Richard. I know I can never be the woman your mother was, but I'll be all I can be for you. Maybe it isn't even right for me to bother you now. But it breaks my heart to see you like this. If I could help you a little, even though I never saw you again —— If I could just help you, darling ——"

And then he was folded over, his head in her lap, and her arms held him tightly while he cried.

They went slowly back, after a long time of murmurs and silence, tears and kisses and complete reconciliation—back past the Llamarada to Miss Pitcain's gate. Richard still could not speak of Mr. Fishbaum's telegram. But his heart was easier. Some of the grief had been washed away. His loneliness was pierced. He felt her near to him—the breath in his body, his own girl. Sometime again, he felt dimly, they would be happy. He was able to think of the future without intolerable emptiness facing him.

After he had said good night to her she changed her mind and said she thought she would walk the two blocks with him to his mother's house. It wasn't far and she didn't mind coming back alone. She hated to leave him to go into the empty house.

"It's late," he said, but made no other protest. She walked along with him and opened the door and turned on the lights, which fell on the telegram on the piano.

"Play something for me, honey; then I'll go."

Without taking thought, he opened the piano and began to play.

Waiting for the water to run *is a Nuisance*

SLOW RUNNING WATER . . . wasted time . . . water can't come through rust-clogged pipes quickly!

NO WAITING NOW! "Doing the dishes" a quick, easy job. Chase Copper Tubing lets water run full force.

IF the water at your kitchen sink or in the bathroom runs slowly, perhaps at times cuts down to an irritating trickle, the chances are that the pipes are clogged with rust.

You can get rid of that nuisance quickly and economically by having your old pipes replaced with Chase Copper Water Tubing.

A small opening in the wall . . . a board or two lifted up out of the floor . . . that's usually all the tearing out a plumber has to do to replace clogged pipes with non-rusting Chase Copper Water Tubing. He disconnects the old pipes and leaves them right where they are.

Chase Copper Tubing is flexible. To pass an obstruction or turn a corner, the plumber simply bends the tubing. On very sharp corners and for connecting up the faucets and fixtures, special Chase fittings are used . . . the same type of fittings that are used on locomotives and on the gas and oil lines on your automobile.

Once installed, Chase Copper Water Tubing protects you indefinitely from the annoyance of rusty pipes. It's made of 99.9% pure copper, and pure copper just simply cannot rust.

Why put up with the irritation of slow-running water now that you can have your rust-clogged pipes replaced so economically and with so little inconvenience?

Call in your plumber. He will tell you exactly what it will cost to modernize your home with Chase Flexible Copper Water Tubing.

CHASE COPPER WATER TUBING

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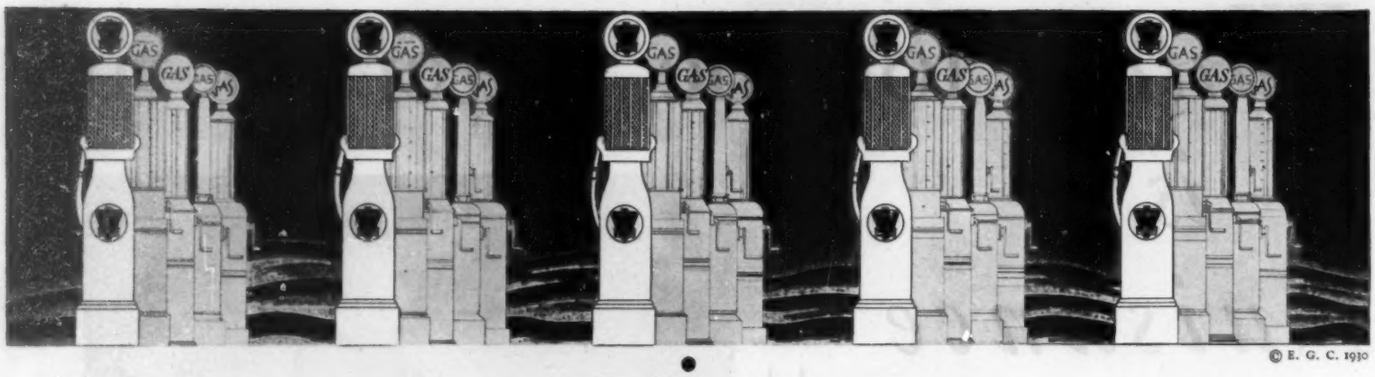

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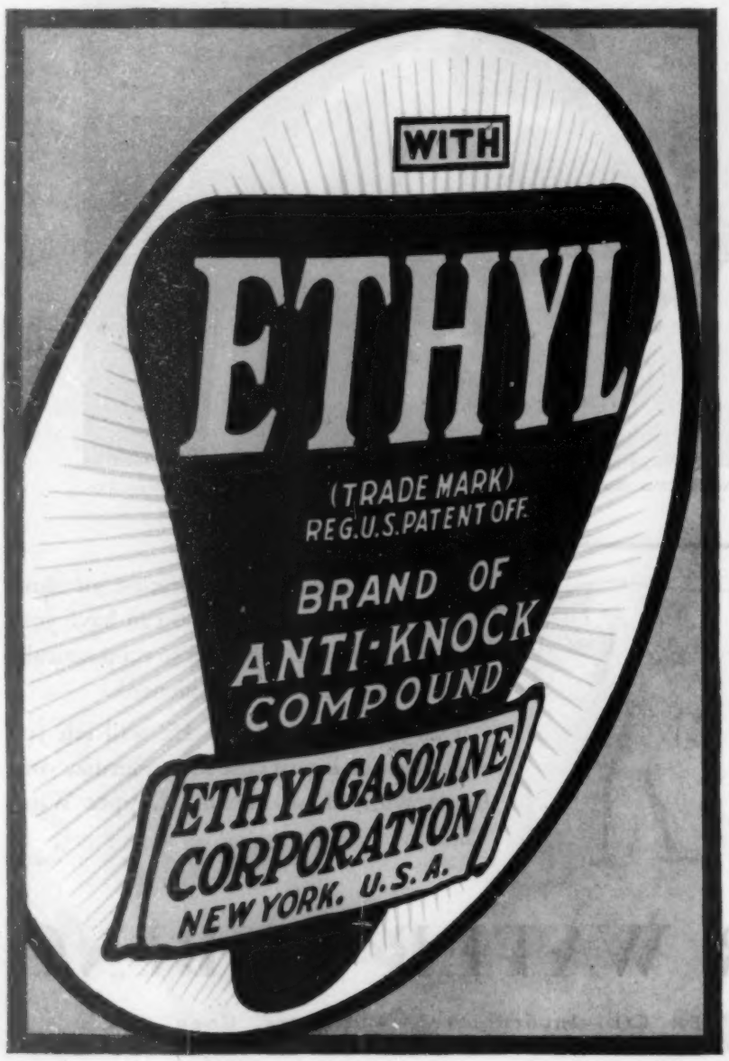

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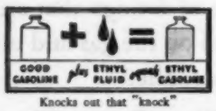

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SIMON PURE

(Continued from Page 23)

loose and had a big ole time. I'm not saying it wasn't a good party, looking at it like that. Looking at it from that standpoint it was all right."

He flipped a cigarette stub at the open window. It hit the ledge and bounced out of sight in a shower of sparks.

Davis looked down at the knobby feet extending from the ends of his pajamas and wriggled his toes.

"When I was a freshman ole Max Jennings used to pile a flock of us in his flivver on Sunday afternoons and we'd go calling out the country club way. We used to stop off at big houses and park ourselves for a while in a noble-looking drawing-room and lap up some tea and cake, and make dates with the sweet things for house dances and teas at the Marlboro-Trent grill. When we threw a formal house dance the gals called off a couple of Junior League high jinks or formal balls or something, and came charging in here in their big limousines with their mammas, and the parties had a sort of tone they don't have now. That's all."

Sam Sims cracked his knuckles and gave Davis a hard, bright look.

"What was your objection to the ladies at the past party?"

His voice was soft and sleepy. Davis didn't seem to notice anything unusual in his tone, but it gave Moby a queer sensation.

"I spose they were nice enough girls. Although I wouldn't know about the two frails Brothers Sloan and Latimer brought out from the Stock Company. I wouldn't know about them. But what I'm trying to get at is this: It wouldn't do the house any harm to stop stepping these cute little gals from the bursar's office and somebody's dizzy little blond stenog, and work out on some girls that know which fork to use and don't have to wait and see what somebody else is going to pick up first."

Sam Sims stopped cracking his knuckles and stood up. "Nothing personal, Brother Davis?"

"Oh, no."

"Thanks." He went over to the door and opened it. He paused on the threshold and raised his voice in a quavering, ludicrous falsetto: "No, thank you, Mrs. Whiffingpoof. I won't have another cup of tea. I'll just cut myself another bit of cake."

Moby watched the door close behind him. "Just a big social asset," he said.

Davis lit another cigarette. He inhaled slowly before he went on.

"I've been thinking," he said—"I've been thinking I'd get my mother to fling a party out at the house for the chapter. We'd make it formal and pass a ruling that the freshmen have to go. Upper classmen who'd rather be down doing a little home work in somebody's parlor on John Street can stay away if they want to."

Moby reflected uneasily that he didn't have a dinner coat, and buying one would eat heavily into the money from the great ticket racket. He thought about getting Big Moby to lend him his, and gave the idea up. Big Moby's dinner coat would be too short in the sleeves and too big around the middle. It was shiny and worn and quite definitely passé.

"Spose you don't have a dinner coat," he asked Davis; "what do you do about that?"

Davis waved his cigarette airily.

"My boy," he said, "calm your little self. We will assemble a formal costume for you that will immeasurably enhance those iron muscles and brawny shoulders. Little girls will be following you around sprinkling roses in your path and salt on your coat tails."

After he went to bed Moby lay awake and thought about it. It was a swell idea. His mind conjured up pleasant visions of fragile, delicately nurtured finishing-school products, looking up at him and saying, "Oh, Mr. Bryant," and, "I saw you play and you were marvelous." Mentally he sat at ease in the Tau Alph living room and listened to freshmen bawling, "Yo-oh, Bryant. Phone," and got up with elaborate nonchalance to remain closeted in the house phone booth for indefinite periods of time.

On Saturday night at 8:45 he eased himself stiffly into the back seat of Morry Campbell's flivver and received the negligible weight of Joe Shone on the knees of George Davis' second-best dress pants. Beside Campbell in the front seat were Brothers Haines and Vincent. Beside him in creaking bosoms were Brothers Knight, Ozzy Bell and Firpo Jones. At 8:48 they bowled down Elm Street and headed out John Street toward the open country.

"We have with us, folks," Joe announced, "Brother Bryant, the world's most representative Tau Alph. At the present time his various articles of clothing represent Brother Davis, Brother Schalger and Brother Archer. I predict a big evening for Brother Bryant."

Moby took the brim of Joe's hat in both hands and jerked sharply downward.

Firpo Jones put his arm along the back of the seat, unbuttoned his vest and sang. The tires sang crisply on the oiled surface of the pike. Little winds whipped past Joe Shone's ears and tugged at Moby's hat, and his ears were filled with the pathetic humiliation of one known only by the sweet name of Kitty:

"Kitty was pretty,
She came down to the city."

Ozzy Bell's tenor took up the refrain, rising high and clear above the bull-like rumblings of Firpo Jones:

"One of the committee,
Thinking to be witty,
Hit Kitty on the head
With a hard-boiled egg."

He was, Moby thought, having a swell time. His stomach, it was true, pushed the absent Archer's shirt upward against his chin, and his collar dug into his throat on each side of his Adam's apple. A little thing like a sharp collar could not, however, mar the glamour of the moment. He was being whirled rapidly into the circles of the socially elect. He belonged to a good fraternity, an intercollegiate-shotput place winner rested an arm familiarly across his shoulders and sang songs for his delectation. The scion of a wealthy family, and the president of his chapter, had contributed the trousers that rather skimpily covered his legs. He had money in his pocket, still remaining from the sale of football comps. He stopped at the best hotels free of charge and partook of the best on dining-car menus.

He recalled Joe Shone's famous remark: "Come out for football and see the world." He was not only seeing the world, he was seeing it de luxe.

A patch of wooded land moved past the corner of his eye, and a big building with white pillars and blazing lights came out from behind the trees and stood in front of the windshield. The lights grew larger and filled the windshield, and the wheels shot gravel against the mud guards.

Joe Shone announced: "On your right, folks, we have the palatial home of George Abercrombie Davis, president of what is probably the world's greatest fraternal organization. Mr. Davis lives and has his being in surroundings of incredible grandeur. Swedish-massage ladies run up and down stairs, hot and cold maids run back and forth, and Mr. Davis gets up on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and goes back to bed again on Mondays and Wednesdays."

Moby got out and stretched his legs. His right leg was numb, but stretching it brought it back to life full of prickling sensations.

Through the French windows came the throb of a drum and the regular beat of feet moving in unison. At the top of the steps he stopped to wait for Firpo and Joe, while the others went inside. The lights were low. The orchestra was playing a waltz. The dancers made shifting shadows against the French windows, and a boy and girl came through one of them and walked over to the broad balustrade. The girl put her hands on the balustrade and swung herself lightly upward and came to rest with her feet swinging high above the porch flagging. A beam of light from the window came across the porch and made a spot of brightness in her hair.

Firpo and Joe came up behind him and they went inside. A maid in a white apron and coat took their coats and hats, and George took them by the arms and led them up to his mother. Mrs. Davis said she was glad to see them.

George told them: "Go ahead and cut in. Everyone is supposed to know everyone else."

Moby stood in the second row of the stag line and was suddenly conscious of the fact that his shoes were just everyday shoes and that the cloth of his trousers differed in weave from the cloth of his coat. His feet felt big and cumbersome.

The boy in front of him made a sudden swoop out upon the floor and moved away. Moby watched for a minute undecided and his gaze shifted and his eye met Morry's. Morry was dancing with Mose Schalger's sister. He took a step and touched Morry's shoulder and curled his arm around her waist.

They moved once around the room and the orchestra gave a queer little series of notes that sounded like "That's all." He got a cup of punch for Peggy Schalger and waited for the next dance.

Peggy snapped her fingers and wriggled her shoulders as if the orchestra were still playing, and said, "Nice dance, isn't it?" Moby said that it was a very nice dance, and the orchestra leader slapped the floor with his foot twice and he danced with Peggy Schalger again.

The orchestra played two encores and started another one. They were, he thought, being much too generous. An orchestra that kept on playing and didn't have enough sense to stop once in a while and give the dancers a chance to

(Continued on Page 107)

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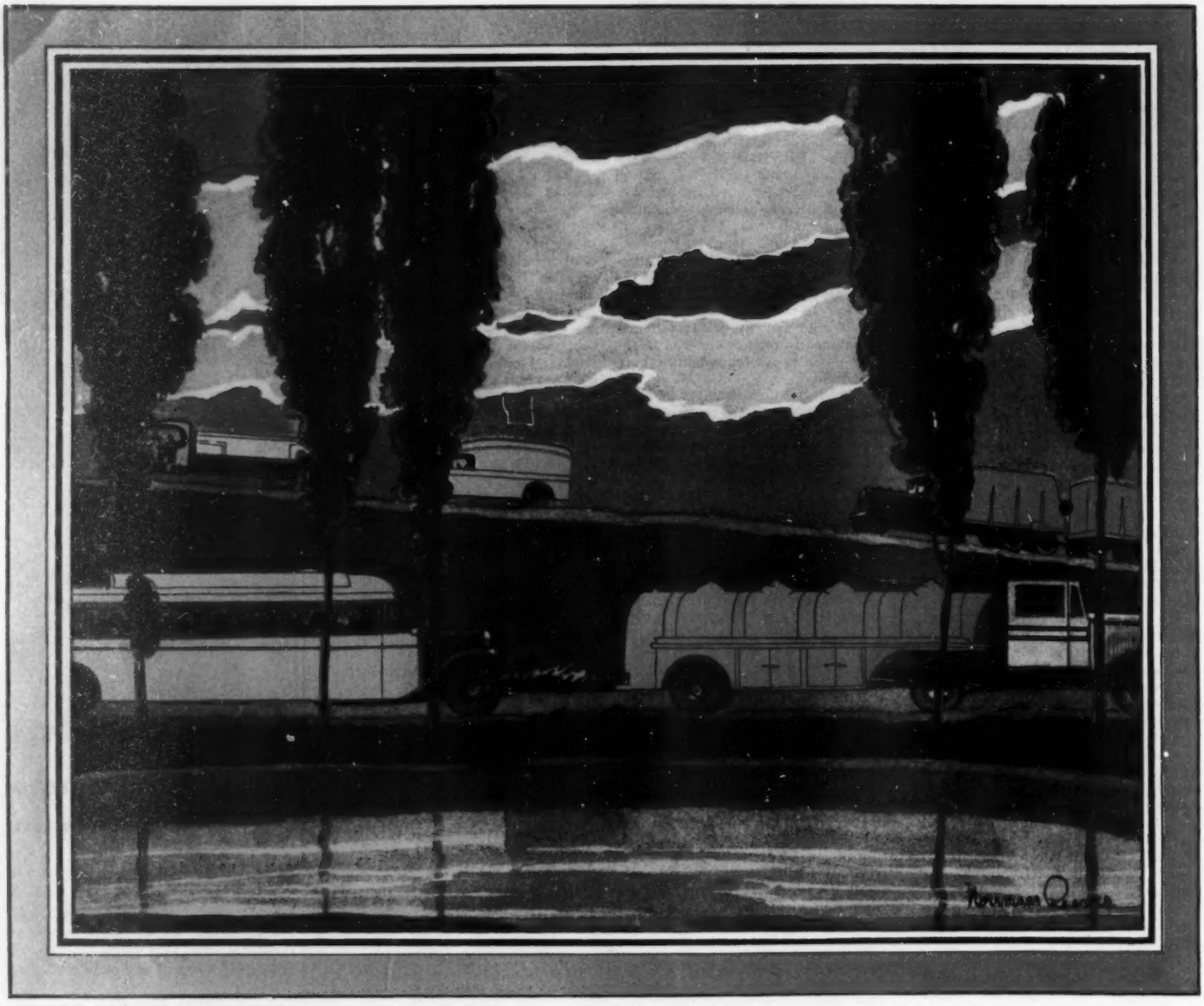

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ALCOA ALUMINUM

(Continued from Page 105)

switch partners was dumb. Things like that made parties gummy.

He moved slowly along the stag line, keeping Peg's back to the stags, and sent out questioning, pleading glances to the black-clad watchers. Eyes looked through him and around him and failed to see him. Hours later the orchestra brought the tune to a finish with a carefully calculated dissonance, and the musical "That's all" stopped the scattered, perfunctory handclapping.

Moby led Peggy Schalger to a chair and said: "Promised to meet Joe Shone after this dance. I've got something that belongs to him."

He went out into the hall and through the front door to the porch. Lighting a cigarette, he tossed the burning match at the balustrade.

The match stopped at the balustrade instead of going over and kept on burning instead of going out. He pounced upon it and smothered it with his fingers; then stuck his fingers in his mouth.

"Sorry," he said.

The girl with the bright hair didn't say anything.

"Hope I didn't ruin your dress," he said, and suddenly recognized her. She looked even better in an evening dress than in a baby-blue sedan, Moby thought.

Her head was leaning back against the pillar, and that made her chin high and sharp, and it made it possible for her to look at him from under a lot of eyelashes in a very superior way. She looked at him that way for at least thirty seconds; then she said, "It doesn't matter," in a tone that indicated that he didn't matter either; and looked away.

His feet felt big again, and he decided that possibly his Varsity House manners weren't exactly suited to the needs of high society. He buttoned his coat so that it fitted better, and bowed from the waist.

"Perhaps," he said, choosing his words carefully, "the general introduction in which I was permitted to share does not apply to all the ladies at this cotillion."

"No, it doesn't."

"She's snooty," he thought. "Excuse this poor gladiator," he said. "His skin is tender from the blows of the foe."

He turned on his heel to go, but his feet forced themselves to his attention again and he got them untangled just in time to avoid stumbling. The girl forgot her aloofness and laughed.

"The next time," he said, "I'll let you burn up."

She kept on laughing. Her laugh was low and husky, and too big for such a small person, he thought. It was a nice sort of laugh, and now that he had heard it he didn't want to go.

"Come back and sit down," she said, "before you hurt yourself."

He sat down beside her. He liked her voice. It was worth saying things to make the voice respond, and then enjoy the quality of the voice without bothering about what it said.

He said, "Where's the young man?"

She shrugged her shoulders. He felt cheated; he had wanted to hear her talk again.

Her dress was made of some stiff heavy stuff and hung in long folds from the waist; above her waist it turned into a sort of bodice, from which her shoulders rose white in the starlight, with a dark shadow at the neck made by a filmy scarf. He was glad the match hadn't hit the scarf.

"I am pretty clumsy," he said.

"Yes," she said, "very." She was looking off in the distance again. He decided that he wasn't making much of a hit. But what could he do if she wouldn't talk? After a minute she said: "What were you saying about gladiatorial combats?"

"Just a figure of speech," he said. "I'm a big, brutal football husky."

For the first time she turned her head and looked full at him. She looked at his face, but he knew she had taken in the clothes long ago. She was the sort who would take in the clothes first.

"We don't have much time for the gentler arts of flipping matches past beautiful women and leaving same gracefully," he added.

She ignored that. "What's your name?" she said.

"Moby Bryant."

"Mine's Marcella Paige." She waited half a minute before she said, "You played tackle on the team this year, didn't you?"

"End," he said.

She smiled and looked straight into his eyes.

"I'm sorry I tried to be superior," she said. "I knew you played half." The confession was even better than the smile. "I know all about you, and I think I'm going to like you."

He sat farther back and prepared to stay a while. This girl was swell. At first he had thought she was trying to be high-hat. But as a matter of fact she wasn't a bit high-hat, in spite of the fact that she was obviously pretty hot socially. He knew she was pretty hot socially by the way she had been bored with everything. But they couldn't stay bored if you got the old allure working on 'em.

She looked up at him in a way that seemed to recognize that the allure was there, and said huskily, "Tell me about you."

"Well," he said, "my father and mother were honest, though poor——"

George Davis came through the door and bummed a cigarette from him and talked to her until he finished it. After a while he tossed the cigarette away and said, "How about a couple of right turns, Marcella?"

"I'd much rather sit out here with Moby."

"So there," said Moby.

"My, my, going in for footballers," George said. "I go, leaving the lion to his tamer."

"So long," Moby said.

George made him sore sometimes. There was no use running a joke in the ground. He supposed there were girls who made a habit of running after big athletes and other famous people to exhibit them, but this girl didn't have to run after men; all she had to do was give them a look and a low, husky laugh.

"I'm bored with the dance," she said. "Let's take a drive."

For the next two hours he drove over sleek roads in the baby-blue sedan. Its pick-up made him gasp when he stepped on the accelerator. He had done most of his automobile riding in other people's flivvers. But after he got used to it he told her all about himself, not paying much attention to what he said, because he was too conscious of her presence. On the way back she sat close enough to him for him to smell the vague perfume of her hair, and he had a narrow squeak at a crossroad. They didn't go back to the dance, but drove to her house, which was not quite so big as the Trent gym, but much better-looking.

"I'd like to see you again," he said.

"You can, if you want to."

"When?"

"Almost any time."

"If you don't mean that," he said, "you'd better take it back quick. I'm just about to get specific."

"I do mean it," said Marcella.

"How about next Monday?"

"All right."

He walked away on air. He not only had made a big hit with a knock-out woman but he was about to step out with her. Even George Davis would open his eyes at that. He saw a big season ahead of him.

He came to long enough to realize that he was three miles from the Varsity House.

x

THE city hall, to Moby, was just a rambling blob of brick in the middle of a more or less grassy square. If he noticed it at all it was to wonder how "those guys" would ever find a place to tack on another wing when they needed one, and to be mildly surprised when they did. He had a vague idea that if he got drunk and disorderly and sent in a false alarm from a fire box on a telephone pole, he would be haled up before some fat, tobacco-stained magistrate and tossed into a cell for the night. That was as far as his imagination went.

It was, therefore, a minor miracle for him to discover, on a Saturday morning in January, that a musty vault deep in the bowels of the brick blob contained hundreds of pasteboard boxes on steel shelves, full of papers concerning local divorce decrees, and that the town would pay him a sum of money once a week for sitting in a cane-bottomed chair in said vault for a few hours, ready to rise slowly and with great dignity to his feet and pull out one of the pasteboard boxes. The box disappeared from sight for a while. Papers were extracted and read, and the box given back to him to replace in its appointed niche.

It had all come about through Flannigan. Even the money he had been able to save from the sale of football comps did not prove sufficient to finance tea dances at the Marlboro-Trent on Saturday afternoons, tickets to road shows at the Minot, taxi fares and flowers and candy. There was the matter of clothes too. He went to Doc, coach of track, with his troubles.

"You'd better go down and have a talk with Flannigan," Doc said. "He'll fix you up."

He made a date with Flannigan, and Flannigan took him out to lunch at the Trent Club and listened to him attentively.

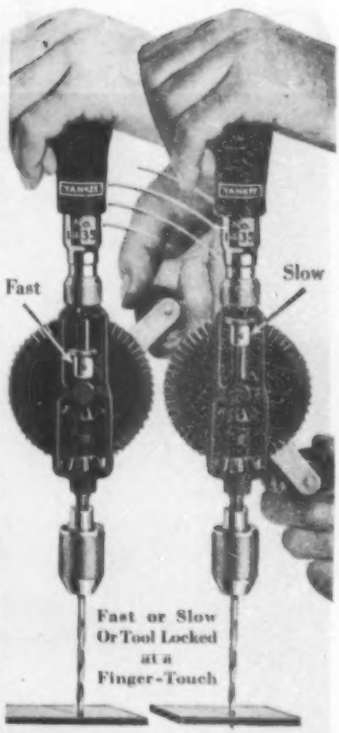
"I know how you feel," Flannigan said. "A fellow has to have some pride. I don't want a Trent man going around looking shabby, and not only that, but you shouldn't be going around worrying about yourself with all these meets coming up. You go over to the Young Men's Shoppe and ask for Frank. Tell him I said to fit you out and send me the bill."

Flannigan paid the check and stood up.

"I know you don't want to have to come to me and beg for things all the time," he said. "I'll write a note to Roland Lawrence around at the city hall. Roland is an old Trent man and he keeps in touch with things out at the campus. He'll find something for you to do with your spare time."

He got a suit of clothes with an extra pair of pants, a topcoat and a hat at the Young Men's Shoppe, and told Frank to send the bill for the extra pair of pants to him. He felt a little

(Continued on Page 110)



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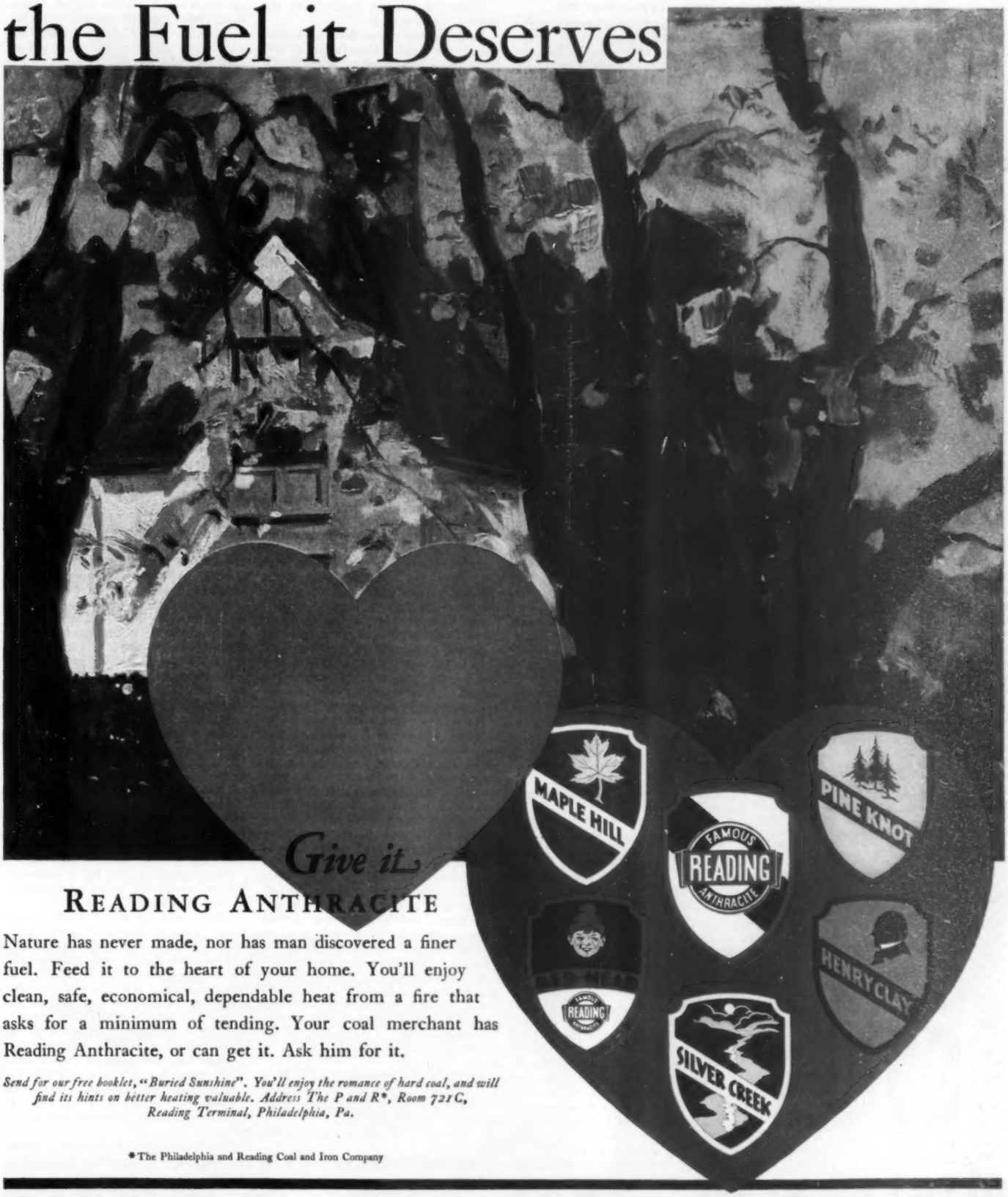

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THE V KOTE FOR A V NOTE

(Continued from Page 107)

shamefaced about the extra pants. He didn't want to seem greedy.

His hours on duty at the hall, he found, were more or less optional. An old man who had been there for twenty years was always on duty there, whether he showed up or not, and nobody said anything to him when he didn't come around. Once he missed a whole week, but the check in the official city envelope came in just the same. After a while he began to take his books around to the hall with him and made his stay there a sort of study period. He saved his checks for a month and bought a dinner coat and took Marcella to a party at the country club.

XI

THAT winter Marcella came out. Moby borrowed a tail coat from Morry Campbell, who had to have one for the glee-club Christmas tour, and spent half of one week's divorce-file money for flowers.

When he drove under the porte-cochère in Joe Barr's flivver at 10:30, and parked it between a Lentz limousine and a Durford roadster, the tump-tump of the cello's big, resined strings was already coming through the door; louder when the door opened on an ermine cape and a silk hat, and dying away to a blurred hint of rhythm when it closed.

People moved confusingly about him in the entry hall and made him feel all at once very juvenile, very awkward, very much an outlander. Seeing Marcella, standing beside her mother in the receiving line, didn't help any. There was a sort of polished shine about her. A sort of hard glitter. Her green eyes glistened under her shining, carefully marceled hair. Her cheeks shone with a faint flush. A bank of potted plants brought out the regularity of her profile. The satin of her dress fell stiffly around her. Looking at her, you knew it was her night. Everyone would dance with her at least once, and her picture would be in the Trent Times, and it might be in the rotogravure sections of half a dozen metropolitan papers.

He approached the receiving line and stood for an instant before her. Faint shadows were under her eyes and a suggestion of tiny lines showed at the corners of her mouth through her smile. "She is tired," he told himself. "It's a crime, the things they make 'em go through with."

The John Smith Serenaders made music in the ballroom and the receiving line abruptly disintegrated. Moby stood in the stag line and watched a shining, marceled head rest against a shifting succession of black coats. Elsewhere in the crowd he saw the faces of girls he had seen at George Davis' party. A couple swam into his line of vision and a pair of eyes grinned at him. It was George Davis. He grinned back and felt suddenly less isolated, less alone. His heart warmed toward George. Good old George. He wanted to get old George off in a corner and talk to him. He wanted to have people see him talking to someone; see him debonair, gay, deep in a conversation that proved conclusively he belonged, that he was at ease in his surroundings. He watched George and eagerly pounced upon him when he relinquished his partner.

"Party's sort of gummy," George said.

"What's the matter with it?"

"Too much competition. Marge Utterback's having a dance. Somebody is throwing a dinner dance. Tough break for old Marcella."

"Guess I'd better dance with the hostess," Moby said.

Back on the dance floor he looked eagerly for a satin dress falling in stiff folds and a hand trailing a tight little bouquet of flowers over an encircling arm.

"Seems to have disappeared," he told George.

"Never mind," George said. "She'll turn up. Probably out necking some guy."

The only reason he didn't sock George in the eye, he thought, was the fact that George was a fraternity brother, and if he socked him in the eye it would cause a scene and bother Mrs. Paige and make him conspicuous. Still, somebody ought to take a poke at him. He moved away and left George standing with his mouth open in the act of beginning a new sentence.

Suddenly he saw her dancing with a tall, lank man. He looked, Moby thought, mature and world-weary and all of twenty-eight.

He moved toward her past couples revolving intricately with a look of intense absorption on their faces, past the great Smith himself, in the center of the floor, drawing a bow languidly across his violin.

He said, "May I break?" He said, "Where have you been? I've been looking all over the place."

She let her head drop back and looked at him inscrutably. "Do you realize you haven't danced with me once?" she countered,

The great Smith drew a last blue note from his violin and the music stopped. Moby guided her through a doorway opening upon a glassed-in porch. The porch was a shadowy jungle of green fronds and plants growing in green tubs. Cigarettes made red dots in the dark, and the tinkle of a laugh came from a wicker deck chair behind a rubber plant. Her arm beneath his hand was warm and round.

He sat down on a wooden bench with a queer feeling of expectation and eagerness. The panicky feeling had gone. He had even forgotten his annoyance at George Davis. He felt very much the conquering male, and very masterful, but all mixed up with his masterful feeling was one of tenderness and care. He must be very careful of her. She was, he felt, a Dresden figurine come to life—a precious, fragile piece of bric-a-brac, quite apt to suffer harm at the hands of a big rough football player used to the blustering life and horseplay of the Varsity House. In the dark his ear found a resting place against the softness of her hair. He sat very still and stared in front of him into the darkness until millions of tiny pin wheels came out of the gloom and made him blink his eyes. She let her head fall on his shoulder with a tired little sigh.

"Who was the long tall job?" he asked.

"His name is Donald Frazier. He's a customers' man for MacCauley-Harkness. Don't you think he's good-looking?"

"Not very. He's got pouches under his eyes."

She drew away from him and stirred restlessly.

"What's the matter?"

"I just don't feel very much like talking."

Music came through the door and the girl in the deck chair stood up and did things to her hair.

Marcella said, "I guess we'd better go in."

The feeling of expectation and eagerness had left him. Something had gone out of his mood. He felt baffled. Something in her attitude gave him the impression of withdrawal. He didn't see why it was necessary for her to get all nervous and tense and wrought up because he didn't like the looks of a man she was dancing with. Probably he wouldn't like the looks of most of the men she danced with.

In a corner he found a gigantic cut-glass bowl on a table. A butler in white-cotton gloves stood behind the table and poured a sparkling liquid over the cake of ice swimming rosily in its midst.

Twenty-five minutes later he had everything worked out satisfactorily. His mind seemed to have achieved a marvelous clarity.

In the first place, he had mishandled the scene on the porch. The time and place had quite obviously called for a display of sentiment, of tenderness and affection. The sort of thing that a crude guy like George Davis might class under the head of "Catching a little neck." Instead of that he had got into a discussion. He would know what to do next time. Next time, if an argument pushed its ugly head above the edge of the conversation, he would grasp her firmly by the waist, raise her chin inexorably to his and dismiss the argument with a long, lingering kiss.

XII

IN FEBRUARY Moby found out about the indoor-meet expense-money racket. It happened like this: Doc entered him in the Warner College Games invitation fifty-yard hurdles. In his heat he equaled the meet record of seven and three-fifths seconds, and in the finals equaled it again, beating Smith of State, runner-up in the Tri-State Intercollegiates.

On Monday Doc called him into the little room behind the shower room and told him about the Invitation Games.

He said, "They want you for the hurdles at the Invitation Games next Saturday."

"O. K. by me," Moby said. "Who's in it?"

"Smith and Lankford and Tomkins."

Moby was properly impressed. Tomkins was the long lean Southerner who had won the highs at the Spring Athletic Festival, and Lankford was the best man in the Middle West.

Doc looked at him for a moment. "These invitation races rate expense money, you know."

Moby said he didn't know about that. "I guess that don't hurt the G. A. A.'s feelings any," he said.

Doc went on: "I told 'em your expenses would be fifty. You see Roberts after the meet. He'll fix you up." He changed the subject: "I've had an ankle pad made for you. It's something like those pads horses wear to keep their ankles from bumping together. You can wear it in practice. Tomorrow you might go downtown and get some soft, porous rubber heels put on your hurdling shoes, and I'll give you an order for some new sweat pants."

For the next four days Moby worked on starting and speed up to the first hurdle.

"In a short race like this," Doc told him, "it's a pretty safe bet that the man who gets over the first hurdle first is going to win the race. The start is just about the works."

Doc had one set of hurdles put along one side of the board track and made Pat MacGill run along the track in the open lane beside Moby while Moby

(Continued on Page 112)

"WHAT A BREAKFAST!"

. . . What a Syrup! It's the second maple that gives such tempting richness to this unique blend of two maples and mellow cane

Pancakes or waffles with Log Cabin Syrup—there's breakfast to whet appetites like a camp-fire breakfast in the north woods.

Maple alone makes a temptingly good syrup; maple mingled with cane tastes even better; but it takes the *second* maple, in combination with the first choice maple and delicious cane, to give you that marvelously rich flavor which only Log Cabin Syrup can offer.

The presence of the *second* maple in the Log Cabin blend is one of the reasons why this matchless, maple-blended syrup not only doubles the goodness of waffles and pancakes, but delightfully transforms dozens of everyday desserts.

Now is the time of year when everybody likes to start the day with waffles or pancakes—why not serve them tomorrow and make them taste better than ever before by drenching their crisp goodness with this golden syrup blend?

Pour Log Cabin, right out of the tin, on pancakes and waffles—on fritters, French toast, puddings and ice cream. Bake apples or ham with Log Cabin. Use it in cakes, frostings, pies, candies. You'll find it perfect for candying sweet potatoes. Send for free illustrated recipe book, "Maple Delicacies." Address: The Log Cabin Products Company, (Inc.), Dept. LA-10, Hoboken, New Jersey.

LOG CABIN SYRUP

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

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When You Go To Bed

Can You Go To Sleep?

Now there's a way without drugs

—that not only brings instant sleep;

but builds *new energy while you sleep!*

WHEN you go to bed do you have trouble going to sleep? Do you wake up in the morning feeling dragged out—nervous, irritable, unable to concentrate—your vitality drained by afternoon?

This, authorities say, keeps thousands of people below par. Never capable of their best.

Now modern medical science has found a natural way to combat this. A way without drugs. A way that usually brings instant, restful sleep and creates new vitality in mind and body while you sleep!

Morning finds you a new man—fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the vitality to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

A remarkable Swiss food-drink does this for you, as it has for thousands already. A simple food-concentrate that you mix with milk. A super-delicious drink that's making a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous, sleep-starved people.

What It Is

This scientific food-concentrate is called Ovaltine. You simply take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; it brings you both sleep and vitality in a natural way.

First, it induces sleep. A few minutes after you go to bed, you get sound, natural sleep. For Ovaltine contains no drugs—as every doctor knows.

Then, *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties re-supply your system with the vitality lost during the busy day. For it contains, in easily digested form, practically EVERY building element necessary to vital energy. And thus you not only enjoy sleep as soon as you go to bed; you get the *kind of sleep that re-builds and rejuvenates.*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well. You feel like a new person all the next day!

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Try It Tonight

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. Widely different from powdered, sugary chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures", its scientific standing is unquestioned.

A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel. Your whole appearance will show the result of restful sleep and vitality restored this natural way.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it.* Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just 'phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Many people have asked us, "Does Ovaltine contain any drugs?" It is such a wonderful "night-cap" they feel it "simply must" contain something in the nature of a drug. In short, it works so well they sometimes "wonder" about it. So we wish to go on record here in public print, that Ovaltine has never at any time contained any sleep-producing drug of any kind whatsoever. It is made entirely from food and nothing but food. The government would not permit us to make such a statement in public print unless it could be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

if unable to secure locally

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. P-33, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. S

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day package of Ovaltine.

Name .....
(Print name and address clearly)

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....
(One package to a person) 720

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

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was taking the hurdles. On Thursday, MacGill was able to beat him only about four yards, and Doc was satisfied.

Oil Campbell went up to the meet with him on the noon train. Doc had to stay behind with the medley relay team. They took a double room at the Hotel Tripoli, left a call for 5:30 and had a bellhop bring up the afternoon papers. Lying on the twin beds in their underwear, they went through the sporting pages. Moby found Lankford's picture and one of Oil, but none of himself. The Invitation publicity man mentioned him as one of four starters in the invitation hurdles—"Bryant is a promising timber topper from Trent." That was all for him.

Campbell rated at least a paragraph in all the papers, and groused when his name was spelled wrong. He was entered in the Invitation 500. He had one leg on the big Invitation 500 cup. Campbell let the papers fall to the floor beside his bed, put the pillow over his head to keep the light out of his eyes and went to sleep.

Moby listened to his snores and thought. "The first man over the first hurdle is a good bet to win the race. The first man over the first hurdle——" After a while it got dark outside and the telephone on the reading table between the beds made a whirring sound.

Moby picked it up and said "Thank you," and shook Campbell.

The dining room was ornate and thickly carpeted. An orchestra on a dais played semipopular pieces. They played Alice Blue Gown and Irene. After a while they played some of Victor Herbert's hits from Babes in Toyland and airs from Straus' The Chocolate Soldier. Moby and Oil ordered lamb chops and baked potatoes and toast and a pot of tea. They looked at the girls at the next table and tried to make the food last a long time. The butter came in crisp little curls and was whiter than any butter Moby had ever seen. He put salt on it and it tasted more like butter.

A group of five took a table near a window.

Oil leaned across the table. "That's the Midtown A. C. relay team," he said.

"Who's the big ox?" Moby asked.

"That's MacNaught, the coach."

"Oh."

They watched the relay team out of the corners of their eyes.

"The little guy with the ice-cream suit is Sims, their anchor man," Oil told him. "I ran against him at Buffalo last year. He's a sweet quarter miler."

The Midtown men didn't seem to be subdued by either the grandeur of their surroundings or Victor Herbert. They laughed and talked, and the sound of their voices rose above the soft noises of silver against silver and the hum of conversation at the other tables. People looked at them and pointed them out to dinner partners. Moby saw lips forming words, and saw the lips curl into indulgent smiles.

After supper Oil lay on the bed and yawned, and Moby watched him, wishing he could feel relaxed and like yawning too. Then, after a while, he forgot about Oil's impressive nonchalance and thought about Marcella. He hadn't seen Marcella for more than two weeks. The crowding social duties that had, even at her coming-out party, made her tired and preoccupied seemed to be taking all her time now. He had called twice, but her mother had answered the phone. Each time Mrs. Paige had asked, "Who's calling, please?" Then she had told him Marcella was not home. The second time it happened he wondered if Mrs. Paige was coöperating with Marcella in trying to convey the idea that his presence was undesirable. The idea worried him for a while, until he got it all figured out and arrived at a logical solution to the problem.

Mrs. Paige was nobody's fool. She was keen to have her daughter go through with a big social season. Somehow she had found out that he was occupying a large and disturbing place in Marcella's mind. Mothers, he told himself, had an uncanny way of spotting such things. Undoubtedly Mrs. Paige knew more about the state of Marcella's heart than he did himself. She was afraid to let them see much of each other for fear they would run off and get married, or get engaged, or something like that. He didn't blame her. He supposed that if he had a daughter he would act sort of sappy about her too.

His eye caught the embossed crest on the hotel stationery spread out on the glass-topped writing desk. He would write Marcella a letter. Even a watchdog mother would hesitate at opening a letter. He wasn't quite sure, but he had an idea that he could have her sent to the penitentiary for a few years if she tampered with it. Not that he would, of course, but the idea appealed to him.

He finished the letter to Marcella and wrote one to Big Moby, at Red Hill. His father's house had remained empty after his death, waiting for a purchaser, but no purchaser had turned up, and Big Moby had come back from Ironville to live in it until it could be sold.

At seven o'clock they walked around to the Arena. Moby followed Oil blindly through roaring canyons with taxis scudding along their bottoms, and trains roaring along on iron trestles above the taxis, and mounting rows of lights along the sides of the canyons above the trestles. Restaurants with big coils of frosted pipes in their windows and restaurants with German names above their doors lined the streets beside them. They plunged blindly across streets, swooping in and out between taxicabs like open-field runners. Looking up, he could see stars. Seeing them gave him a queer sort of shock. The elevated trains and the glare from the headlights and the lights in the rows of windows that looked like the reflections of burning fires had given him the sensation of walking through the camera angles of a German movie. Like dragging a bag of track equipment through a dream. The stars brought him back to actuality. His mind said, "The first man to the first hurdle will probably win," and he realized he had forgotten to tell himself that for more than an hour.

They found a sign over a turnstile in the Arena lobby that said Contestants, and went up an inclined runway into the vastness of the auditorium. Tiers of seats went up and up to the ceiling, until the highest tier was hidden by the light from a battery of arc lights. Rows of hurdles were racked neatly beside a track running diagonally across the floor, and neat white lines were painted on the track, making five lanes beside the hurdles. In a box above the end of the straightaway a band tried out their instruments.

Oil bought a program and Moby followed him through a door opening from the runway at the back of the first tier of seats and put his bag under a bench in front of a locker.

Somebody said, "Hi, Oil."

(Continued on Page 114)

Some *may* clean; some do *not*!

Dr. West's Tooth Paste

DOES

clean and doubly polish teeth

—*quickly, safely*

Normal teeth *stained* BEFORE cleansing with Dr. West's *(above)*. Stain applied to show the invisible dirt which all teeth carry unless thoroughly cleaned.

Normal teeth *stained* AFTER cleansing with Dr. West's *(right)*. All dirt cleaned away—visible and invisible. Same stain applied here as in first photo—but *no dirt left* for it to stain.

SAFELY! Magnified photo of enamel, after equivalent of 10 years' brushing with Dr. West's. No scratching or injury to enamel!

Results measured and photographed by a great university laboratory

THIS is the most sensational demonstration of a tooth paste, ever made: *showing you exactly what it will do for your teeth, in advance.* These are accurate photographs of results, in exhaustive tests conducted by the laboratory of a great American university.

This is what the laboratory found:

1) Some dentifrices do *not* clean.

2) Some dentifrices clean, *but injure* enamel.

3) Some dentifrices *do neither.*

4) Dr. West's Tooth Paste cleans teeth *quickly, safely.* It does not in any way scratch or injure tooth enamel.

These tests included the equivalent of 10 years' twice-a-day brushing. With Dr. West's, the microscopic camera found no injury to enamel, at the end of this test!

When you have *this definite knowledge,* why . . . *guess?*

Remarkable *double polishing* (*not scouring!*) added to cleansing, provides the safe effectiveness Dr. West's Tooth Paste now demonstrates. *Two* gentle polishers —the finest known; specially perfected! They can't scratch enamel, but working together they can and do polish—as no one polisher, alone, can without risk of dangerous harshness.

In addition, Dr. West's provides *all* good results any dentifrice can safely give: *acid conditions neutralized; gums protected; delightful freshening of the whole mouth!*

The sole purpose of this information is to end guessing, about Dr. West's Tooth Paste at least. Teeth are too precious to risk uncertainty in their care.

All good stores have Dr. West's Tooth Paste for you: big tube, 25c; double quantity, 40c. More economical, by measured volume, than any other standard dentifrice at these prices. Guaranteed by the makers of famed Dr. West's Toothbrush.

Don't guess! There's no need to. Some tooth pastes *may* clean; some do *not.* Dr. West's *does!* Pleasantly, safely, quickly and surely. Get some today, and see.

Dr. West's
TOOTH PASTE

THE WESTERN COMPANY (SEP) 10-11
307 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago
Send free test of Dr. West's Tooth Paste to:

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

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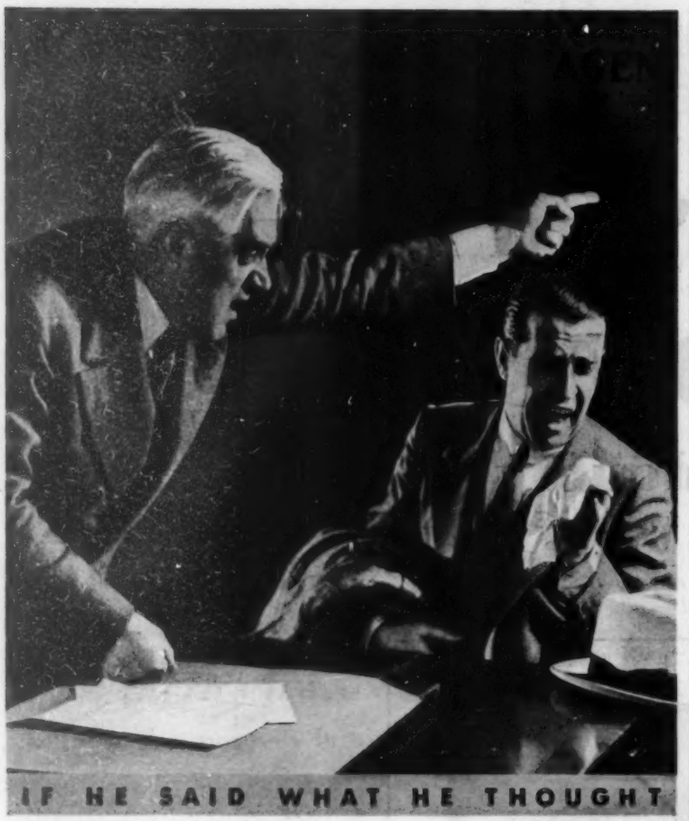


"Get out

I'm tired of you salesmen giving me colds!"

There is no excuse for menacing the health of others by careless coughing and sneezing. Because *you* have a cold is no reason for passing it along — spreading contagion wherever you go . . . *Take a Luden's—for Quick Relief* . . . Carry a package with you — keep a package at home — in the office. And at the first sign of trouble, slip a Luden's into the mouth. You'll get relief *in 10 seconds*. You'll save yourself endless annoyance and others much embarrassment.

Luden's exclusive Menthol Action does the work—quickly and easily. It cools the nose and throat; soothes the troubled nerve-ends; clears the head.

You'll breathe easier and freer—feel a lot more comfortable—and behind your back the folks you meet won't be dubbing you a "cough spreader."

You can get Luden's everywhere in the familiar yellow package. 5¢ here — 10¢ in Canada.

LUDEN'S

(Continued from Page 112)

Oil shouted, "When did you get out?"

"Hear you're going to do some foot racing tonight, Oil."

"That's just a newspaper story."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Did you bring your lumps of sugar to eat before the race?"

"I won't need any tonight."

Oil turned to Moby. "That's Joe Goode," he whispered. "He's the big competition in the 500."

A sharp noise like the noise of a slamming door came through the partition.

Oil looked at his program. "That's the start of the open sixty," he said. "I go on at 10:40. I guess I'll go out and take in the sights."

Moby turned the leaves of the program. Tucked away between two cigarette ads he found that the high hurdles were scheduled for 9:34. He found a seat beside Oil in the seats reserved for contestants in the box above the band, and watched midget figures far below him prance up and down, crouch against the floor, momentarily still, and streak between the white lines and out of sight under the stands on the far side of the hall.

At regular intervals a little man in a glistening white shirt shouted unintelligible words through a megaphone, and the people in the seats near the floor got out pencils and made marks on their programs.

The dash men disappeared and a succession of relay teams passed batons until Moby got dizzy watching them. He looked at the crowd for a while, but when he looked at the floor again weary relay runners were still passing sticks to fresh men, who started out as if bent upon making up lost ground. After a while the last of the relay teams trotted out of sight and a little knot of men jogged mechanically around the track without getting down on their marks.

"The two mile," Oil said. "Better get into your suit."

Moby walked down a flight of steps on legs that were suddenly pipe stems filled with suet. He felt the familiar sensation of a contracting stomach. "Murph," the colored rubber, he remembered, had a theory that the contracting-stomach sensation was a hangover from the stone ages. The cave man's heart, "Murph" said, had trained itself through long ages to draw blood away from the stomach before a contest, so that if he was clawed by a saber-toothed tiger there would be a minimum of lost blood. Moby believed in "Murph's" theory just as he believed in Doc's theory that holding your breath on the mark made your ears more sensitive to the sound of the gun.

With fingers grown suddenly awkward he tugged at buttons and shoe laces, and got into his running pants. For a while he busied himself with the task of crowding his feet into a pair of new hurdling shoes. Then he walked down another flight of wooden stairs on his toes.

As he left the stairs a gun went off and the milers tried to lift their knees higher and swing their arms harder. One by one they crossed a white line on the floor, and colored men in white suits appeared from nowhere and began to put up the hurdles.

Almost instantly it seemed he had taken his practice starts, had run easily over a hurdle or two, had taken off his sweat pants and was waiting behind his starting blocks.

The starter stood a little to the right, ten yards down the track, and sent them to their marks. Moby fixed his eyes on the top bar of the first hurdle, tried to remember about holding his breath and getting to the first hurdle first, and drove his foot back against the starting blocks, with the sound of the gun in his ear.

Eight feet kept perfect time on the floor. Slap, slap, slap, jump—slap, slap, slap, jump. Between the third and fourth hurdles the rhythm broke and the slaps sounded like a strap banging against the spokes of a wheel. He thrust his chest at the tape. Sparks flew under his feet from the concrete of the lobby floor and a big policeman caught him in his arms and laughed in his face.

He walked back across the concrete and under the glare of the arc lights to the pile of sweat pants and sweaters by the starting blocks. As he stooped over the pile the man in the stiff shirt opened his mouth:

"Results of the sixty-yard high hurdles: First, No. 16—Lankford. Second, No. 45—Bryant. Third, No. 88—Tomkins. Time, seven and four-tenths seconds." A man in a dinner coat gave him a square of paper with "Event No. 14—Second" written on it.

In the dressing room Moby found Oil stretched out on a blanket with his eyes closed. He sat down on the bench in front of his locker and waited for his heart to regain its normal beat.

Oil opened his eyes and said, "How'd you make out?"

"Second."

"Good enough."

Moby thought it was good enough too. Second wasn't half bad for his first big race. Beating men like Tomkins and Smith was something to be proud of. He rubbed his body with a towel and went out to watch Oil win the 500 by three yards.

Watching Oil get dressed, an idea came to him.

He said, "Oil, where do we get this expense money? Where can we find this Roberts apple?"

Oil put on his vest and coat and threw his track suit into his bag.

"You line up in front of his office," he said, "and he hands you an envelope."

They found Roberts' office in the basement and joined the line-up in front of a little grilled window. Through the window Moby could see a pair of broad shoulders and a head, and a hand pushing envelopes under the grille. The man in front of Moby opened his envelope and counted his money before moving away from the window.

"What's the name?" Roberts asked.

"Bryant."

He checked Moby's name on a list and passed him an envelope. Moby waited for Oil outside the doorway of the office.

"How much did you get?" Oil said.

"Fifty bucks."

"That's not bad to start with. Next year make 'em crack down with a hundred."

He wondered how much Oil had got in his envelope. He waited for Oil to volunteer the information, but Oil put his envelope in his inside coat pocket without telling him.

"Well," Oil said, "let's get our medals. Then we'll go some place and wrap ourselves around some steak and pie. Then we'll buy all the papers and go back to the hotel and read about how the great Trent athletes covered themselves with glory."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE BLACK KIND

(Continued from Page 13)

the Boer War an' the imperialists hated his guts. You can read about him in that Renfrew's political history."

"Joe!"

"Don't bother me," said the dean or bishop, beyond the car. "I've discovered an American girl who hates chewing gum and doesn't think Windsor Castle's cute. Let me be, Agag."

"Yes, but I've discovered someone who's actually read your book, my dear man!"

"Almost impossible. Can't read it myself. It's an expression of supreme drought."

Ailanthus said: "Oh, it's not so damn bad as that. Dad said it'd kill me, but I got through. I haven't any sense of humor, so I don't mind if a book's kinda dry."

"Oh, 'Lanthus!" Kay wailed.

"But he says it's dry himself, honey!"

Dean or Bishop Renfrew beamed, and nicely patted Kay's shoulder.

"My poor book's very dry, my dear. I knew it was. I wrote it with just the intention of telling the truth about certain political movements, while the truth was not yet obscured by patriotic lying. I'm old enough to have known men who—who protested cheap and easy successes of the kind so admired by cheap and easy people. My wretched book meant to record some very decent people. But it's horribly dry. I fancy your husband can't remember a single one of my laborious observations."

"Yes, I can!"

"This is very flattering. Do try to."

Ailanthus rubbed his chin and then remembered: "Well—somethin' like this: 'The pride of a cheap society isn't unlike the pride of a cheap man who can endure to be outdistanced in any worthy accomplishment but hates to—to admit he's been licked on the golf links or in a boxin' match. If you call this pride, it is a black poison—the blackest kind of poison. It excuses greeds and vulgarities. It ——'"

For some reason the clergyman looked past Ailanthus at the giant, who seemed to be staring at his watch. There was something funny in the air. Neither tall old man said a thing, and when Agag spoke it was to say, "But you'll surely let Lady Sack know you're in England?"

"No. She might be an awful louse, and she's so darn rich. Mamma'll let out an awful yell because we didn't meet her when we get home. She's a Cass and they're all snobs—except Uncle Nolan. Does Lady Sack look like me? I take after dad, and he's the best-lookin' man in Bland County. I've never seen a picture of her."

"Ailanthus James Westlund!"

"Aw, rats!" said Ailanthus. "Is it my fault I look like dad?"

The giant laughed and clapped his shoulder. "She's very handsome, and frank. It must be a family trait. She hasn't as good a memory as yours, though. We must run. I have to put the bishop on one train and take my family from another. And never shrink from meeting your wealthy connections, youngster. Get in, Joe."

Kay put up a dark hand on his chin when the black car was gone, and said: "You're pretty awful, 'Lanthus. But they did like you."

"He's got a grand voice. Deeper'n mine. Wonder what the yellow monocle was for?"

"He's blind in one eye. The bishop told me. A boy did it, years ago. The boy was drunk and he was scolding him about it."

"Yow!" said Ailanthus.

They walked downhill, across what the guidebook patriotically called a river and up to King Alfred supervising Winchester from his pedestal. It was a nice town, but Ailanthus let Kay photograph him against the stone monarch and thought that some of the houses were ugly, no matter how old, and that poor Queen Victoria, up in the great hall beyond the west gates, was just as silly a statue as Ulysses Grant on his iron mushroom in the middle of the square in Blandyburg. King Alfred looked like a work by Kay's Aunt Florence in the last annual show of the Bland County Art Association—Mrs. Hosea G. Westlund, president—and this public building here, to the left, was in the very style of the police station at home, which dad wanted torn down. However, a little girl named Beatrice Jane Smith and a dog without any name hitched themselves to Kay and were sociable, and a kid officer rode down the High Street on a very superior bay horse, getting red in the face when Kay photographed him. Everything was pleasant around the statue for twenty minutes.

"Here comes the car back," Kay said.

"Suppose he got Mr. Renfrew on the train," Ailanthus yawned.

The big Permeo drew down the sloping street and people glanced at its blackness. It would have been fun to live in Winchester, he thought, when people glanced at the great bishop riding down on a white mule to order some more cathedral built or at Queen Isabel and the tough Earl Mortimer galloping up with their rattling knights behind them. Must have made an awful racket in the narrow streets. The motor car slid along and halted without any noise at all.

"Oh," said Kay, "there's your Mr. Point, 'Lanthus!"

A very long, tanned man swung out of the machine and came striding to shake hands. Ailanthus had tossed the medicine ball to him in the little gym of the steamer, in January, and had let him dance with Kay because he was quietly all right, besides being pretty ugly except for his black eyes and handsome hands.

"I told you kids to write me when you got to England."

"Well, I went to your tailor in London to get some stuff 'n' he said you'd gone to Algeria. That was two weeks back. What's Algeria like?"

"The soil doesn't correspond to California at all," Mr. Point said. "Several jackasses have written that it did. Nearly all farming manuals are written by congenital idiots."

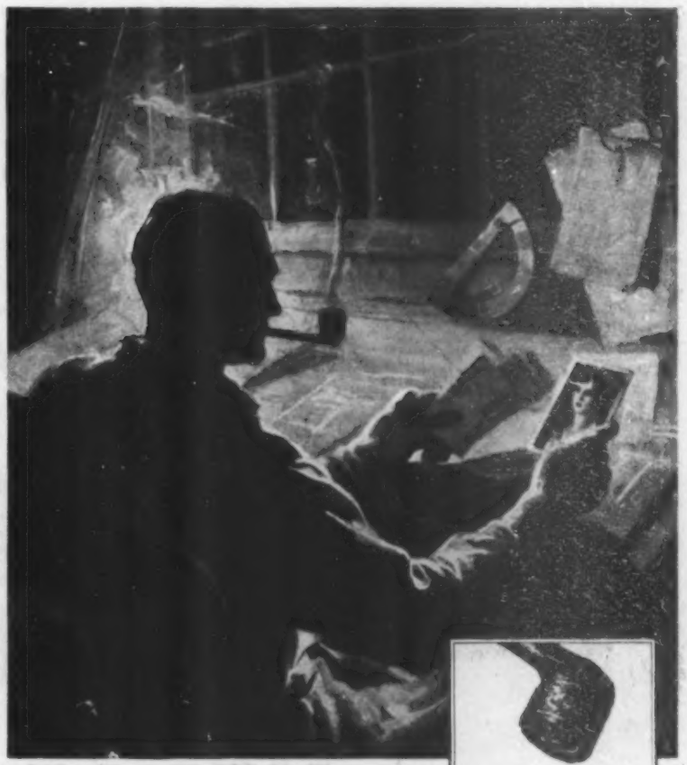
"What do you know about farmin'?"

"Nothing much. I've got eight hundred acres in California. After I'm thirty," Mr. Point promised, "I'll know something. Come on here. My mother wants to talk to you."

A hatless lady put a brilliant red head out of the car and said: "Come on here, Cousin What's-Your-Name! We have to get the Muffin home. Come on, Amos! Put Mrs. Westlund in front with Gilbert. He thinks his elderly charms have made an impression on her. Come along! Isn't it a big boy, though? Wriggle over, angel baby."

Ailanthus disposed of his legs around a lot of suitcases and looked at dad's

(Continued on Page 118)



"And as I watch the smoke clouds rise,
Old thoughts come crowding thru my brain,
I weave the fairest phantasies
And dream my day dreams o'er again".
—R. R.

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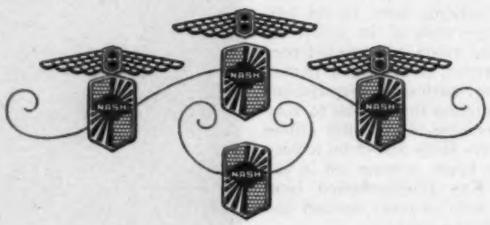

A NEW DEAL FOR TODAY'S DOLLAR—*in*

Three New Eights

Never was such motor car quality offered at prices so sensationally low. The literally startling difference becomes at once apparent when you contrast the prices of the new and finer Nash series, with prices of corresponding models a year ago.

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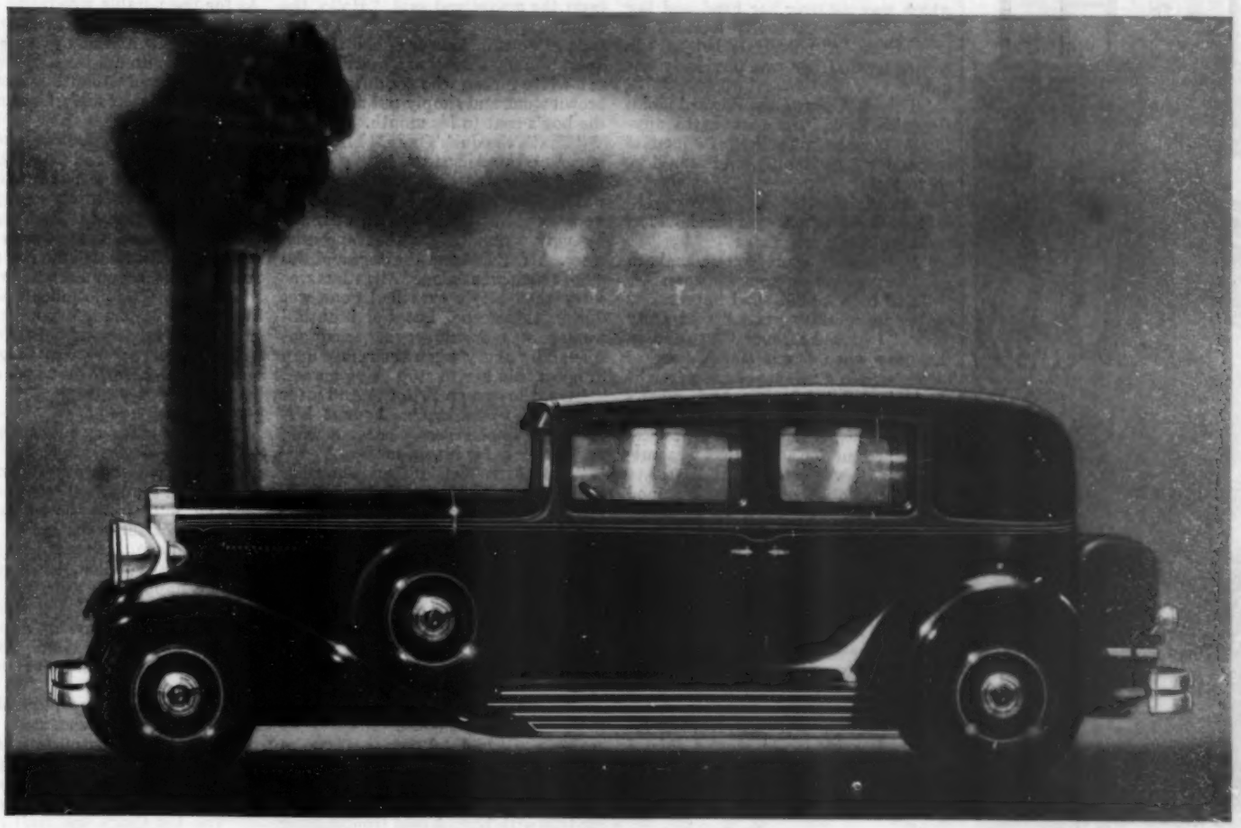
The unique example in value-giving thus provided the industry was planned last November. At that time, C. W. Nash and the strong group of executives surrounding him, clearly foresaw present conditions. They at once began to design cars affording value so great, so unmistakable, as to overcome all buying reluctance.

The result is instantly apparent. Even casual inspection of the four new Nash cars establishes the fact *that nothing even remotely approaching them in downright dollar value has ever been available in their respective price fields.*

The low non-productive Nash overhead, the fact that Nash operates entirely without the heavy financial burden of borrowed capital, and the foresightedness of the Nash organization, alone enable Nash to offer so much for so little.

These three factors have combined to produce in these cars beauty and luxury and performance so notable, at prices so low by contrast, as to win for Nash a still larger place in the minds and the hearts of the American public.



and a Low Priced Six

STUDY THESE SENSATIONAL PRICES!

Compare what is probably the most remarkable achievement of Nash in greater value-giving—the New Six—with the Single Six it succeeds. The New Six offers a multitude of superiorities—at prices which range from $160 to $140 below the prices of the Single Six.

Body Style	The New Six W. B. 114¼"	Last Year's Six W. B. 114¼"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$845	~~$1005~~	—$160
Coupe	$795	~~$940~~	—$145
Coupe (rumble seat)	$825	~~$980~~	—$155
Sedan (2-door)	$795	~~$935~~	—$140

Compare the New Eight-70 with its two additional cylinders, its longer wheelbase, its larger, more luxurious body, with the six-cylinder car it replaces. Then consider the remarkable fact that there is actually a basic price differential in favor of the new Eight!

Body Style	The New Eight-70 W. B. 116¼"	Last Year's Six W. B. 114¼"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$995	~~$1005~~	—$10
Coupe	$945	~~$940~~	+$5
Coupe (rumble seat)	$975	~~$980~~	—$5
Special Sedan (4-door)	$955		

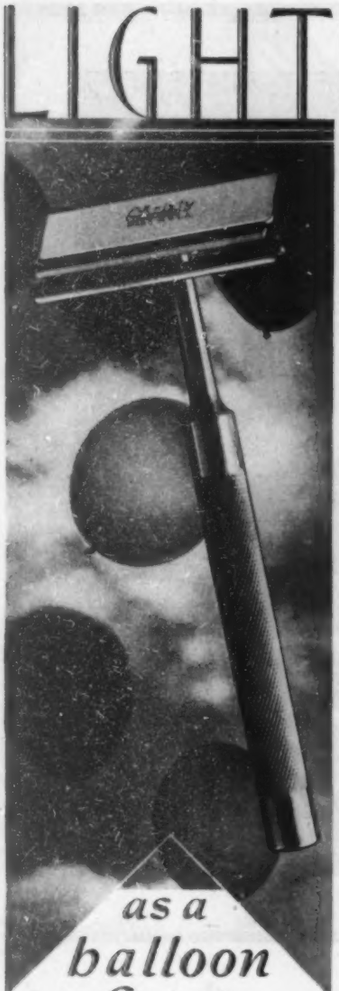
Compare the New Twin-Ignition Eight-80 Series with the 6-cylinder car it replaces. The Eight-80 is larger, longer, Design, appointments, upholstery are finer—prices are radically lower.

Body Style	The New Twin-Ignition Eight-80 W. B. 121"	Last Year's Twin-Ignition Six W. B. 118"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$1295	~~$1415~~	—$120
Coupe	$1245	~~$1345~~	—$100
Coupe (rumble seat)	$1285	~~$1395~~	—$110
Town Sedan (4-door)	$1375		

Compare the New Twin-Ignition Eight-90 Series, now with a 115 H. P. Engine, with the last year's 100 H. P. Eight. Body appointments are finer, upholstery more luxurious, and prices are far lower!

Body Style	The New Twin-Ignition Eight-90 W. B. 124"-135"	Last Year's Twin-Ignition Eight W. B. 124"-135"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$1565	~~$1795~~	—$230
Cabriolet	$1695	~~$1875~~	—$180
Coupe	$1695	~~$1915~~	—$220
Coupe (rumble seat)	$1745	~~$1975~~	—$230
Sedan (7-pass.)	$1925	~~$2195~~	—$270
Limousine (7-Pass.)	$2025	~~$2385~~	—$360
Ambassador	$1825	~~$2095~~	—$270
Victoria	$1765	~~$2045~~	—$280

LIGHT



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CHRISTY
SAFETY RAZOR
WITH MASSAGE BAR

(Continued from Page 115)

second cousin with pleasure. She wasn't half bad. The Westlund hair ran every which way all over her head and her snub nose was distinctly freckled on the bridge. A pale, tall lad in the corner beyond her was obviously her kid.

"This is Cornwallis Edward John Beausire Sack. He answers to anything. He's been having his appendix out and got peritonitis, and scared us all to hell."

"Philadelphia, don't be ribald!" said Sir Gilbert Sack over his shoulder.

"Agag, shut your face!"

"My dear, I want you to make a good impression on your kinsman."

"I've been making bad impressions on people for fifty years," said Lady Sack. "I kicked Grover Cleveland in the nose when I was six. Comes of being born in a private car in a freight yard—in Philadelphia. And what's your funny name, sonny?"

"Ailanthus. Mamma's sorta poetical an' named me for a tree that was outside when I was gettin' born."

"That's no worse than being named for a freight yard, lamb. Drive along, Gilbert. We've got to get the Muffin to bed. He's exhausted."

"Rot," said the Muffin.

"Don't contradict mamma or you'll stay in bed another week, buster. Isn't he sweet, Ailanthus? I have the best kids in the world, you know. Comes of marrying men with big feet. Now, tell me all about everything. I am glad to hear that grandfather had respectable relations, back in Pennsylvania. He was such a pious old stuffed shirt I always imagined he was a black sheep. Go on and talk to me. Hold my hat too. I'm sick of lugging the damn thing."

"Philadelphia!"

"He's been trying to improve me ever since 1911. Amos' dad never tried."

"I don't think you're so bad," said Ailanthus. "You must have been awfully pretty when ——"

"'Lanthus!"

"Now, sister," said Cousin Philadelphia, "let him be. Go on, big boy. Tell me the news from the home town. What's your dad like?"

Several times Kay said, "'Lanthus!" and once Sir Gilbert said, "Oh, really, Philadelphia!" when all the red-headed lady had observed was that certain hotels in Italy smelled like stale cantaloupe in summer. There was this society for suppressing free expression of facts, and there was no good in fighting it, because nice people were members. But Ailanthus liked Lady Sack and the pale Muffin chuckled three times and Mr. Point grinned. The car buzzed along a lot of roads and advanced through a green forest into much sunshine. Kay said, "Oo!" and Ailanthus stopped talking to look at many plots of a huge garden, at a lake of blossoming cherries rimmed with walls of green mossed stone and at an endless house with forty chimneys rising out of its slate roof.

"This is Gilbert's ancestral hall, sonny. His ancestor built it out of loot from the Spanish Armada. It'd have been bigger only the Queen had to have her graft on the swag," Lady Sack explained cheerfully. "We've just got fourteen bedrooms. Tootle the horn, Gil. Let's have the retainers out to welcome C. E. J. B. S. back from his bellyache."

But Sir Gilbert did not have to toot the horn. Men in green coats appeared on a low terrace. A very beautiful lady in a dress of stained raspberry cloth came through the servants and kissed Cornwallis Edward on both cheeks, with tears and Irish outeries. A slim gentleman in riding boots tramped up from the gravel and said, "Hallo, the Muffin! Feelin' foul, eh?" And a cascade of dogs in four sizes shot from a door. Finally there was a bearded man in a white turban who got down on the brown stone and simply put an edge of the boy's coat to his mouth.

"That's the duke's man," Mr. Point murmured to Ailanthus.

No duke was discoverable. Cornwallis Edward and all the suitcases were swept into the arched door flanked by ugly stone pillars that sprouted roses. Mr. Point and the dogs and the duke's man went along. Ailanthus was sorry that Kay's eyes had gone wet during this scene, but the beautiful woman was openly crying, and got splendidly angry when the ruddy man in boots told her to stop being an ass.

"Oh, the savage Britons! And after I've put up with half an hour of Mr. Lal in the smoke room, since luncheon, and a bishop for luncheon!"

"Take Mrs. Westlund and show her the gardens, Moira," said Lady Sack. "And God bless you for being Irish, and your hair's coming down."

"Let it," Moira coughed, blowing her nose. "Come along, then. The flowers are honest enough to know when it's an east wind, God help us all. It's no good, Gilbert! Kick the swine out of this and ——"

"I say, Moira," said the ruddy man in a husbandish voice.

"Ah, yes! Let's preserve our good form even if the house falls! Come along, my child. I can see you're human, at least. And don't mind if I howl on your neck."

She went down the steps into the gardens with Kay. A cold trouble hung in the air, over these people on the terrace. Ailanthus wanted violently to be anywhere else than at Sack End which, in the guidebook, was a noble manor in the late Elizabethan style, notable for its carved wood and gardens laid out by someone named Evans in 1679. Sir Gilbert Sack took down the yellow eyeglass from his face and Ailanthus wished he had not done that either, because there was no eye under the flattened lid. Something ugly was hidden when the glass went back. There was something ugly hidden around here.

"This is my cousin, the Duke of Stole, youngster," said Sir Gilbert smoothly. "He's utterly harmless and the best farmer in England. The wild Irish woman's his wife, General O'Connell's daughter."

"She's awfully beautiful," said Ailanthus.

"Many thanks!" the harmless duke answered. "Is, isn't she? You should see her when she's quite tidy and done up for the evening. A theatrical chap in New York offered a job in his chorus, last summer when we were over there, and you wouldn't ever think, would you, that our eldest boy's twenty-two? Met her when I was stationed at Delhi. She was pitchin' a Yankee baseball at a tourist fellow from Chicago, and knocked my cap off."

He grinned and strolled down the steps. But he had been talking to cover up something. They were all covering up something. Ailanthus wanted to be out of the misery and said, "Say, Cousin Philadelphia, where can I wash my hands, please?"

"In my bathroom would be a good place. Come along, sweetheart."

Ailanthus walked up quantities of stairs from a stone floor to a wooden floor spread with Eastern rugs. The god Siva danced in gilt on one landing and a crystal Chinese lady smirked on another from a stand of black marble. As for the notable woodwork of Sack End, he thought it was clumsy and cluttered with too many carved roses.

"Hideous dump, isn't it?"

"Well," said Ailanthus discreetly, "it's awful interestin', Cousin Philadelphia."

"The Elizabethans found out they could take a chisel and play with wood. Result's pretty fierce," she said, kicking open a door into a sunny place, papered cheerfully. "But there are some nice rooms. Gil got grim and determined when his dad died off and had some of the accumulated horrors removed. There's stone under this plaster. We can plant you and your nice wife in a decent set of rooms. I'll drive you in, in my car, after tea, to get your things at the hotel. You've got a dinner jacket?"

"Yes, but ——"

"I want you to stay out here, please!"

"But ——"

"You'll see why at dinner. Be a white man, sonny."

"Yeh, but what's the matter?"

Lady Sack threw her hat on a couch and sat down. "I've got a stepson. He'll interest you lots, Ailanthus. That is if he happens to turn up for any meals. He's probably chasing some wretched girl or other in Winchester, because he's not around the house much lately. He—how old are you, kid?"

"Twenty-one, Cousin Philad——"

"The English," she said rapidly, "are hypersentimentalists who flatter themselves that they're not sentimental because they know how to keep their faces straight when anything happens."

"Yes, but that's fine, isn't it? Lots of people can't do that."

"It is fine, but they pay up for it by suffering more than most people when things are rotten. Well, Gil's in hell over this wart of a son he's got on his hands, and he needs people around. He's an old saint, but he is old, Ailanthus. He's sixty-five. And you interest him. You've got to stick around. May be an awful washing of dirty linen around here, but it's—it's due to happen. He sent this lovely lout out to New York. He's rather artistic, like lots of sloppy pups. Made some money being an architect's assistant. And that impressed Gilbert—Gil doesn't know anything about making money—so he gave the nasty rat another chance to behave himself. He came home, you know, and there was a mess directly. Gil ought to chuck him in the goldfish pond and hold him under. Moira and Mike are raging to have Gil cut the entail. I can't say a word. Know what an entail is, kid?"

"'Course. You mean you can't say a word because if this—this eldest son's disinherited the—the estates'd go to your kid?"

"Right! Not that there is any estate left. There's this place—five hundred acres of it—and that's all. Gil's deadly poor. Taxed to death since the war. The London property just about pays its taxes. Gil's paid this swine out of three awful messes. He won't let me do it. He—poor old Agag!—he's so miserable. But he's trying so hard to do the right thing. All this dirty vegetable wants is to collect a couple thousand pounds and consent to being disinherited. He'd do it in a minute! I'd let Amos wipe the floor with him, for ten cents. For five cents!"

"Kinda tough," said Ailanthus.

"You're to stay," Lady Sack ordered.

(Continued on Page 121)

Values beyond compare—Philco Balanced-Unit QUALITY THROUGHOUT—Console is genuine Walnut and Bird's-Eye Maple trimmed with African Zebra wood—7-tube Screen Grid Receiver (3 screen grid tubes)—Electro-Dynamic Speaker—No "Cross-Talk" in tuning—All-Electric, plugs into any AC light socket ready to play—33¾ inches high, 19 inches wide—Full-sized radio PERFORMANCE at the astonishing price of $69.50

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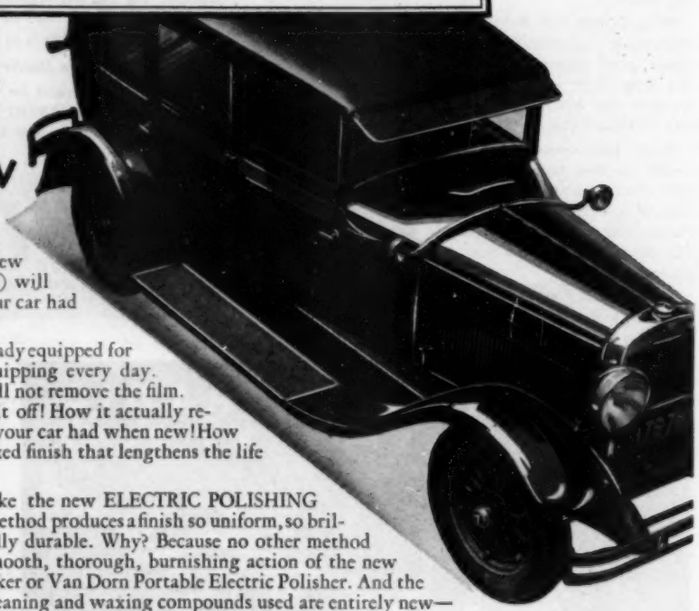

Say "goodbye" to the smoky road film that hides the color and dulls the gloss of your car. Now, at small cost, the amazing new ELECTRIC POLISHING METHOD (patent applied for) will remove that film, and restore the handsome finish your car had the day you drove it from the dealer's showroom!

Thousands of service stations and garages are already equipped for this new Method—and many more are equipping every day. Look for the one near you. Washing will not remove the film. But see how Electric Polishing rolls it off! How it actually restores the beautiful color and luster your car had when new! How it applies a hard, protective waxed finish that lengthens the life of the lacquer!

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(Continued from Page 118)

"Yeh, but—Kay's just a kid. She gets so darn nervous when people are jittery 'round her. She ——"

"You've got to stay. Go and wash the paws. In through my bedroom. It's the blue door to the left. Be a white kid, sonny! There'll be people for tea and dinner. I've got to see if Amos has tucked my baby in properly."

Ailanthus washed his hands and used a female comb in a majestic bathroom which he must remember to describe to dad. It was not like bathrooms in Blandyburg but much like the bathrooms in lovely advertisements of plumbing companies. Then he sneaked out into the upper hall and had a moment with a leaden statue of Queen Elizabeth in a niche at the head of the stairs. These exalted persons, he thought, had awful times after they were dead. People wrote books about them and discussed everything which their friends were too polite to mention while they lived. He tramped down to the second landing and noticed how well the English servants kept the god Siva's many arms and whirling legs free from dust. Three Scotch terriers came civilly up to meet him and sat looking at him with their noses all in one line. They rolled over and lay on their backs when Mr. Amos Point trotted down the stone treads.

"Listen, Westlund," said the brown American, "don't let Sir Gil's son—mother told you, she says—well, don't let him rile you. He hates Yankees. He'll be sarcastic if he comes in to tea."

"He sounds like bad news."

"He is. That's all there is to it. But he's—he's attractive when he wants to be, and Sir Gil goes on trying to straighten the fool up. I—it's all damned awkward."

"Things like that are," said Ailanthus. "There's the Potters back home. Mrs. Potter kind of spoiled Tommy Potter an' ——"

Mr. Point moved. A gigantic young man came running up the stairs, whistling to himself, and paused to rub a Scotch terrier. He had reddish, soft hair and a freckled face. He broke into a grin when he saw Point and said, "Hullo, Amos! How was Algeria?"

"Disappointing, Johnny. This is mother's cousin, Mr. Westlund."

"How d'you do? Can't shake hands. Been sketchin' the gardens. I'm all cobalt and things. Where've they put the old Muffin?"

"In the orange room. More sunlight. But he's gone to sleep, Johnny."

"Right. But I am glad they've brought him home. Dad's been so worried. Nasty business."

He walked down the treads on Mr. Point's other side, whistling again. He must not be more than twenty-two or three, and he was attractive and husky. It was too bad he was a wart. You couldn't tell, sometimes. But he was awfully young to deserve being disinherited. Must have worked pretty hard at being tough. Ailanthus wondered what the local standards of toughness were and followed Mr. Point into a paneled white room where the Duke of Stole was sitting on an enormous desk and talking.

"—— romped all over the lawns, waggin' her tail and pretending she was a kitten or something. I never saw a cow behave so like a ghastly rabbit. So she finally galumphed into the conservatory. Can't say how she got through the door and we simply couldn't get the fool out at all. So the calf was born in there. And Moira named it Orchid. And, you know, I think its early environment affected the little brute's temperament. It eats marrons glacés and looks at itself in the sides of pails and what not. Vain young heifer. Well, you are a sight, young John. What the devil's that on your hands?"

"Some beastly ooze out of that paint box I bought in the States."

"One can't," said a man with gray hair, out of a deep chair, "get decent paints in New York anywhere. The Yanks are odiously dishonest about that sort of thing. Horridly cheap stuff in the art shops."

"This is Mr. Westlund, Lal," Sir Gilbert said, beyond the desk.

Mr. Lal nodded. His curly head languidly left the red velvet behind it and fell back. He was more than handsome, and knew it, as he had known it three years ago in Havana or in his yellow car on the road, just now. He wore gray flannels, cut to show his neat body, and nursed a tall glass on an arm of the chair with a hand whose nails were vividly pink.

"How are you, Point?"

"I'm all right," said Mr. Point.

"Algeria diverting?"

"Not so very."

"No skyscrapers, perhaps?"

"I hate skyscrapers," Mr. Point said.

The duke was looking at the gigantic Johnny with a sort of frown. Misery lay in the room. Nobody spoke for a while and Sir Gilbert drearily fiddled with envelopes on the desk. Ailanthus was sorry for everybody and wondered how Mr. Lal spelled his name and if the Duke of Stole knew that a button was sagging from his left cuff. He wasn't an ornamental duke. Looked a good deal like Kay's father. Out in the gardens the Duchess of Stole was showing Kay something in a star-shaped bed. It would be fun to get out there, away from these constrained men in the high room still so cold on the last day of April.

"Come over on a big proposition?" Mr. Lal asked melodiously.

"Me? No. We're just tourists," Ailanthus said.

"Collecting culture by the square yard?"

"I hope so," said Ailanthus, without liking the soft voice. Mr. Lal was a whole louse, he decided. "Saw you in Havana, three years back."

"You hardly could. Never been there."

"But I saw you. In that cabaret place with all the pink fruit on the ceilin'."

"I've never been in Havana," said Mr. Lal.

Ailanthus did not like him at all, and frowned. Young Johnny Sack might be tough but he wasn't nasty, yet. This caller was just nasty, and lying to tease a stranger. He probably did not like Americans either. Yes, but that didn't make it right to lie, just to be mean.

"You were in Havana on the—the twelfth of February, three years ago. Saw you. Dad took me down there for company. He was gettin' over pneumonia. We got there the mornin' of the 'leventh and went to this cabaret the next night."

"I hate to blight the simple egoism of your confidence," said Mr. Lal, "but it happens I've never been in Havana. Bad enough being in the States without exploring the rest of your poisonous continent's suburbs. Ring, will you please, Ancross? I need some more soda."

Johnny walked three steps and touched a button. Ailanthus wondered about his odd nickname for a second. Ancross was an old ruined abbey in the

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guidebook, near Stolehaven. He recollected very suddenly that this duke here was the Duke of Stole and Stolehaven too. But he was busy in staring at Mr. Lal. The duke had begun to swing one boot from the desk. Everything was cold and comfortless in the lovely room.

"You were in Havana."

"So sorry!"

"You were," said Ailanthus. "You came in—'bout ten. Dad an' I were through dinner. You came in. You had on full dress an' there was a sorta pink pearl stud in your shirt. Just one pearl. People were dancin'. You had to wriggle along through, comin' across the room. Dad said to me, 'There's a handsome man, baby!'"

A servant came in and murmured, "Yes, m'lord?"

"Mr. Sack wants some fresh soda," said Johnny.

"Yes, m'lord."

Oh, so this Lal was Sir Gilbert's son? Ailanthus wondered who the giant Johnny was. But he was in the hot restaurant with pink fruit on the walls. The dancing couples tossed their shoulders and this man came among them deftly. It was all plain.

"The local color's delightful. Do go on. I've never been in Cuba, of course."

Sir Gilbert Sack said heavily, "Are you quite sure, Lionel, that you've never been in the city of Havana?"

"Never, sir."

"Never?"

The Duke of Stole said, "Shut the door, Johnny!"

"Yes, dad."

Something clicked. Amos Point struck a match behind Ailanthus. Smoke floated past him. But he was in Havana. The domed restaurant was all there, with the two orchestras, and the squawking ladies who had to get home to Louisville at the round table, two—no, three away. And dad's tie wasn't straight.

"My boy, this is rather important. You say you saw Lionel in Havana, on February twelfth, three years ago?"

"Yeh!"

"I was in New York, on February twelfth, three years ago!"

"No, you weren't," said Ailanthus. "You came into this cabaret. There were two men an' a girl at the table next to us. You came over, like I said. You put your hand on the girl's shoulder. She kinda squealed an' looked up. She had a sort of gold rope around her neck. She said, 'Well, look who's here!' There was a little man. They called him Ed—no, Edgie. They called him Edgie. He looked kind of like a mouse. He said, 'Ho, ho! Here's our aristocratic friend Curly.' The big man wasn't so darn glad to see you. You shook hands with the little man—this Edgie—an' sat down. You sat next to the girl."

She had golden sandals on her brown feet. People looked at her, dancing past. It was all plain. Ailanthus stared at Lionel Sack in the red chair.

"You danced with her. The big man was named Hyman. When you were dancin' with her, he said to Edgie, 'What's that snake doin' down here?' Edgie said, 'Aw, he's all right, Hymie.' The big man said—wait a minute, please—the big fella said, 'He's all right as a rat trap in hell.' He said, 'I don't trust any gink that sits in big games at Solly'—wait a minute! He said, 'I don't trust any gink who sits in Solly Hatfeld's big games.' Edgie said, 'Oh, this man ain't so bad, Hyman.' Hyman said, 'Ain't he? I think different. You bring him to any party I give down here and there won't be any party.' Edgie said, 'Oh, what the hell?' The big man said, 'All right, Edgie. I'll play with a crook, but I won't have a slimy snake sit in any game I'm in.' Then you an' the girl quit dancin'."

As they stopped dancing the girl kicked a ribbon of paper away from her ankles. Boys ran on the floor and swept up the paper ribbons and confetti. Dad wrote on the back of his menu, "Listen to this at the next table." It was all plain. Lumps melted in the silver bowl under his cup of pineapple ice.

"Edgie said, 'Stayin' long, Curly?' You said, 'No. I'm just down for a breather.' Then she said, 'How d'you fix it about your letters home?' And you said, 'Oh, a kid in the office mails them for me. I wrote twenty ahead. This girl mails them for me. They go out on time.' And she laughed a lot."

Johnny stood away from the door. A servant crossed the silence and emptied a bubbling bottle into the tall glass. Ailanthus saw him look queerly back as he left the white room. Johnny leaned on the door.

"She laughed. Hyman said, 'What's all that?' She said, 'Oh, Curly has to write his folks in England every day or he don't get his sugar!' And Edgie said, 'How much does the old man slip you a month, Curly?' And you said, 'That's my own busin——' No, you said, 'That's rather my own affair, I think.' You were holdin' her hand under the edge of the table."

"I'm a little tired of this rot," said Lionel Sack. "But go on. Does you a lot of credit, Point."

The American asked, "What's my connection with it, please?"

"Your idea, isn't it?"

"No."

"No?"

"No," said Mr. Point.

"Do go on," Lionel Sack nodded. "Finish it off."

Ailanthus closed his eyes. His head hurt in the temples.

"Hyman said, 'Get an allowance ——' No. He said, 'Gettin' a stake from the old folks in England an' pullin' boobs in to Solly Hatfeld's games in East Forty-ninth?' An' you said, 'What of it, Mr.—Mr. Apfel?' He said, 'Cut that out, ape. You know my name.' He got up. He said, 'You make me sick ——' No, first he said, 'Pay me out of this, Edgie.' Dropped some bills on the table. It was then he said, 'You make me sick. I bet you'd sell your mother's bedclothes for the price of a drink. Go to hell.' He walked out. The ——"

"I think I'm tired of this," Lionel said.

The duke's voice rose, saying, "Lock the door, Johnny, please."

"No key this side, sir."

"Stay there, please."

"Yes, father."

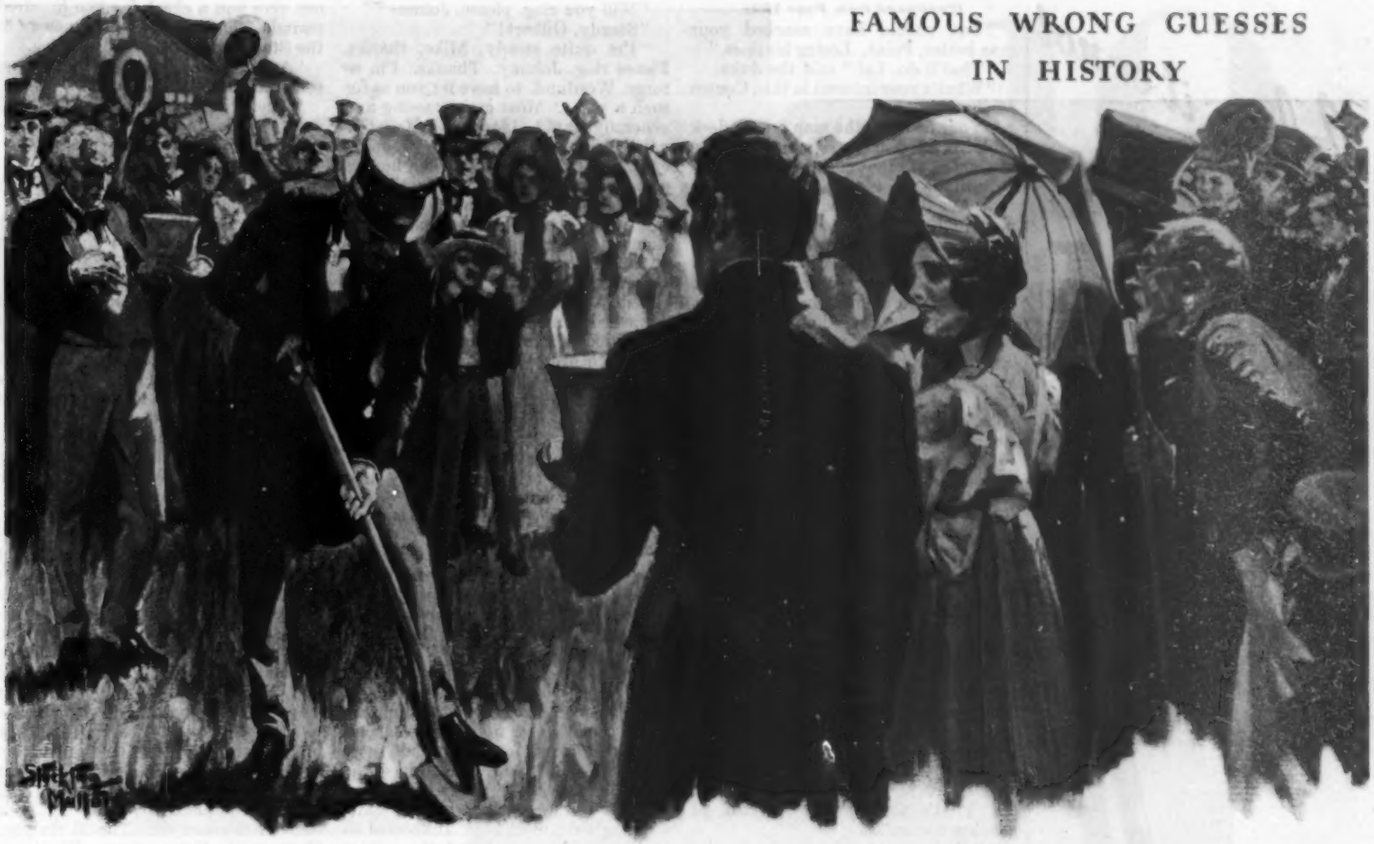
"The Earl of Ancross, eldest son of the popular Duke of Stole and Stolehaven, acting as a doorkeeper. Amateur theatricals in Hampshire," Lionel drawled. "Well, then, let's have the rest of Mr. Point's one-act piece. Go on, Yank."

Ailanthus wanted to. He went on.

"You laughed an' got up and danced with her again. Was a woman at the next table—right of yours. She leaned over to Edgie and asked, 'What made the big boy sore?' Edgie said, 'Aw, he don't like Curly.' She said, 'Who is that fella?' Edgie said, 'He's an English ——'" The word blurred. He licked his lips. "'An English ——' I forget what he called you."

(Continued on Page 124)

FAMOUS WRONG GUESSES IN HISTORY



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(Continued from Page 122)

"You should have coached your man better, Point. Losing his lines."

"That'll do, Lal," said the duke.

"What's your interest in this, Cousin Michael?"

"Your father," the man on the desk said, "is my dearest friend, next to my son, there. Is that sufficient, Lionel?"

Both the voices were so flat and calm that Ailanthus opened his eyes. The man in the chair was smiling at the man on the desk. But the white room was full of a blackness.

"No, it is not sufficient, Cousin Michael. You know what's going on here. I'm to be got rid of, you see, for the benefit of the dear Muffin. If Lady Sack and Mr. Point can manage it! Point produces this miraculous youth who can remember a conversation three years old—with embellishments. Are—ah—you in the game too?"

"Really, Lal, I do think you're the most poisonous blackguard I've ever known. I'm in the game, certainly. I told Gilbert when I came home from the States last summer that you weren't improvin' yourself out there. You'd forged his name before you went out. Now I take it you've been a common gambler's tout. About enough, isn't it?"

Lionel Sack carefully balanced the glass on one palm. His face was like a pearl with no light on it, against the red chair. He smiled. "No. I just don't propose to be treated in this way. I was not in Havana."

"Say," said Ailanthus, "you calling me a liar?"

"I am. Now, do go ahead and thrash me. That's the American notion of proving a case."

"I don't want to thrash you. You're a dirty fighter. When this Edgie jumped you for holdin' his girl's hand under that table, you tried to ——"

"He did not thrash me!"

"Did I say he did, fella? But the waiters had to pull you off him. You were tryin' to gouge his eyes. Dad saw it, too! You ——"

Sir Gilbert said "Ah!" and stood up behind the desk. Then nobody spoke at all in the white room. Mr. Point strolled away and found a match on a table close to the windows. The slim duke bent sideways and examined a spur with attention. Johnny pawed the rug with a heel and looked at Lionel with huge blue eyes. But nobody spoke, and there did not seem to be any air in the place, or any sun.

"Will you ring, please, Johnny?"

"Steady, Gilbert!"

"I'm quite steady, Mike, thanks. Please ring, Johnny. Thanks. I'm so sorry, Westlund, to have let you in for such a scene. Most embarrassing and generally stupid. Lionel picked up this nasty trick of fighting for people's eyes," said Sir Gilbert, "when he was quite a child. If it were possible to doubt a word you've said, that last detail would have been enough. And Lionel seems to admit he was in Havana. Pride is a black poison, isn't it? He didn't care to admit he'd been thrashed. Is that an Americanism? Thrashed, I mean. I wonder."

He stood smiling and drumming the desk with his great fingers. When the door opened he told the footman: "Ask Lady Sack to come here, Edward, at once. And Prentice." Then he went on drumming the desk and began slowly to whistle a familiar tune. The Duke of Stole turned his head sharply and looked at his cousin.

"What in the devil's name is that, Gil?"

"The Rogue's March, Mike. One does get tired of nursing cheapness, doesn't one?" The grand voice flooded the room. "One tries to doctor it, to—to forgive it, to love it a little. But finally one is just tired of it. Tired of it."

Lionel Sack tossed the empty glass against the front of the desk and sat looking down at curved fragments which rocked for a time on the carpet. His father stared over him as if there had been no sound, and dropped the monocle from his blind eye. Ailanthus remembered he had lost his eye while scolding a drunken boy. It seemed to him that Lionel watched the yellow lens flickering on the tweed coat. But the man's head turned when the door creaked.

"Oh, Prentice," Sir Gilbert said, "Mr. Sack is leaving. Have his car brought up. You'll instruct the servants—all the servants—that Mr. Sack is no longer a member of my family. He will not be admitted to the house at any time, on any pretext."

"Yes, Sir Gilbert," said the butler.

"Was that necessary, father?"

"Tea in the library, please, Prentice."

"Yes, Sir Gilbert."

The servant in black went out.

"Oh, I've ceased to exist?"

"No. You do exist, Lionel. That's why I've sent for Philadelphia. She can give you a check for two hundred pounds. That'll cover your expenses to the States again. Or South Africa."

"And suppose I choose not to go some beastly place or other?"

"Then you don't need the two hundred pounds, Lionel. That's very simple."

"You seemed to be amused, sir."

"A little. Westlund's account of Mr. Apfel's remark amuses me."

Lionel got up and flattened his hands on the desk. "Suppose I don't choose to let you ——"

"I've stopped being sentimental, Lionel. Philadelphia's often scolded me about it. I'm cured. Family pride's a poison of the black kind too. You are a common criminal—a forger. A public statement to that effect in the newspapers will be adequate excuse for disinheriting you."

His friend jumped from the desk. Young Point whirled and walked up the room swiftly with his fists doubled. Lord Ancross gulped.

"But you can't do that, father!"

"Can I not, Lal? No, I could not have done it, half an hour ago. That I admit. But an old dog can be taught one or two new tricks. Mr. Westlund's obliged me with a little—a little private view of you, as you are. As you are! If you choose to object to losing the inheritance of this patch of ground and this stupid house, which your stepmother supports, and my bit of a title, I shall choose to be brutally frank in the courts and the newspapers. No doubt you've a few pounds in your pockets. Some dealer in London will give you a hundred pounds for your smart American car. That'll do you. Clear out! Come along, Westlund. Come and see the gardens. They're not half bad. This must be revolting—all this vulgar business. Quite sickening! Come along, Michael. Show the boy the gardens, old man, will you? I must speak to my wife."

In the hall he dropped the duke's arm and went walking up the stairs, past the golden idol, past the crystal lady and the leaden queen. His wife met him there, and nobody looked at them, except a puppy terrier that ran at the old man's heels, whining to be petted.

"Well," said Ailanthus, "he'll be all right, now."

"Oh, right as rain," said the harmless duke. "Oh, quite all right. Come along and let's find our own wives. Jolly day, isn't it?"

repeated statement that you don't remember anything about it. The attempt to keep smiling. The attempt to enter jovially into the conversation concerning the time you stole the neighbors' rabbits. The gossip about everyone you used to play with. The repeated statement that you do not remember them. The final desperation, when you say you remember Katie Sawyer very well. The tragic story of her death. The decision not to say you remember anyone else, even if you do.

The insistence that you must stay for dinner. The equal insistence that you must be getting back to town. The final argument as to the best road to take back. The final kisses from the aunts. The final leaps from the dog. The final driving off, leaving the aunts discussing whether you look more like the paternal or maternal side of the family. The hope that you will take after someone who didn't have anything to do with your heritage at all or your relatives.

—Myra M. Waterman.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 28)

Football Season

FOOTBALL season's best of all.
Coming, as it does, in fall,
One can gladly give up mid-irons
For the sport that's played on gridirons.
Sitting in a concrete stadium
Much more fancy-priced than radium,
One can watch the youngsters romping
On each other's necks, and stomping
On odd clavicles and livers,
Cracking healthy bones to slivers.

Also during football matches
One can watch the femmes in batches
Talking breathlessly of collars,
Frocks and coats, in terms of dollars,
Neither noticing nor caring
How the Alma Mater's faring.

When the half is nearly ending
One can see old grads descending
To the dampish, subseat regions,
There to pan the coach in legions,
Each one lustily deploring
Modern play and modern scoring.

One can watch, with agitations,
Shaky alphabet formations
Of the band, with columns wavy
As the g and y in "gravy."
One can watch the crowd arising
To the job of vocalizing—
La-la-laing, dum-dum-dumming,
For the lyrics not forthcoming.

One can hear the roar and rattle
Of the teams' return to battle,
Each man doing far from tame work,
Jumping on his brother's framework.

Fall's by far the best of seasons,
For this lengthy list of reasons.

—*Albert G. Miller.*

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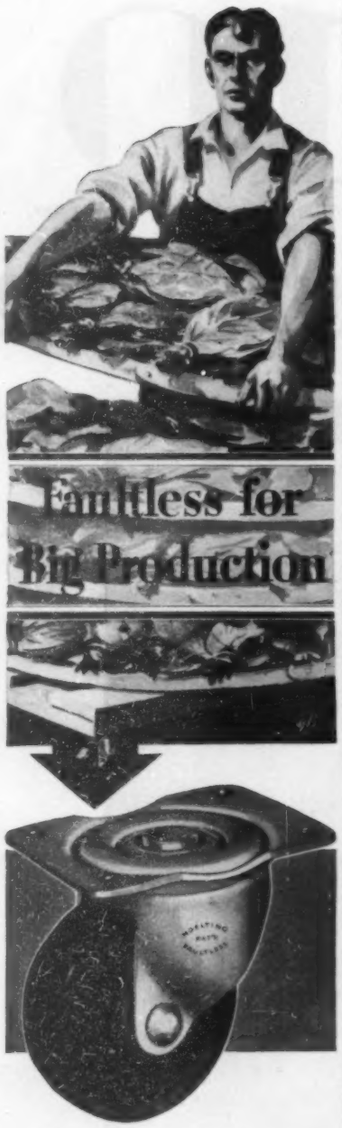

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RIVER TO THE SEA

(Continued from Page 32)

went she followed, and Ken with her—she knew it; they were together in the empyrean blue. Again she sang, and again, her tone mellowing to the texture of molten gold before it ceased without ceasing, dying lingeringly within the ether.

Legendre arose with a movement almost stealthy in its stillness, laid his trembling hands on her shoulders, kissed her lightly on both cheeks, left her and started to pace up and down. He threw out his hands in spasmodic gestures as he marched, staring at the floor in a species of trance. But presently he came to an abrupt halt and began to declaim:

"Listen to my words. The great tone—the tone of gold—does not arise from the mere correct placing of a note—no, no! For the soul of a song is not contained within its art. In playing, perhaps yes. The piano, a fiddle, a saxophone—bah!—perhaps you get drunk with the art itself. But to the great tone of the human voice is necessary the emotion from without." His manner changed; all his teeth showing in a fixed smile, he advanced upon Ken, and seizing his hand between both of his own, pumped it up and down. "Congratulations, *mon vieux, mon brave.*"

"I don't get you," said Ken coldly.

Legendre patted his shoulder with talons vibrating in unison to the quivering of his extended beard. "Svengali," he murmured, "the new Svengali."

"Go to the devil," said Ken.

That night he was restless, awaking time and again to a sense of peril. What was he in for and how could he escape? There was one comfort—that veiled danger threatened only himself. It could not touch Lorry, for what had they done or talked about in the hours after they had left Legendre's? Practically nothing. They had merely eaten and sat around together, strolled and loitered, and yet they had parted at peace with each other and the world. There had been no mention of today or tomorrow. His impulse was to call her up in the morning, but he stifled it and was languidly perusing the paper after a late breakfast when he was summoned to the telephone.

"Do you know what time it is?" demanded Legendre.

"Yes, I can see the clock from where I'm sitting."

"Eleven hours, ten. We have been waiting for you ten minutes."

"Listen, Legendre," protested Ken, "once isn't a habit. I'm not Miss Steele's nurse, or her official escort in any sense of the word. I may act as her manager until she gets a better one, but if you'll stop to think you'll see that that's as far as I can go for her sake as well as my own."

"You come here quick!" shouted Legendre. "Her sake—your sake—what does that mean? Nothing. You ask me to think; I ask you to think. What are you? I will tell you. A carcass—only a carcass!—but it arrives that you are necessary. If you do not bring yourself here in ten minutes I sail for Europe tomorrow on vacation."

Thus began Ken's martyrdom, and thus it was to continue. Once again Legendre called him Svengali and he came near to murder, but when, as an extreme concession, the nickname was shortened to Sven, he made up his mind to grin and bear it. He knew he had no single point of similarity to the implied hypnotic prototype, but at the same time he was forced to recognize that Lorry refused to develop or unfold save in his presence.

Since it seemed he was marked as the sacrificial goat, he surrendered completely though with a heavy heart. Not only did he listen patiently while she passed by systematic gradations from scales to songs, to scores, and through the lesser to the greater arias; he also arranged German and Italian lessons for her, took her to every play worth seeing, accompanied her to concerts, governed her reading and balanced her check book. Despising himself more and more, he propped up his self-respect by walking the tight rope of impersonality. What made the task bewildering, though infinitely easier of performance, was the attitude of Lorry herself. When she was not actually singing she seemed to drowse along, cradled in a mysterious content.

Mrs. Darling had long since returned to town, but he continued to avoid her; Bot Smith had waved to him tentatively from the other side of the lounge at the club, and he had turned his back, setting an ineradicable period to a long friendship. It was not that he did not feel a need for his sister or regret the termination of a lifelong tie. The thing went deeper than that, involving in due course the total abandonment of his usual haunts. He had been drawn into a game which ran at cross current to his inclination, but once in, he was determined to play it through to the end. That meant living alone, keeping out of sight and out of the talk of the town as far as in his power lay. He was glad to move to an apartment where he could more safely indulge in the habit of talking aloud to himself.

"Remember you're a carcass," he murmured to his phantom self, "and whatever you do, you mustn't come to life. As long as you can sit quietly somewhere out of sight, and rot, you're useful, virtuous, honorable in dishonor. Any cat can catch a fledgling, so keep your eye peeled now. But once Lorry has learned to use her wings, then look out for yourself, for in that hour you'll be at liberty to cut the apron string and drop, drop, drop!"

The day arrived when Legendre demanded a rendezvous alone. "We are ready," he announced soberly.

"Ready for what?" asked Ken needlessly, feeling an unreasonable and sudden depression.

Legendre threw his arms wide. "For Keppel—for the world!"

There followed a weighty pause before Ken asked: "Will you arrange it, or shall I?"

"I—I will arrange it, but it is you who will go with her."

"Oh, no."

"Ah, yes. I am no idiot; it is Sven who will go."

They argued for an hour, but in the end it was so agreed, and as soon as the audition was assured, they went together to break the news to Lorry. She took it standing up, but paled as one who hears a sentence.

"When will it be?" she asked.

"Tomorrow," said Ken.

"Ah, you are afraid!" exclaimed Legendre, his quick eyes noting her pallor. "That is good; it is of the best! But do not fear too much, for Sven will be there. If you are frightened, sing to him only, and I predict a victory, a great triumph!"

Left alone with Ken, her distraction increased. What, he wondered, had become of the mysterious content which had seemed to cradle her whenever they were together? He did not share Legendre's assumption that she was alarmed at the thought of the ordeal before her, but he could not blind himself to the fact of her nervousness. He had seen her moved to anger and tears often enough, but never before had he seen her nervous. She was actually walking up and down before him, and he was reminded of the thin steel bars, only this was subtly different. Far from there being any suggestion of wistfulness, there was menace in her caged restlessness.

"What's the matter, Lorry? Why don't you come out with it?"

She stopped before him, her eyes enlarged and smoldering. "Always my voice, my voice! What is it to you and what are you trying to make it to me? Not something happy and free, not something added to the rest of life, but a pile of bricks to build a wall. One row of bricks and then another, higher and higher. Don't you think I know what will happen? Or don't you care? Higher and higher till I can't see over it!" She raised both hands to her throat as if she would choke herself. He stepped forward and seized her wrists in no gentle grip.

"You're crazy!" he exclaimed. "You've got a chance to become the luckiest girl in the world tomorrow, and all you can think of is throwing a fit over whether you'll like it or not!"

"Oh, Ken, don't be angry. Please—please! Forget about tomorrow; tell them I'm not well—anything—and let's go back to Yellow Mountain for a while."

He stared, dumfounded. "Now I know you're crazy." His eyes hardened. "Listen to me. If you don't go to that audition and sing as you've never sung before, I'm through. I'll take the first ship out of New York and stay away until I can laugh at the fool I've made of myself, fighting you as well as your battles."

"Oh!" She drew away as if he had struck her and turned suddenly calm, regarding him from within a curious detachment. "Is that all it means—really? Don't worry any more; I'll go, and I'll sing."

XVII

WHAT struck Lorry most forcibly about her advent within the shadow of the Metropolitan through its humble Thirty-ninth Street door was a complete dissimilarity to anything she had experienced before. Sam Tierney's waiting room on the steaming hot afternoon of a hearing, packed with unhappy girls in their choicest finery, was her only measuring stick. Girls struggling desperately and moistly for a square foot of space in which to show themselves and hoping more desperately still for the God-given chance which would pass them on to the music room and a trial. Here that yardstick snapped noiselessly; nothing remained save a crabbed old man, observing her apathetically through the small wicket window of a cagelike den.

"Who did you wish to see?" he called, noting her hesitation.

"Mr. Keppel."

"Got an appointment?"

"Yes, I'm Miss Lora Steele."

"Yeah, that's right. Go up them stairs; you'll find him in his office." Ken started to follow, but the old man stopped him. "Accompanist?"

(Continued on Page 128)

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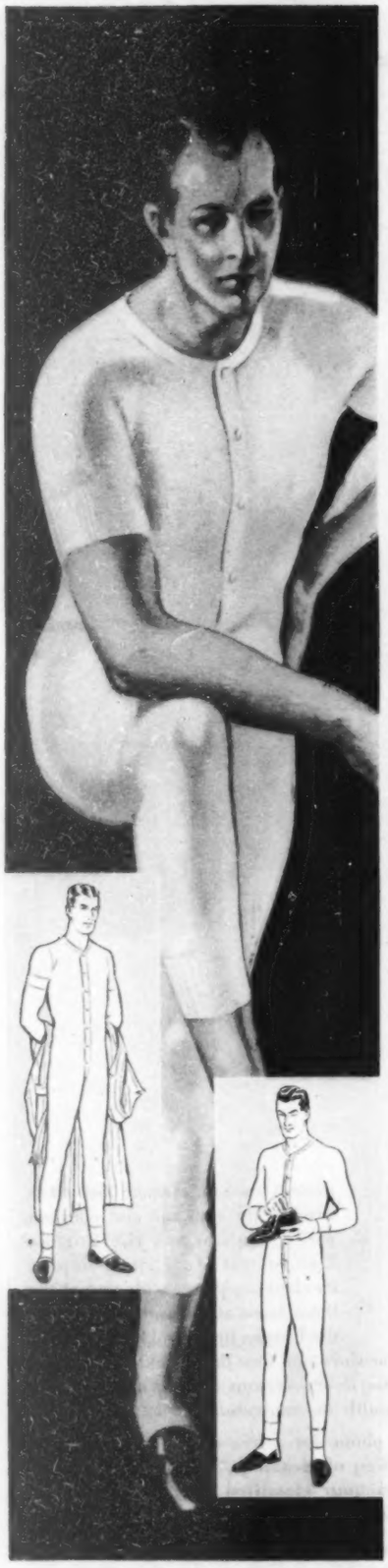

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(Continued from Page 126)

"No, friend." Perceiving it was the wrong answer, Ken hastily took out the universal key to stage entrances, folded and handed it through the window. "Here's my card."

"Pass, friend."

Presently they found themselves standing before a lean, clean-faced gentleman with graying hair whose eyes at first seemed blank, but lit up with kindliness as soon as they had fully taken Lorry in.

"Let me see; what is your name?"

"Lora Steele," said Lorry, standing rigidly.

"Correct; I remember it now. You come from Legendre."

"Yes, sir. And this is Mr. Kenneth Le May."

"Ah, Mr. Le May. Sit down, Miss Steele, or perhaps I'd better call you Lora. You're not very old, are you?"

"Not very," said Lorry soberly, taking the chair he indicated.

"Let yourself go for a few minutes; there's no hurry about this sort of thing. Let's talk a bit. Who's your father?"

"He was a manufacturer named James Steele, but he's dead."

"That's too bad. You've got somebody left, though, I hope."

"My mother and her father. He's my grandfather, of course."

"What's his name?"

"Clayton Beale."

"Not Clayton Beale, the painter?" exclaimed Mr. Keppel, striving to hide his amazement that the artist still lived.

"Yes."

"Bless my soul! Tell him, if he gets a chance, to drop in. I'd be very happy to see him again."

"He won't drop in," said Lorry; "he hasn't left Yellow Mountain for four years."

"Well, well. Yellow Mountain, eh? Is that far? But never mind; let's go down now. Is this gentleman to be your accompanist?"

"No, he's just a friend."

Mr. Keppel frowned and then smiled. "It doesn't matter; I guess we can find one somewhere around the place." They descended, but when Ken was about to follow farther, Mr. Keppel stopped him. "If you'll go down that passage you'll find a door into the auditorium. This way for you, Lora."

Lorry came out on a vast, empty space. Before her was a huge pool of blackness, stirred by widely spaced whisperings and a low-voiced murmur or two. Behind her was a formal set of unbelievable shabbiness and beneath her feet the ancient boards of the Metropolitan stage. She stood within the dim radiance of a single unseen light, the only other illumination coming from the reading lamp on the piano.

"Wurtz, are you there?" called Mr Keppel.

"Ya," answered a voice, and continued gutturally, "you want me?"

"Please."

Presently a lank man with a black beard, bushy eyebrows and thick glasses appeared from the gloom. He seemed depressed, almost despondent, as he took his place at the piano; but his voice, when he spoke, dripped kindness and encouragement:

"Your songs, miss. Ach, so many! Let us see where we should begin. We will pick out three; then, if we are not tired, perhaps three more." While he spoke he had been sorting out the sheets of music; now he held out, fanlike, half a dozen songs. "You choose."

Lorry fumbled with the music, her eyes glancing to right and left. Mr. Keppel had disappeared, absorbed by the darkness. Perhaps he was in the wings, perhaps somewhere in the deeper gloom of the auditorium, but it was not for him she was looking, nor even for Ken. She was searching inside herself, measuring her courage against the influence of the pompous and yet overwhelming tradition of the setting in which she stood.

"You choose," repeated Wurtz peremptorily.

"Anything," she heard herself saying. "It doesn't matter."

"If you are going to be nervous we will start with something simple," said Wurtz gravely, arranging the least ambitious of the compositions on his rack.

"No," she said firmly, "I may do that later but not now. I know what I'll choose: I'd like to sing Ah, Fors é Lui."

"To begin with?" asked Wurtz, bewildered by her sudden assurance.

"Yes."

To his amazement she sang with a self-possession which made her previous vacillation seem all the more confusing, and yet there persisted an underlying tremor in her voice which defied analysis. The expert ear, discarding at once the obvious explanation of stage fright, found itself at a loss between satisfaction over a highly competent rendering and conviction of a mounting promise of something still to come. When she stopped, there was no applause save a breathless pause and then the renewal, in a new and excited key, of whispers and murmurings.

It was evident to Ken, sitting alone far back where he could keep an eye on the scattered groups of shadowy figures, that he was participating in a great and all too rare event. A new voice was marching sure-footed toward its triumph, and yet he missed the thrill of joy for Lorry and of despair for himself which he had expected. Something was lacking. In the face of volume and an admirable flexibility he sensed a deliberate omission. It was as if she herself were intimately withdrawn, intrusting even expression to the automatic precision of her thoroughly trained faculties.

He sensed vaguely a battle which had nothing to do with the contest in hand, and for an instant a doubt shot across his mind. Was it conceivable she did not wish to win—that she was winning in spite of herself? He dismissed the incredible with a shake of his head; she was a strange girl but there was nothing small about her. If she had made up her mind to fail she would have done it in a manner to leave no room for question. Immersed within a vast cavern of dusty emptiness he stared fixedly at her distant figure, slim yet steadfast, illumined but impenetrable.

She followed the aria with a song chosen by herself; then two more at Wurtz's murmured instigation. With each offering the mysterious power within her swelled, scattering its largess with a generous hand and yet withholding, accomplishing the divine and still seeming to hold out the promise of some miracle. When she finished, again there was the tribute of a listening silence, and then Wurtz, leaving the piano, was coming toward her, his two hands extended palms up, his eyes shining moistly through his thick glasses and the trace of an emotional tear glistening down the length of one hair of his black beard.

"*Fräulein*," he mumbled, all but speechless—"*Fräulein!*"

Lora received his homage with a tragic air, not of weariness nor yet of affectation; it was as though, succeeding, she yet knew herself to have fallen short of some hidden goal. An exuberant buzz arose in the black vastness of the echoing auditorium and only Mr. Keppel kept his head sufficiently to wonder over the promise left unfulfilled—the promise of a miracle. He frowned, puzzled.

"The Traviata again, please!" he called.

Lorry straightened with a galvanic motion and threw up her hand. For an instant her brows gathered; then a light was born in her face to radiate through all her body. She became transformed. Here was a new being, a reunited trinity of flesh, spirit and purpose. Snatching a sheet of music from beneath the pile on the piano, she spread it on the rack and whispered earnestly to Wurtz, "Not the Traviata—this."

He leaned forward, peering curiously at the notes. "She wants first a song to sing, Mr. Keppel."

"No," began Keppel, and quickly reversed himself, ever mindful of the promised miracle. "Certainly; let her sing what she wishes."

Wurtz raised startled, nearsighted eyes from the score before him to her face.

"Ach! *Fräulein*, you are sure—sure you can do it?"

"Play," she commanded.

"*Where lifts the breeze, where lists the breeze,*
There my soul on wing!"

Here at last was all her power with no withholding. Her hearers yielded to astonishment and then sat gripped in stillness as in a vise—all but Ken. He could feel a frightened look striking across his face as he threw back his head. The next instant he had sunk forward, elbows on his knees and his hands pressed tightly over his ears. Why had she chosen that song? Why couldn't he shut it out? Becker Hill rose before his blinded eyes, the lane, the pool and all of Yellow Mountain—with Lorry. Never again. This was the end, the snapping of the apron string, and he was falling, falling:

"*Where drifts the cloud, where drifts the cloud,*
On high, on high, I sing.
On high, on high!
Where falls the brook I fall,
My song and I and all.
Where sets the sun, there do I rise
Disdain the world and cleave the skies.
The sky! The sky!
The sk———

Her voice did not crack; it broke with a ghastly, strangling sound as final as the dead snap of an overstrained gut on a fiddle. Amazing volume—and then a void! Sound, and then its utter negation. A horror of silence, broken only after æons by Lorry's hoarse, tearing sobs. She swayed, turned, threw her arms across the piano and buried her face. Wurtz's nerveless hands crashed down upon the keyboard, evoking a jangled reverberating moan.

Stumbling and caroming down the nearest aisle, Ken leaped across the orchestra pit, climbed to the stage and reached her side. Thrusting Wurtz away, he gathered and cradled her in his arms.

"Lorry, it doesn't matter—it will come back—don't cry. Don't cry like that! Oh, Lorry, Lorry!"

She stirred and turned toward him, her hands groping to a hold on his coat.

"It's gone," she breathed in a harsh, unnatural whisper as Keppel, arriving, leaned over to catch her words.

"No," lied Ken, "not gone. All you need is a rest—a long rest."

"Shut up," ordered Keppel, white-faced with a growing terror. "Leave her alone." Without taking his eyes from Lorry's quivering shoulders he continued sharply, "Wurtz, telephone for Doctor Alexis. Tell him to drop everything and come at once. Tell him it is I who demand it."

Shaking her head violently from side to side Lorry tore herself from Ken's arms and turned on Keppel, her hand to her throat. "No use!" she rasped hoarsely. "No use! I'm going."

He attempted to interfere, to hold her, but she pushed him aside so violently that he was almost overbalanced by her unexpected strength. She continued into the wings, one hand still at her throat. Ken followed blindly and in silence out to the street and all the way to her apartment. What was there to say? Nothing. It would be like trying to comfort a mother while she held her dead child in her arms.

Lorry disappeared to bathe her face and while she was gone he became aware of a transition within himself, starting slowly and then mounting with shameful swiftness toward exultation. He tried with all his might to fight it back, but it was no use. He could be deeply, genuinely sorry for Lorry and yet fail utterly to be sorry for himself.

He sat down, imprisoning his hands between his knees. He jumped to his feet and paced up and down, faster and faster. He clenched his fists until he felt his nails driving into his palms. Words hammered continually in his brain: "You can have her—you can take her now—there's nothing in the way—nothing." Then, quite suddenly, the white heat of his selfish rejoicing showed black—as black as treason. He sank despairingly on the edge of the couch facing the open fire. "Oh, you beast—you low beast!" When she returned he was ready for her—as ready as he ever would be.

"Lorry, you've probably guessed it long ago, but I want to tell you aloud I love you with hands, feet, heart and soul. I mean it. If you should want any one of them without the rest, you could have it."

She gave him a curious look and made an impulsive movement toward him, but taking her hand, he guided her firmly to a seat at his side. He did not sit close to her, but apart, staring fixedly into the wood fire in the small grate.

"I don't know whether I'm a cad, or exactly what," he continued. "I haven't known for days and weeks. All I can say is I've felt mean, small like an undersized marble. Then today—just now. That's worse. When your throat tore, my heart tore out too—by the roots; when your voice died, something died in me. But here's the rotten thing: something else came to life—a heathenish, cruel flame of joy. I was glad, and a man as selfish as that, Lorry, is capable of the filthiest crime. I'm a sort of ghoul, rejoicing in the death that may bring him nearer the body."

She hurled herself upon him, stopped his mouth with her mouth, slipped her arms around his neck and clung to him with the liquid pressure of utter surrender. "Ken," she whispered, "oh, Ken! Don't say those things! I love you too! I've always, always loved you!"

He held and rocked her for a long time; then he murmured, "If the doctor says your voice is gone, I couldn't

(Continued on Page 133)

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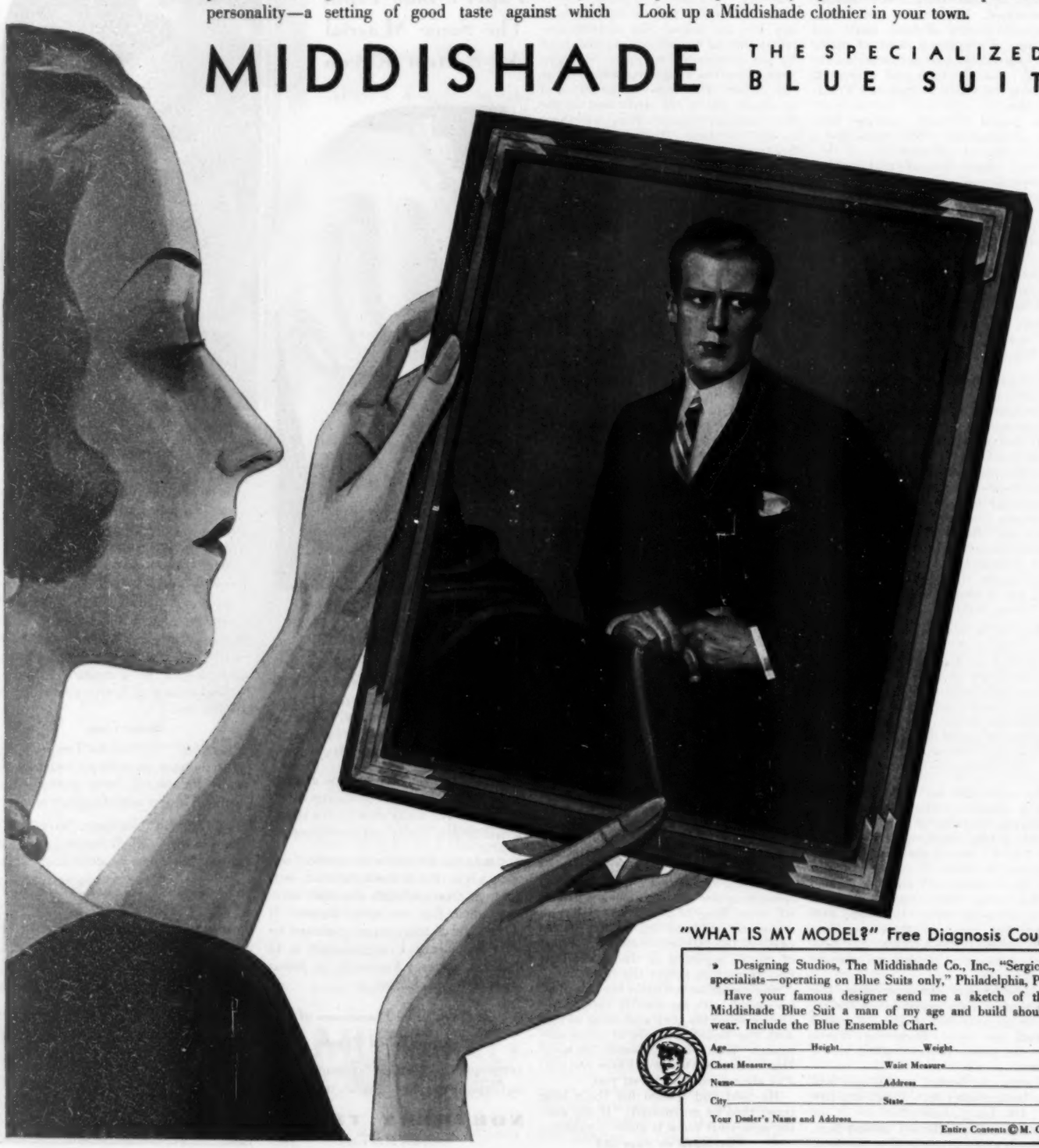

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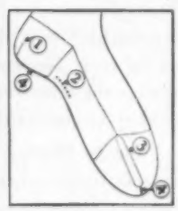

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FULL-FASHIONED SOCKS

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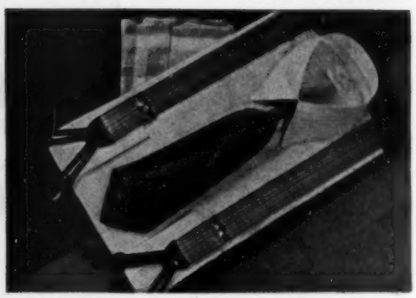
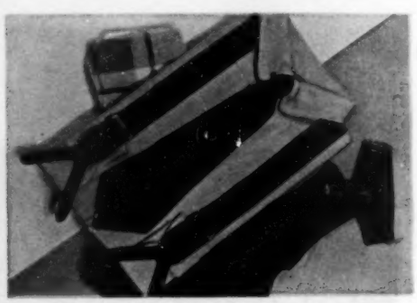


British striped madras shirt, with detached, smartly-cut collar to match. Scarf of rich brown Spitalfields silk, patterned with gold chevrons. French hand-rolled hem linen handkerchief, in keeping. A new idea in braces by Pioneer—a smart brown and white "broken" striped effect; new double elastic ends—with leather buttonholes.



Blue Chambray shirt, with soft rounded collar, pinned in the manner favored by our British cousins. Socks of soft navy blue French wool, with blue and white clocks. Scarf of navy blue Italian silk to harmonize. French linen handkerchief. Braces by Pioneer—a rich blue with white Jacquard figure. Brighton Garters to match.

"These braces were born to go with it"

A PERFECT ensemble! Not through chance. But through patient exploration of style sources by Pioneer's fashion scouts. Ever present, ever alert, ever sensitive to style tendencies where the smart world gathers—they're constantly flashing their findings to Pioneer.

That's why Pioneer Braces, Belts—and Brighton Garters—are "styled in" so closely to the related items of the ensemble you'll select for Fall and Winter. "Born to go with them," you'll think. And that spontaneous mental comment will be the truest of compliments to Pioneer's styling genius.

Pioneer Fall Showings are ready at your favorite men's wear shop. And remember, that men have been insisting on the Pioneer trade-mark for 53 years!

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY, *Philadelphia*

Scotch grain oxfords in black and deep tan with calfskin belts to match. A smart touch is added to the belt buckles by crystal animal decorations to match cuff-links and tie clasp. Belts by Pioneer, naturally.

PIONEER

Presents BRACES · BELTS · BRIGHTON GARTERS *for the Fall Turnout*

(Continued from Page 129)

ask anything better than your love and the chance to marry you. But if he says ——"

She grew rigid in his arms. "Now. Today!" she gasped.

"Oh, Lorry, please! Can't you see that ——"

She collapsed against him and her shoulders began to quiver. "You don't love me," she whispered despairingly, "You've never loved me—only my voice."

"That's a lie," he breathed—"a glorious lie!" He swung her down so he could look in her eyes. "I'm yours, Lorry, from this minute. You may do with me as you wish, now and ——"

He broke off, the word lost against her lips.

XVIII

LORRY took him at his word with a wholehearted acceptance which seemed to carry her back by a single magic sweep into the ragged innocence of Yellow Mountain days. She insisted on speed and Ken on a church, so they compromised on an altar around the corner, with Mrs. Darling and Legendre summoned in haste to act as witnesses. Mrs. Darling was bewildered, but pleased. As for Legendre, he was a death mask at a feast, a pallbearer too stunned to measure his loss.

Joy has no eyes for either bewilderment or grief, and there could be no doubt whatever as to the joy of groom or bride. They drove away with faces shining as if they rushed to meet a sunrise, but Legendre, lingering on the sidewalk even after Mrs. Darling had gone, gazed along the way they had taken with an ever more puzzled frown. These Americans, he would never know them—never. It was all right for Le May to look joyous—why not?—but as for the girl possessed yesterday of a miracle voice and today of a hoarse whisper, why wasn't she padding her windows and turning on the gas?

One-sided talk is really the most difficult of all. Strictly speaking, off the lecture platform, there is no such thing as a monologue, for the most hoggish conversationalist depends on the interruptions he abhors as impulses to further flight. Seated each in a corner of the old car, Ken and Lorry rode perforce in silence. That in itself was nothing new, since perhaps the majority of the many hours they had spent together had flowed easily away without words; and yet this silence had its own peculiar resources, never before equaled. Each of its participants could find behind it cause for laughter, for tears, for wonder and for earnest speculation. But Ken broke it at last, wondering aloud:

"I can't help wondering why you made me promise not to let your people know about—about anything. I'm not so dumb as to think they would have come down even if they'd had time, but I think they ought to have known just the same."

For only answer she drew near to him and laid her hand on his knee.

Mrs. Thorndyke, at least, had been advised of their coming, first by telegraph and then by telephone to make sure. She met them at the door and observed all the regulation formalities, but so dwarfed, so cut and dried, that they became difficult of recognition. There was the smile, the word of welcome to the bride, the gesture toward helping with the baggage, the business of showing them upstairs, the bustle of this and of that and of the other thing. But from the smile on through to the end, Ken got a haunting impression of tinkling icicles.

Perhaps Lorry's unbroken silence had something to do with it, he thought, and tried to explain the loss of her voice in a hurried phrase or two. Mrs. Thorndyke ceremoniously bore down a little harder on her smile, but the result was no more than if she had deepened a figure eight on an unlimited expanse of ice.

Ordinarily he was distrustful of anger, but in this instance he realized his wrath was accumulating toward a definitely appointed end. The crisis arrived when he beheld the quality and quantity of the welcoming luncheon she had prepared; it also tinkled frigidly. He summoned her from the kitchen and spoke in Lorry's presence:

"Mrs. Thorndyke, you've had a good home here for quite a long time and more than average wages. It hasn't cost you anything at all to live and you've saved up a lot. You're really an intelligent woman and your services have been most satisfactory, but about two inches ahead of your nose there's a branch in the road. Now, it's up to you, Mrs. Thorndyke. You can walk the straight road, or you and your cat can pack up your things and take the fork. That's all I have to say, but you've got only one minute to think it over."

Her gray face turned grayer and her lower jaw began to work from side to side as though seeking a misplaced cud. Her small eyes hardened into gimlets, shot their points at Lorry and then at him. He sensed a tremendous battle was going on—a battle between a monumental desire to tell the extraneous world what she thought of it and the immovable rock of self-interest. The rock won out by a narrow margin. Her eyes fell, she ducked her head in signal of surrender, and walked out.

Lorry remained impassive throughout, taking sides neither with Ken nor with his housekeeper. She was serene within her philosophy: People are people; they can never come nearer to you than you come to them. After luncheon she wandered upstairs, presumably to unpack her things, and presently Ken followed. He went in search of her to the two connecting rooms in one of which her bags had been placed. She was not there. "Lorry!" he called before he realized she could not answer, and then rushed out to find her quickly lest she try. She was in his room, sitting on the edge of his bed, her lap loaded with clothes from his bags and closet. He sat down beside her, slipped his arm around her and strove to penetrate without questions the workings of her mind.

"You're right," he said presently; "we ought to settle that sort of thing at once. I'll tell you what I think you ought to have; then you can change it to suit yourself, and what you say goes. You own the house, and me, and everything I've got."

She looked up at him and waited.

"It seems to me the ideal arrangement for you," he continued, "would be to take the two nice rooms; the back one to sleep in and the front one to live in." He frowned at the enigmatic, amused look in her eyes and floundered on. "We can make that front room into a paradise. You can choose any piece of furniture you like, anything you find in the whole house, the attic or the barn."

For answer, she gently but firmly put his restraining hand away, loaded the clothes on her arm, arose and left him without a word. He followed her. She went into the lesser of the two connecting rooms, opened the closet and placidly began to hang up his things. He noticed that her own were not yet there.

The supper was much better than the luncheon; after it they sat in content on the couch in his den where once before she had fallen asleep, and watched the crackling fire, but presently his nerves and muscles began to tauten, warning her he was about to speak.

"Lorry, there's something bothering me and I won't be happy till I get it off my mind. Your people don't know you're here; they don't even know what's—what's happened. The longer we put it off the harder it's going to be to explain why we put it off at all. I don't know myself. Now, sweetheart, I've been pretty good; I've given way to you three times out of five so far. Yes, I've counted them, and I'm going to try to keep up the ratio. But just this once won't you please slip on a coat, climb into the car with me and beat it over to Yellow Mountain? There; I've talked a lot and asked only one question."

"Not today," she whispered. "Perhaps tomorrow—you alone."

Even now the rasp in her tone came to him as a startling, unbelievable disaster; he had been a fool; no wonder she held back from seeing her mother, the true author of her voice. Feeling his unspoken dismay, she turned to slip her arms around his neck in her nearest approach to a wheedling gesture.

"I unpacked your things," she whispered; "unpack mine."

"What?" he gasped, for once totally bewildered. "You really mean it, Lorry? Or is it some joke?"

She shook her head and gave him a little push. He left her, went thoughtfully upstairs, opened her bags, and one by one began to take out and attempt to dispose of all those articles which can clothe a grown woman and yet crumple down to nothing in a man's hand. Presently he stopped in his fairy labor, astonished to find that sweat was gathering on his brow. Women are queer, but are they ever fools?

Once during the following morning and twice in the afternoon he suggested that she permit him to make his proposed visit to Log House, but each time she put him off, urging the necessity of one small readjustment after another. He moved things for her, urged her with sure taste to pick out the best, and even went to the attic and unearthed a low fireside chair at the mere hint of her whim. Down in the main room he almost cried when she laid her hand tenderly on a spinet it was his pride to have reconstructed and his pleasure to keep in tune.

Seeing a moist glow in her eyes, he cried, "Lorry, do you want that? Would you like to have it up in your sitting room?"

She nodded. He summoned Mrs. Thorndyke, and between the three of them they managed to carry the insignificant though awkward weight upstairs. In the evening, when least he expected it, it was Lorry who turned to him and suggested he get the troublesome errand to Log House off his mind. He waited for no further urging, caught up his reefer and left by the side door. As he banged it shut behind him he was amazed to see Mrs. Thorndyke's head pop out from the kitchen window, followed by her hand making deaf-and-dumb signs for him to come to her. Wonderingly he approached.

"I seen her foolin' with your car," she whispered.

"What's that?"

"This afternoon I seen her tamperin' with it."

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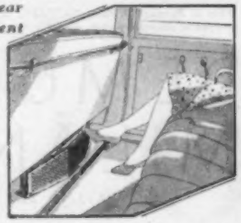

Installed back of front seat or in front of rear seat—a perfect heating plant for Town Car, Limousine, Taxicabs, the larger Coaches or Sedans. Independent or operates in unison with front heater.

"Speak out; you don't have to whisper. Who did you say's been fooling with the car?"

"Her," said Mrs. Thorndyke with a backward jerk of her head. Then she added with greedy malignancy, "Reckon you're finding things out early, ain't you?"

His face turned paper white in the moonlight; he thrust his hand in his pocket and drew it out. "Mrs. Thorndyke," he said in a tone as blunt and hard as the edge of a cold chisel, "here's two months' wages. The few dollars over are for you to telephone to the village for Bert Retz and his jitney. I'll be gone for about an hour. If you've moved out by the time I get back I'll send you another two months' wages as a reward."

He turned, hurried to his car, jumped in with no sign of hesitation, and the next moment was hurtling down Becker Hill at vertiginous speed. The denuded trees of the lane up Yellow Mountain opened steadily before him as he mounted to the front door of Log House.

He opened it and went in. The children had gone to bed, but Beale and his daughter were seated before the fire, neither talking nor reading, phantom strangers walking far apart.

Ken took his place to one side of them and told his story. It was agony for him to relive the scene of the destruction of Lorry's voice, to tell of his own abasement and cap confession with the announcement of the marriage, but he was first dumfounded and then calmed by the reception of his news. These events, so startling in themselves, came to Beale from afar, dulled and dimmed by the years between himself and youth.

"River to the sea, Ken," he murmured resonantly—"river to the sea."

Madeleine looked up from the depths of a broad experience through layer after layer of the translucent waters which had flowed over her unbowed head. She also saw through a veil, but behind it she remained immutably serene, established in the conviction that what people do weighs as nothing against the balance of what they are.

"There will be moments of happiness, Ken," she said quietly. "Don't miss any of them. You and Lorry—it's pleasant to think of you together. Though I don't look it, I'm nearer to crying this moment than I've been for years. But of course I can't cry; I can't afford to come to life." She frowned. "There's only one thing puzzles me."

"Ask me," said Ken dubiously, too puzzled himself to feel secure of any power to answer.

"It's nothing you can explain," she continued. "It's Lorry's voice; I can't understand about her voice. You see, I trained it; I know every stone of the foundations on which it stood." She paused, still frowning. "If it's really ruined—perhaps it isn't, not for always—but if it is, Ken, she did it on purpose."

He sat rigidly immobile for a long time; then he whispered faintly: "That's horrible. It isn't true, of course, but it's horrible for you to say it. If it were true, how—how ghastly!"

She raised her level, untroubled gaze to his face, but the corners of her mouth stirred enigmatically. "You still don't believe in love?"

With that strange question ringing in his ears he left the house, went out to stand head down beside his car, slowly took his place at the wheel and slowly drove away. He was glad the top was down. He could follow the stark pointers of the trees into the skies and strive to hurl himself upward—upward astride the moon among the spangled stars. Escape—escape! To flee, to get away from the suspicion of a trail of destruction in his wake! If he had done that—if really he had done that! If, in answer to his coxcomb quibbles, Lorry had strangled the voice he was prodding on to glory ——

The idling engine spluttered once, spluttered twice and ceased to pulse. Automatically he pressed his foot on the accelerator; there was no response. Scowling, he set his brake, climbed out and stood for a moment entangled by conflicting thoughts, staring helplessly at the stalled car. It was old and battered, and none of its gauges worked—neither the thermostat, nor the charging indicator, nor the clock, least of all the gasoline gauge. But so attentive had been his care that none of these deficiencies had ever had a chance to matter.

Like every expert motorist, however long his experience, he went first to the gas tank. Undoing the cap, he let down a measuring twig; the tank, which should have been at least half full, was dry. His brows tied in a tighter knot than ever. Reëntering the car, he released the brake, coasted down the rest of the lane as fast as he dared and shot a few yards up Becker Hill. There he braked again, carefully chocked the wheels and set out to walk the rest of the way.

"Why? Why? Why?" said a hammer in his brain, matching the cry to the footfall of each furious stride. If Lorry had really done it—why, why, why? By the time he reached the brow of the hill he was so winded that, surprised by the level ground, he stumbled and almost fell. Only a hundred yards more, a hundred paces and he would turn in at the gate, enter his house, and do what? Ask for an answer or grit his teeth and wait until she told of her own accord? Wait for weeks, months, his whole lifetime!

He stepped into the full glare of the moonlight and stopped, transfixed by a sound. Was he dreaming? Was hallucination, taking advantage of chaos, tearing its way into his disordered mind? He had heard the spinet—that was all right, understandable. But whence that haunting phrase from Charpentier's undying romance of love? "E'er since the hour—E'er since the hour!" No chords, but a tone—he could swear it! Then out over his head, from heaven or hell, floated the mighty soul of a triumphant and exulting voice:

"E'er since the hour when first myself I gave to thee,
Enflowered lies the happy path of destiny!
I seem to dream beneath a faërie sky of bliss,
My soul still drunken with the sweetness of thy kiss!"

"Lorry!" he screamed.

He began to run, staggering zigzag across the lawn, thinking he ran straight and fast. Daggers were in his breast. His aching heart swelled and jammed in his throat, choking him, pulling him down. He stopped, amazed that emotion could so drain strength from his limbs. A swarm of truths, of realizations and deductions, assailed him all at once, confusing him by the variety and profundity of their explanations. His hands dangled at his sides and he panted, each breath an agony.

Again the voice, raining on his raised face with the cooling dew of a holy benediction—liquid notes, heart-rending in the beauty of their climbing flow:

"Oh, life, thou lovely! Behold my dream's a dream no more!
In happiness I drowse beneath love's outstretched wing!
New bliss within the garden of my heart doth sing!
All earth, my triumph sharing, throws wide its joyful door!"

He rushed at the house, lifted the latch and strove to throw open the door. It was locked. He thundered on the panels with doubled unfeeling fists.

"Lorry! Lorry! I can't stand it—I can't!"

He sank to the ground, overwhelmed with joy, his face on his knees. Presently light fell over him from the open door, but he did not see it. Lorry slipped out, gathered his head in her arms and held his cheek against the vibrations of her throat.

Her voice—round, airy and resplendent as a floating bubble—rose in the immortal strain to the glory of love's eternal resurrection:

"Smiles, light, and joy surround my happy way!
Deliciously I tremble with the memory of love's first day!
Oh, life! Sweet life! Now dare I bid thee stay,
Since with delight I tremble—I tremble—
Remembering love's first day!"

(THE END)

PHOTO BY HALLAM & VESTY

In the Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River

"Watch him lay that siding

and you'll see what we mean by

GOOD CONSTRUCTION"

How the new idea in lumber helps the carpenter to do a better job

Watch him as he takes the cap off the end of a 4-Square package.

He looks at the ends of the lumber. They have been protected by the package from the wastes that cost you money. They are clean. They are undamaged. They do not need to be trimmed back because of dirt or damage caused by the many handlings all lumber receives between the saw mill and final use. *They are fit and ready to go right into good construction.*

He puts his try-square on the end of a piece. It is square. With thousandth-of-an-inch accuracy, superhuman machines at the saw mill have trimmed it as square as any good carpenter could hope to make it. Every piece of 4-Square Lumber as it comes from the package is ready for use *without unnecessary hand-trimming on the job.*

Now the carpenter lays a piece of siding in place. See how perfectly the machine-squared end forms a snug, tight joint at the window opening. That, as both contractor and carpenter will tell you, is good, sound, weather-tight construction. And it is repeated hundreds of times in the making of hundreds of joints throughout the house.

Properly seasoned, 4-Square Lumber is ready for use in a well-built home.

When you build your new home and see the bright, clean packages of 4-Square Lumber delivered on the job, you can depend on all eleven of its plus values to help your architect, contractor and carpenter make your home an example of good construction.

For this lumber is plainly marked with its full grade and species name. Your architect specifies a certain grade and species for each function—and the 4-Square package tells you at a glance the specifications are met completely.

Trade-marked and guaranteed by the world's largest lumber producing organization, 4-Square Lumber must fulfill every claim made for it both by Weyerhaeuser and by the leading lumber dealers who display the 4-Square Franchise Sign.

Every piece of 4-Square Lumber gives you these

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11. GUARANTEED BY WEYERHAEUSER

When you read the 4-Square package label you know the lumber you buy is right. Here you see the 4-Square trade-mark, the Weyerhaeuser guarantee, the grade and specie name, the length and pattern.

Before you buy lumber for any purpose, send for your free copy of "Eleven Plus Values." This book will help you gain all the advantages of good construction made possible by 4-Square, the new idea in lumber. Send the coupon for it today.

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This message to home builders is published by Weyerhaeuser as spokesman for

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FROM COAST TO COAST

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It *looks* inexpensive—the old, hand-lighted lamp. But would you be deceived by looks into trying to light a modern city with them? Mopping too, *looks* inexpensive. But compared with the new combination FINNELL, it's too expensive for any modern business—besides being inefficient. While a man mops a floor partly clean, the marvelous FINNELL *scrubs* a floor thoroughly clean.

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This FINNELL scrubs the floor with high speed twin disc brushes. And *immediately*—before the dirt can even settle—the dirty water is drawn up by a powerful vacuum, leaving the floor clean and dry. It's so quick, it will pay for itself in the first year in labor saving. It is so thorough, you will be able to keep your floors cleaner than ever before.

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Household Model, too. Refinishes, waxes, polishes, and scrubs—wet or dry.
This machine scrubs faster than one can mop! Enables big savings in labor. Write for details.

IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 9)

Gadget and I have been doing a little sightseeing. Tonight we are going to call on my old friends the Pfeiffers. Tomorrow morning we tackle the engineer of the Rheinländische Hochbaukonstructionsgesellschaft. And tomorrow evening I hope to write you of another success to be added to the long list of achievements of

Your hard-working salesman,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR
RHEIN HOTEL, COBLENZ, GERMANY,
Thursday evening, June 28, 1928.
MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: Twenty-four hours have passed since my last letter, and I regret to state that we are no nearer making a sale than we were yesterday. Indeed, it may be that the situation is a little worse, owing to the fact that I have made an unfortunate mistake, which seems to be getting us in wrong with potential tractor buyers.

I always try to be perfectly honest and candid in my reports to the home office. When I am going good I always tell you about it. And whenever I make a blunder—which occasionally happens to the best of us—I never attempt to conceal it. Consequently I will tell you all about the events of last night, and I will go into considerable detail so you can see that, although I made a slight error in judgment, I was not very much to blame. In fact, I believe that anyone in my place would have acted exactly as I did.

Directly after supper last night Gadget and I sallied forth to call on the Pfeiffer family. As we walked along, Gadget asked me to be discreet.

"If I were you," she said, "I wouldn't tell these people that you are in the tractor business."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because they may gossip around with their friends, and before long it might be reported all over town that a former member of the hated American Army of Occupation has arrived for the purpose of selling tractors."

"And that," I said, "would be bad for business. Very good. I will say nothing about it."

We found the house without any trouble—an old stone building on the Goebenplatz right opposite the famous house where Herr Karl Baedeker published his first guidebook over a hundred years ago. As I knocked at the door, I could feel my heart beating fast with excitement. I really had been very fond of these people. It suddenly occurred to me that nine long years had passed. During this time I had had no news of them. What if they had moved away? What if they had died? What if they had come to hate Americans so much that they would no longer regard me as a friend?

The door opened, and there stood old Frau Pfeiffer herself—a little bit fatter than she used to be, but otherwise looking exactly the same. At first she did not recognize me. Then she let out one of the gladdest and happiest little yelps I have ever heard. "*Alexander!*" she said. "*Der amerikanische Soldat!*" She then grabbed me and kissed me all over both sides of the face. So I gave her a good long healthy hug and kissed her a couple of dozen times. It certainly made me feel good. I introduced Gadget, and there was more embracing. Then the good frau dragged us both into the sitting room where Herr Pfeiffer was comfortably installed in his easy-chair reading a newspaper and sipping a large mug of beer.

"*Eine grosse Überraschung!*" announced Frau Pfeiffer. "*Unser guter Alexander!*"

Herr Pfeiffer at once sprang to his feet, his whiskers dripping with froth, and his ruddy face lit up with a smile of joy. "*Willkommen! Willkommen! Willkommen!*" he said, and hugged me and kissed me with great gusto. After I had introduced Gadget and was wiping off some of the foam, he gave her a few smacks.

The door opened and in came young Wilhelm Pfeiffer, the son of the family. By this time Gadget and I had begun to get into the spirit of the thing, so we grabbed him and saluted him in the approved manner before he even had a chance to realize who we were.

Frau Pfeiffer made several rapid trips to the kitchen and dragged in a lot of bread and *Mettwurst, Leberwurst, Blutwurst, gesalzter Schweinskopf, Gänseschwarzsauer*, and plenty of beer for everybody. We then sat down and had a good long visit. And never have I had a pleasanter evening.

As you know, I am not what might be called a drinking man. In general I completely avoid all alcoholic beverages, as I do not wish to dull the keenness of my mind and thus lower the efficiency of my work as a salesman. But in this case I couldn't very well refuse the hospitality of these excellent people. Consequently I partook freely of the food and also of the drink.

And the more I ate, and the more I drank, the more genial I began to feel. The other members of our little group seemed to feel every bit as friendly and genial as I did myself, and before long the party became suffused with a warm glow of complete happiness and good fellowship.

I even began to remember the small amount of clumsy German which I had picked up in the Army of Occupation. I was surprised and delighted to discover how much I knew. But of course I was far inferior to Gadget, so I let her do most of the talking to the old folks, who understood no English, while I chatted pleasantly with young Wilhelm, who, it appeared, had recently graduated from a university in a town called Bonn, a short distance down the river. I had remembered Wilhelm as an awkward lad about fourteen years of age, who spoke no English at all. He is now a fine-looking young man of twenty-three, with a splendid knowledge of English. We had a long and interesting conversation.

First we discussed the good old days. I recalled how his mother had sewed on buttons and mended clothes for me, and even done most of my washing, and generally looked after me as if I had been one of the family. Wilhelm recalled how I had swiped coffee and sugar and soap from the battery kitchen, and kept them supplied with these necessary articles at a time when there was a great scarcity of them. And he said he would always remember what a thrill he got out of a toy airplane and some toy boats that I made for him.

I said that I was glad to see them all looking so well and apparently so prosperous. He thanked me and said that everything was going very well. His father had saved up a certain amount of money, had retired from business, and was living a pleasant and leisurely life exactly to his liking. He—Wilhelm—after graduating from the university had got what he considered a very good position on a newspaper called the Coblenzer Freie Presse. Apparently he has done very well in this journalistic work, and his prospects for further advancement are very good.

After telling me all about himself and his parents, Wilhelm wanted to know what I had been doing. So I opened up and gave him a long and glowing account of the great Earthworm tractor and my success as a salesman. Wilhelm remembered the Earthworms which we had used to pull the guns of our battery, and he was naturally very much interested to learn that I was now selling them in Europe. I told him of my adventures in France, and Italy, and Russia.

At length Wilhelm had to excuse himself. It appears that the Coblenzer Freie Presse is a morning paper, and he had to get down to the editorial office to finish up a certain amount of work before the first edition went to press. Gadget and I stayed around for an hour or so longer. Herr Pfeiffer got out his old accordion and delighted us by playing a lot of American wartime songs which he had learned from the boys in 1919, and had remembered all these years. He played Over There, The Long, Long Trail, The Caissons, and a lot of others. He finished up in a blaze of glory with Mademoiselle from Armentières, and actually sang us in English a couple of verses which he had committed to memory without having the faintest idea what they meant. These verses startled Gadget, but she was polite enough not to show it.

When, at eleven o'clock, we finally took our departure, we all agreed that we had passed one of the most delightful evenings of all our lives. The Pfeiffers begged us to come in as often as we could during our stay in Coblenz, and said they hoped that in the future we would write to them often so they could know how we were getting along. As Gadget and I strolled home through the streets—which at that hour in Coblenz are dark and almost deserted—my heart was full of contentment and satisfaction.

"Those Pfeiffers," I said, "are regular people sure enough."

"They certainly are," agreed Gadget. "And they certainly seem to be very fond of you."

"They ought to be," I said. "I am very fond of them. And I hope you are going to be fond of them too."

"I am already," said Gadget. "There was one thing, though, that worried me a little."

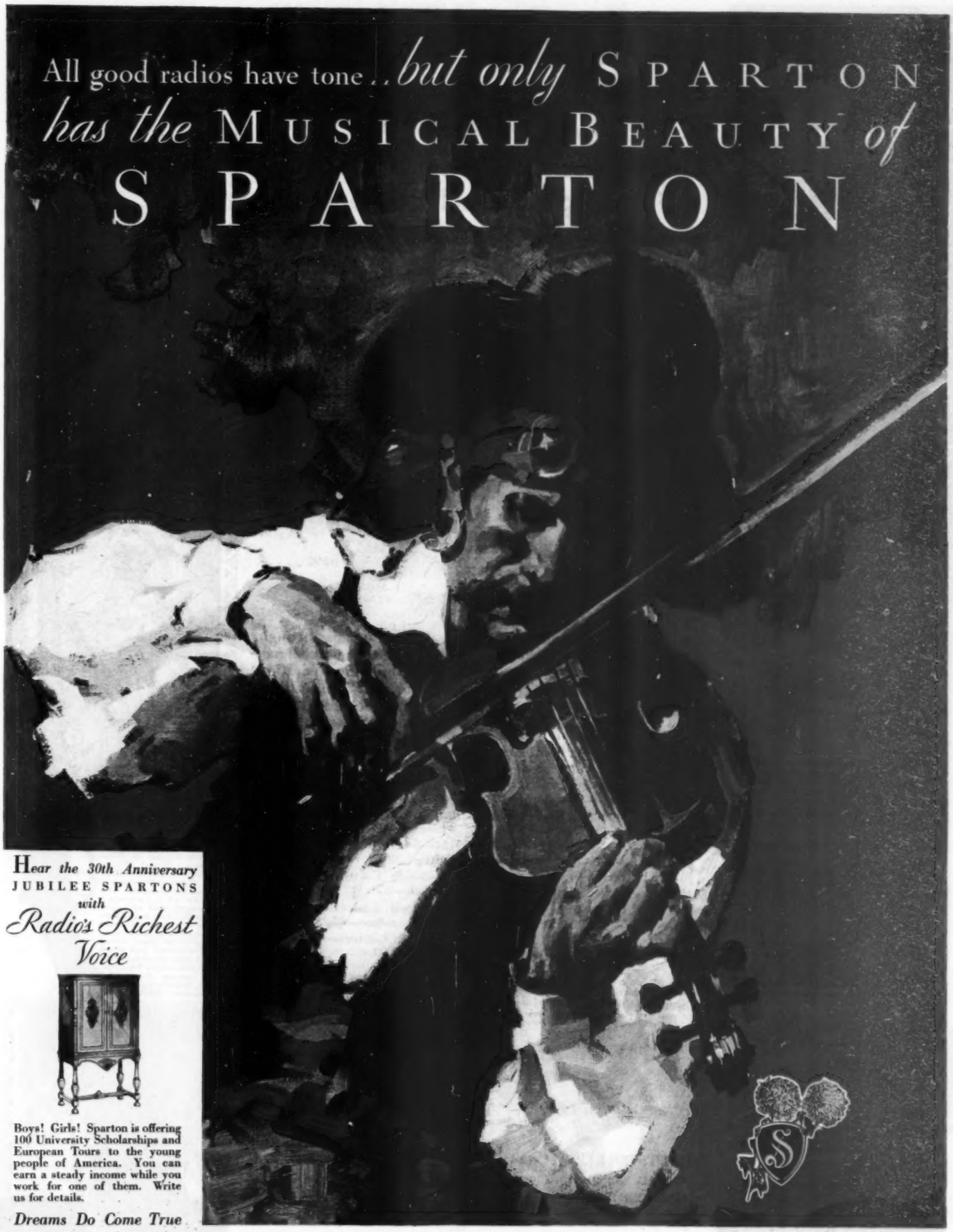
"What was that?"

"I heard you telling young Wilhelm Pfeiffer that you were a salesman for the Earthworm Tractor Company. I thought we had decided to keep that dark."

"I know," I said, "but he asked me what I was doing, and I couldn't very well lie to an old friend. It won't make any difference, though. He won't be apt to spread it around where any prospective purchasers might get hold of it."

"Well, I hope not," said Gadget.

(Continued on Page 139)



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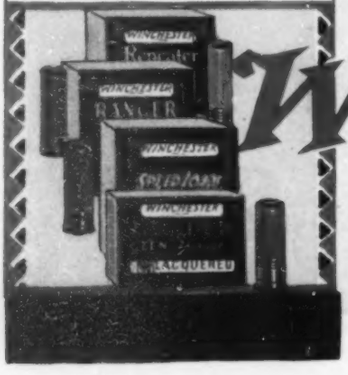

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(Continued from Page 136)

Little did we know that at that very moment Wilhelm Pfeiffer was writing up an article about me for the paper.

This morning we took a nine o'clock train with George McGinnis to Oberzeller, where they are starting to build the big bridge. After a long delay we finally got into the office of the engineer in charge. This engineer was a severe-looking, businesslike young man who seemed to be considerably annoyed at our presence. He didn't look to me like an easy prospect. Gadget, in her most pleasing and attractive manner, explained in German who we were and what we wanted.

As soon as he heard her mention the name Alexander Botts, he picked up a newspaper from his desk and showed Gadget an article therein. After Gadget had read it he asked her a number of questions. She replied, and they had rather a lengthy discussion, while George and I stood helplessly around, not understanding what was being said or having the faintest idea what it was all about.

We could gather, however, from the cold and unfriendly expression on the face of the engineer that Gadget was not making much of an impression on him. Finally Gadget turned to us and said that there was nothing more we could do. We all filed out of the office and walked back to the railway station. Here Gadget told us about her interview.

"In the first place, I want to say that I am disgusted with you, Alexander. You should never have told that William Pfeiffer that you are a salesman for the Earthworm tractor."

"Has Alexander been telling people that he is an Earthworm tractor man?" asked George.

"Worse than that," said Gadget. "He has told a reporter, and the reporter has put it all in the Coblenzer Freie Presse."

"Was it a long article?" I asked.

"Not very," said Gadget, "but it was plenty. It spilled all the beans—gave your name, said you had fought against Germany in the war, had been a member of the Army of Occupation, and were now attempting to sell the American Earthworm tractor in Germany. When that engineer showed it to me it put me in a very awkward position. He asked me if you were the man mentioned in the paper. As I had already introduced you as the salesman for the German Regenwurm tractor I had to tell him that you were an entirely different person but with the same name."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"He said it seemed highly improbable to him that two Americans with the same name should arrive in Coblenz simultaneously, each trying to sell tractors."

"And what did you say to that?" I asked.

"I just repeated what I had told him before—that there were two of you. But I am such a poor liar that I don't think I made it stick. He acted very suspicious and somewhat puzzled. Apparently he thought I was trying to put over some dirty work on him. He couldn't make up his mind what it was exactly, but our interview was ruined just the same. There was a total lack of that mutual trust and friendliness which is always necessary in a successful selling talk. All I could do was give him an unconvincing line about how good this Regenwurm tractor is. But he was so suspicious that it made no impression on him at all."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"He said that he had already told Mr. George McGinnis that he was not interested in our machine, that he had not changed his mind, that he did not want to see a demonstration, and would be obliged to us if we would refrain from wasting his time further. He seemed perfectly hopeless, so I wished him good morning and left."

"A fine guy you are," said George, looking at me. "You come up here to help me, and you mess things up worse than ever. We were almost licked before you put your foot into this business. Now we are completely licked."

"No," I said, "I refuse to surrender. I admit I made a mistake in telling that reporter all about myself. I apologize most humbly. But I will do more than apologize. We will return to Coblenz and I will meditate upon the situation and see if I can't figure out some scheme to attack these people in a new way. I have not given up hope."

At these brave remarks Mr. McGinnis laughed rather derisively, and even Gadget looked doubtful. During most of the train ride back to Coblenz I applied my mind to the problem before us, but I could think of no solution. Since arriving at Coblenz I have written this report and taken a long walk on the river bank. But I still have no promising plan of action. However, I will get a good rest tonight, and tomorrow I may think of something. I will let you know in case there are any interesting future developments.

Very truly,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR
RHEIN HOTEL, COBLENZ, GERMANY,
Friday, June 29, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: We have had much excitement today. While Gadget and Mr. McGinnis and I were having breakfast this morning one of the bellhops came in and said that Mr. Wilhelm Pfeiffer wished to see me.

"Very good," I said. "Show him up to my room, and I will be there at once."

"I suppose," said Gadget, "he wants another interview for the paper. If I were you, I'd throw him out the window into the river."

"He does deserve a good bawling out," I admitted.

But when I went up to the room, Wilhelm greeted me so cordially that I didn't have the heart to get disagreeable with him. Besides, he had another man with him—a pleasant-looking middle-aged gentleman whom he introduced as an old friend of the family, and a former captain in the German field artillery.

"The captain," said Wilhelm, "saw a little notice about you which I put in the paper, and he was anxious to meet you."

"I am highly honored," I said.

"Mr. Pfeiffer tells me," said the captain, "that you were in the American Army during the war." He spoke very good English.

"I was a private," I replied, "in the artillery. A very humble position," I added, "as compared to your own. You were a captain, I understood?"

"We all had our parts," he replied, "and no one in the war had a more honorable part than the simple soldiers who bore the brunt of most of the hard work."

"Thank you," I said.

"To what organization did you belong?" he asked.

"The Thirteenth Field Artillery of the Fourth Division."

"Let me see. Let me see," said the captain. "Were you near the village of Septsarges about a month before the Armistice?"

"I should hope to kiss a pig," I said. "We were just outside of that little town for over a week. But how did you know?"

"I know," said the captain, "because the battery which I commanded was on your right flank directly across the Meuse River."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Let me get this straight. You say you were in command of the boys that were operating those guns across the river on our right?"

"I certainly was."

"The first week in October, 1918?"

"That was the time. Perhaps you remember that we used to fire at you every once in a while?"

"Do I remember!" I said. "I should say I do. You people had us worried sick. Of all the artillery that we ever ran up against during the whole war, that bunch of shooting fools across the Meuse from Septsarges was the quickest-firing, the most skillful, and the most annoying. How you boys used to send your shells screeching down that little valley! And how we used to curse you out!"

"Of course," said the captain modestly, "we always tried to do the best we could. But I honestly believe your Fourth Division artillery was better than anything we had. The way you people used to drop shells all around our battery position was really amazing. I suppose you adjusted your fire by airplane observation?"

"Not at Septsarges," I said. "We were firing entirely by the map."

"Marvelous!" said the captain. "Marvelous!"

"Listen," I said. "I want to ask you a question."

"Certainly."

"Did you ever do any sniping at individual men?"

"Yes. We had direct observation down your little valley from an observation post on one of the hills."

"Ah-ha!" I said. "Then you were the dirty bums that pretty near bumped me off."

"Bumped you off?"

"Yes. I was walking down the road to the east of Septsarges one afternoon when everything had been so quiet that I thought you bozos must have gone to sleep. And then all of a sudden there came over one of those nasty little 77's—so fast I didn't have time to duck, and so close it pretty near took off my tin hat as it went by. It hit right beside the road and blew dirt and sod all over me. The fragments missed me, but I was practically scared to death. For over a week I was a nervous wreck."

"We had 77's in our battery," said the captain. "It is very possible that we fired that very shot."

"You had the devil's own accuracy," I said.

"No," said the captain. "That shot was a failure. We missed you."

"I insist," I replied, "that it was a wonderful piece of work. You were firing at a range of four or five kilometers, by indirect laying, and at a moving target. And I swear that shell went by within three feet of my head. It was magnificent."

"The most magnificent shot of all my experience," said the captain, "was

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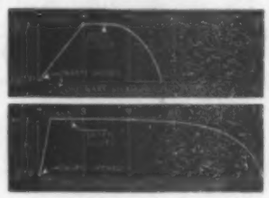

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one that you people sent over at exactly four o'clock on the afternoon of October 6, 1918. It was one of those 155 howitzer shells, and it came straight down on top of our kitchen, and burst in the exact mathematical center of a big kettle of soup. The entire kitchen was demolished. All our supplies were destroyed and we didn't have anything to eat for two days. I wonder if it was your battery that fired that shell."

"Very likely," I said. "We had 155 howitzers."

"This is most interesting," said the captain. "Permit me to congratulate you on having been a member of a battery which could achieve such admirable results."

With these words he rose to his feet and grasped me cordially by the hand.

"Sir," I said, "I am sure that the best work our battery ever did—and we certainly worked those old guns as well as we possibly could—was mere amateur bungling as compared to the finished and artistic work of your excellent German battery. I consider it a great honor to shake hands with you. And you don't know what a kick I get out of meeting the man whose remarkable gunnery almost knocked my head off ten years ago."

"The honor and the pleasure," said the captain, "are all mine. How wonderful it is that after all these years I should come face to face with a member of that astounding American battery which could hit the exact center of a kettle of soup at a range of five kilometers."

"This is indeed an auspicious occasion," I remarked, "and it seems fitting that we should celebrate it in appropriate fashion. I trust you will permit me to offer you some light refreshments."

"The idea," said the captain, "is excellent."

"I agree," said Wilhelm Pfeiffer.

I immediately ordered up a reasonable amount of the best Rhine wine and a certain amount of food to go with it, and the rest of the morning was devoted to one of the pleasantest and most interesting little parties I have attended in a long time. Wilhelm, who had been too young to fight in the war, sat around and listened while the captain and I swapped lies and discussed all phases of the great war. At length I happened to mention the fact that our battery had used Earthworm tractors to pull the guns.

"Yes," said the captain. "I remember seeing those tractors in your Army of Occupation up here. And I was present at the Third Army carnival in the spring of 1919, when one of your tractor operators performed the amazing feat of driving his machine straight up the ramparts of Ehrenbreitstein—which have a slope considerably steeper than forty-five degrees. I also remember watching these Earthworms at work around your camps, and I was much impressed at the work they do. They are wonderful. And that reminds me that I have been so interested in discussing the war that I almost forgot the real object of my visit to you. Wilhelm tells me that you are a representative of the Earthworm Tractor Company."

"That is correct," I said.

"Well, I am a contractor and I am interested in buying a few of your machines."

"The captain," said Wilhelm, "is the president of the Rheinländische Hochbaukonstructionsgesellschaft, which is one of the most important firms in the country."

"How interesting," I said.

"We have been thinking for some time of buying a few tractors," said the captain. "The engineer in charge of a bridge we are building down at Oberzeller has been approached by a rather suspicious-looking character who wants to sell us a German imitation of your Earthworm tractor. But of course we don't want any inferior, untested product. What we want is the original Earthworm, built by the same company which produced those excellent machines used by your army."

"That is exactly what I can sell you," I said. "It is the same tractor, although of course it has a certain number of improvements. If you would like to see it in action I can give you a demonstration at any time."

"That will be unnecessary," said the captain. "I will take your word that this machine is as good as the one used in your army. You are a friend of Wilhelm's and an ex-member of a splendid regiment, so I know I can trust you."

At once I got out my literature and specifications on the different sizes of Earthworms, and within half an hour I had completed the sale of four of George's five tractors.

After signing the orders and giving me a check for the down payment, the captain wished me a cordial good morning. Wilhelm invited the captain and Gadget and me to supper at their house this evening, and I accepted with pleasure. The captain and Wilhelm then took their departure.

As soon as they had left, George McGinnis and Gadget came into the room fairly panting with excitement and anxiety.

"The hotel clerk," said Gadget, "told us that the man who has just been visiting you is the high muckymuck of the Rheinländische Hochbaukonstructionsgesellschaft. What have you been doing with him? I hope that you two haven't been discussing the war."

"And I hope," said Mr. McGinnis, "you didn't let him know that our tractors are really made in America."

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I didn't know who he was until just before he left."

"You didn't!" said Gadget.

"No. All I knew was that he was a friend of Wilhelm Pfeiffer's. So I talked a lot about the war and the army, and I told him that I was a salesman for genuine made-in-America Earthworm tractors."

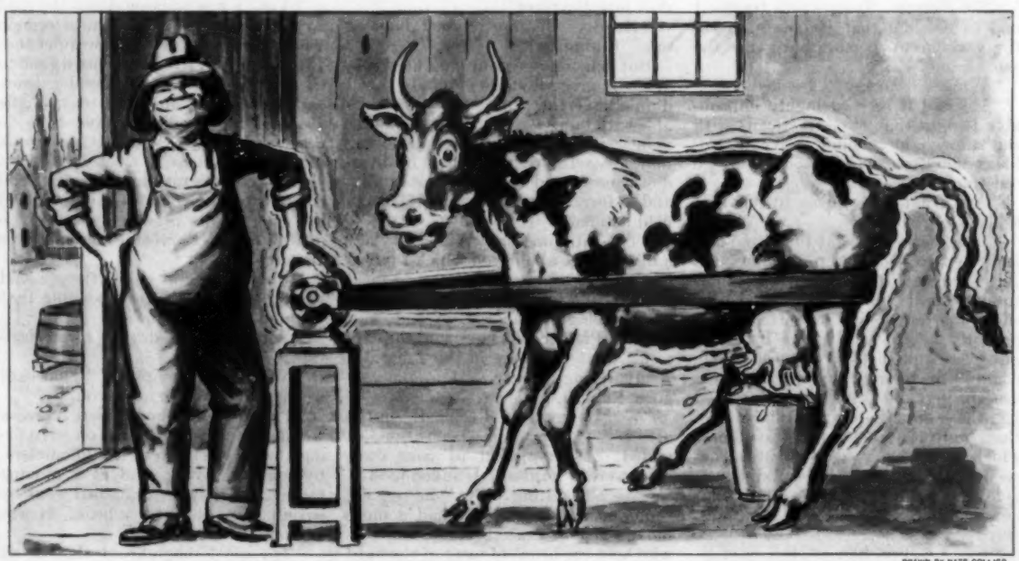
"Good Lord!" said Mr. McGinnis. "You actually told him all that?"

"Yes," I said, "and then I sold him four machines. Here are the orders, and the check. You will have to take off the Regenwurm name plates and put the original ones back on, because this lad wants real Earthworms. And now that we have helped you out this much, I feel that Gadget and I had better be planning to get back to our regular work in France and Italy. We can't leave tonight—we have a date with the Pfeiffers—but we'll pull out first thing in the morning."

"You sold four tractors!" said George incredulously, and then lapsed into a thoughtful silence. Finally he started for the door. "There's a store here that handles books in English," he said. "I'm going to buy everything they have about the war, and read up until I can talk about it intelligently and at great length. I still have to sell that fifth tractor."

He walked out. And that is all at present from

Yours truly,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.



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ROLLS AWAY THE PORE-DIRT

THEY SAY IT'S GOLF

(Continued from Page 17)

next door, teeming with people and bathed in the brilliance of a thousand electric lights, was one of those new miniature golf courses which were sweeping the town like a plague. TEENIE WEENIE PUTT PUTT GOLF, said a big electric sign. They stopped and observed.

"Want to try it?" asked Spec.

"Let's."

They went in. The attendant supplied them each with a golf ball and a putter, and explained that the elementary object of the game was to get the ball into each successive hole with as few strokes as possible. It sounded simple. It turned out to be amazingly hard. The path to every hole was bestrewn with horrible hazards—little mountains, valleys and lakes, pipes to go through, inelines to scale, bumps and depressions, stakes sticking up in the way, tunnels, even a loop-the-loop. They both did very badly, but remained to play three games.

"Isn't it fascinating?" Milly enthused when they were through. "I don't wonder Howard is crazy about golf. He must have to be awfully good to be the city champion."

Spec agreed silently. He had played wretchedly but felt he could do much better the next time.

"We'll try it again some night," was all he had to say. By that time it was one o'clock and Milly had to hurry home.

Howard strolled into the office the next afternoon inquiring about an answer to his cable to Bobby Jones. Either because he couldn't possibly answer all his congratulatory cables or because he didn't exactly place Howard Natcher, the champion cabled no reply.

Spec, contrary to his usual attitude, greeted Howard as an equal. "I played a little golf last night and rather liked it," he said.

"Golf last night? Where can you play golf at night?"

"At the Teenie Weenie Putt Putt course next to the Imperial Theater."

Howard snorted, then burst into a bellow of derisive laughter. He laughed till the tears came and a flush of anger started to creep out from under the O'Donnell collar.

Spec said, "What's the big joke?"

"Golf!" Howard guffawed. "Golf! I thought you said you played golf?"

"You heard me," said Spec. "At the Teenie Weenie—golf."

"My dear boy," said Howard in his most patronizing tone, "that isn't golf."

"Why not? You play it with a golf ball and a putter, don't you?"

"But that doesn't make it golf."

"What is it, then?"

Howard assumed a resentful tone. "It's a combination of croquet, billiards, bean bags and spit-at-a-crack. It's a game for old women and half-witted children. It's a civic disgrace, that's what it is—an affront to the ancient and honorable pastime."

"Apparently you don't like it."

"Like it? There ought to be a law against it. Golf!" He snorted and tossed his head. "Can you imagine Bobby Jones or Walter Hagen or Jix von Elm wasting his time at that silly game?"

"Or you," suggested Spec, beginning to run a temperature.

"Or me," confirmed Howard; "nor anyone else with a brain in his skull."

"The boys seemed to be getting along pretty well last night without you and your friend Jones and his friend Hagen," Spec came back at him.

"Listen, O'Donnell," Howard used a father-to-son tone. "Take my advice. Keep away from that stupid game. If you really want to play golf come out some day and let me show you a few of the fine points."

"You and who else?"

"Oh, well, if you feel that way about it. I was just trying to help ——"

"Help yourself to a slice of throat," said Spec disagreeably.

There was one consolation to be derived from this conversation with Howard. At least Spec would have the exclusive privilege of taking Milly to play putt-putt golf. Howard wouldn't go near one of those places. Or maybe it would be safer if he would. A man had neither time nor opportunity to propose to a girl on a miniature golf course. Spec firmly resolved to waste no more time. Nothing in the world would keep him from getting an answer from Milly tomorrow night.

Tony Manelli hurried in the next afternoon, led Spec up to the roof and stuck his foot through that resolution. "Listen, Spec," he said, "are you married to this place?"

"Married to ——" Spec was startled.

He had only one thought about marriage, and that was to Milly Barber. "You mean would I leave if—if there was something ——"

"That's it."

Spec considered. "Sure, if it was something better. Why?"

Tony lowered his voice. "I got a great proposition all ready to crack." He looked around to see no one was within earshot. No one was, save a pigeon preening its feathers in the cornice. Tony shied a pebble at the pigeon.

"Yeah?"

"I figured a long time ago there was room for another good potato-chip company in this town."

"Yeah?"

"So I got scouting around, and what do you think I bumped into?"

Spec said, "Search me."

"The Cash 'n' Carry people will give me all their business—sixty-eight stores—if I c'n line up with another good company."

Spec was impressed. "They buy a lot of chips," he said.

"I'll say they do. Then I started scoutin' around some more and found I could get the Blue Lantern fountains—thirty of 'em."

"Gosh!"

"And the Yummy Bakeries—biggest chip buyers in town."

"Where do I come in?" asked Spec.

"Here's the plot." Tony hurled another pebble at the eavesdropping pigeon. "You and I go partners. You make 'em—I sell 'em. We make a lot of money and tell the rest of the world to go to hell."

"But, gee, ain't it risky?"

"Risky my eye. We start out with enough contract business to pay expenses. Then I can bring in all the people I sell now—I got all the Greek, Eyetalian 'n' Frog business in town."

"Who's going to put up the money?"

"We are," said Tony. "It'll take fifteen hundred bucks, and that's all. That's seven-fifty apiece—no outsiders, just you 'n' me. Johnson'll sell us the equipment on time payments. We'll have money coming in from the start."

Spec was immersed in thought.

"It's a pushover," urged Tony. "We can't lose—honest, we can't. What say, kiddo? Stick here at fifty a week or join me, be independent and make a lot of dough?"

"I'm pretty short of ready cash right now."

"You got seven-fifty, haven't you?"

"Yeah," said Spec hesitantly.

"Well, quit thinkin' and say yes."

"Give me a week."

"Okay," said Tony. "That enough?"

Spec said it was. They parted.

Here indeed was a predicament. Opportunity, which Spec had heard comes but once in a lifetime, was knocking at the door. Spec relished the idea of going on his own. He and Tony would be successful and prosperous. It would mean more money—more comforts for Milly. Spec wanted to do it—but he also wanted to marry Milicent Barber. With only eight hundred dollars in the bank, he obviously couldn't do both—there just wasn't enough money to go around. He would have to postpone, temporarily at least, one or the other.

He hated to risk waiting a week before proposing to Milly. With Howard Natcher right on his heels, that was taking an awful chance. He scratched his head till the scalp itched. There must be a way to do them both—he'd figure it out somehow.

Six days later Howard hailed Spec in the office. "Played any more moron's delight lately?"

"Meaning what?" asked Spec as disagreeably as possible.

"Goofie golf."

"I played it again last night—me 'n' a couple of thousand other morons. We think it's a pretty good game."

Howard uttered an unintelligible sound expressing disgust.

"Aw, you give me a pain in the neck," Spec snapped. "Whadda you got to be so puffed up over? If you ask me, I think you're afraid to take a chance at putt-putt. It's too tricky for an ordinary golfer."

"So?"

"Yeah, so." Spec stuck out his chin defiantly.

"What do you play it in?"

"I shot a fifty-nine last night," said Spec.

"What's par?"

"What is par?"

"That's what I'm asking you."

"I mean, what does par mean?"

Howard looked at him pityingly. "You are dumb, aren't you? Par is the score a first-class golfer should make on a course. You couldn't be expected to know."

Spec pulled a golf score card from his pocket and handed it to Howard. "This it?"

Howard looked. "Yes, forty-two—and you shot a fifty-nine. You're worse than I thought you were."

Spec suddenly became very red and very angry. "I'd like to see you beat it, you big windbag," he blurted.

His loud tone attracted attention. All office work practically ceased.

"You would, would you?" Howard's pride was stung. "Okay. I've never been near one of those ratty little joints, but I'll play once—just to trim the trousers off you. Fifty-nine—you make me laugh."

"I suppose you think you're good."

"You're right I'm good," Howard admitted. "Well, how about it? Any

(Continued on Page 145)

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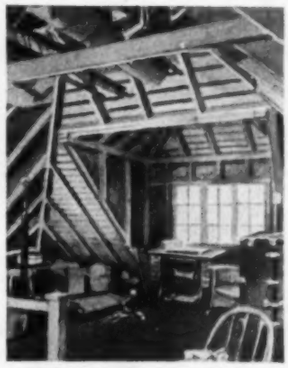

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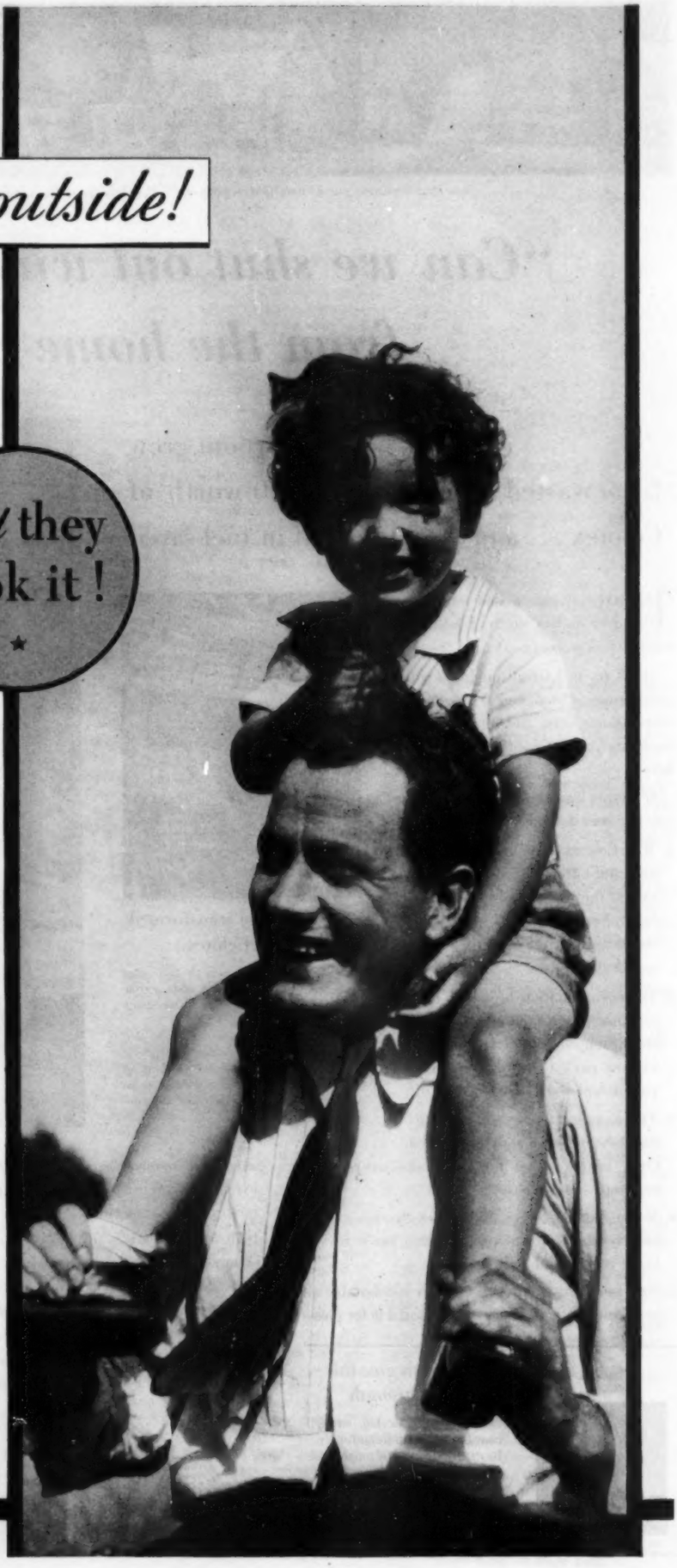

DOCTORS pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease.

Just as doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it—keeping clean inside by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal-clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore cannot make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

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One. Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully and normally, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

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Here's a way to get a result you know is good for you, without using drugs which you know are bad for you. Don't you think it's worth trying?

Nujol

health

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(Continued from Page 142)

time, any place—for money, marbles or chalk."

The office force had abandoned desks and gathered around in a circle. Spec's belligerence was beginning to wane.

"Well?" insisted Howard. "How about it? Put up or shut up."

Spec glanced over Howard's shoulder. Right behind stood Milly, looking him straight in the eye. That settled it. His honor was at stake. It was too late to back out now.

"You name the time," he told Howard.

"Tonight?"

"That's great with me."

"For how much?"

Spec gulped slightly and suggested, "Ten dollars?"

Howard laughed. "Oh, come on now, big talk. You've been flapping your lip about who you could beat. Don't be a tinhorn. Let's make it worth while—let's make it a hundred."

Spec paled. "Aw, gee, that's more 'n I ——"

"That's what I thought," sneered Howard. "When it comes to a showdown you're just a cheap skate—just a piker. If you ask me, I think you're yellow."

Spec looked at Milly. There was something in her eyes—an expression he had never seen there before—an intangible he didn't know what ——

He wasn't yellow. He was a bright crimson from collar to hair. "I'm a cheap skate, huh? I'm a piker?" He moved a step toward Howard. "I'll show you what kind of a cheap skate I am. I won't play you for a hundred bucks—I'll take you on for five hundred bucks or not at all. Will that keep you happy, Mr. Fathead?"

"It's a pleasure, Mr. Putt-Putt," said Howard, smiling. "Do you mind shaking on it?"

Spec shook—reluctantly.

"And now do you mind if we put up the money with a stakeholder?" Howard pulled a check book from his pocket.

"I'll do that too." Spec penned a check for five hundred dollars, payable to Howard Natcher.

Milly was almost in tears when she told Tony Manelli about it an hour later.

"He didn't really!" exclaimed Tony.

Milly insisted he had.

Tony collapsed in a chair. "Good-by five hundred berries; good-by business deal. He musta lost his mind."

Milly explained: "He didn't know what he was doing. He got mad."

"Mad as a March hare, Why, this Natcher'll skin him alive. He's the city champion."

"It was perfectly hateful of Howard to aggravate Spec that way and then take advantage of him. Spec was so mad he'd have bet every dollar he has in the world."

Tony said, "He just about did."

"Spec can't afford to lose that much money," said Milly. "Maybe if we talked to Howard he'd call the bet off."

"That guy? Please—I got a split lip. Besides, you can't do that. A bet's a bet 'n' it's Spec's hard luck." Tony looked exceedingly glum.

When Milly finally decided it would do no harm at least to suggest the idea of reducing the bet to nominal proportions, it was too late. Howard had gone.

The Teenie Weenie Putt Putt course was ablaze with light and color. Striped umbrellas and gaudy deck chairs were scattered everywhere. The soft green of lawns mingled with the darker green of artificial fairways and the pink, purple and lavender of clustered petunias. Red and blue lights played on a bubbling fountain.

The evening crowd was thinning away when Howard Natcher arrived at five minutes to eleven. In brown knickers, light green stockings, camel's-hair sweater to match and low kilty-tongued shoes, he was the acme of golfing style. He was hatless, but every hair was oiled securely in place. To his surprise—and, no doubt, delight—the entire Golden Drip Potato Chip office force, with guests, had come to see him grind Spec O'Donnell beneath his golfing heel.

He bowed to his confreres and inquired of Spec from Charlie Houseman, who was stakeholder. "Don't suppose he's got cold feet and run out on me, do you?"

Charlie guessed Spec would be there. A minute later he was—gracelessly accoutered for the conflict. His clothes were the same he had worn in the office. He didn't even bother to remove his hat.

He marched to the counter, paid the attendant a dollar, received two tickets in return, picked a putter from the rack and a ball from the box, and advanced on Howard.

"Here's your ticket. You ready?"

"I was afraid maybe you'd got smart and decided not to show up," said Howard.

"I'll give you more than that to worry about in a minute."

Howard flipped a coin for the honor. Spec said, "Heads." It came up tails.

The first hole at Teenie Weenie was really quite simple. Fifteen feet down the fairway—a level expanse covered with green composition and six feet wide—was a concrete wall pierced by three little tunnels. A ball from the tee going through the center tunnel would emerge on the green near the cup; through either of the other tunnels it came out far, far away, requiring at least two extra strokes to reach the hole.

Howard advanced to the tee, glanced imperiously at the crowd, waggled his club once or twice and hit the ball. Running straight as an arrow, it disappeared in the center tunnel and emerged beyond on the green within three feet of the cup. Spec gulped noticeably, set his ball on the mat and sent it following along the identical course. The crowd was delightfully surprised. So, apparently, was Spec.

Putting first, Spec tapped his ball gently and watched it tumble into the cup. The gallery's vociferous applause was subdued only after repeated shushing. Howard tapped his confidently but too hard. It circled half around the cup and stopped a foot away.

"These greens are too fast," he grumbled, picking up his ball.

Spec said, "You should hit 'em straighter."

Howard said, "Go to hell."

Charlie Houseman, self-appointed official scorer, said, "That puts Mr. O'Donnell one ahead"—poor golf patois, but true just the same.

Mr. O'Donnell was still one ahead at the end of the fourth hole. On the fifth he lost his advantage. Howard laid him a perfect stymie, his ball stopping on the edge of the cup directly in the path of Spec's.

"Go ahead and putt," said Spec. "You're in my way."

Howard looked at him indignantly. "That's your bad luck. You're stymied."

"What's that you say?" Spec flared. He had never heard of a stymie before, but suspected it might be an uncomplimentary name.

(Continued on Page 147)

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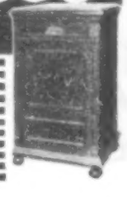

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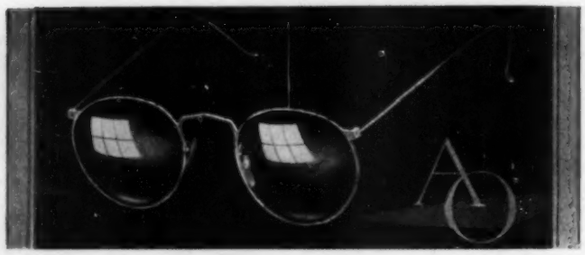

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AMERICAN OPTICAL **FUL-VUE** FRAMES FOR YOUR GLASSES

(Continued from Page 145)

"You're stymied. I'm in your way, you sap. You'll have to play around me—or knock my ball in the hole if you want to. Don't you know anything about championship golf?"

They wrangled and argued and consulted the course manager, who upheld Howard's contention. In championship matches—this surely was such—stymies were played. Spec missed his putt and the hole went to Howard. The match was even.

It remained even for two more holes. Howard was playing skillfully, confidently, sending his putts straight and true. Spec was clinging doggedly to his heels, matching him shot for shot. The gallery, swollen to enormous proportions by now, was having a lovely time watching an awkward young man who acted as though he'd never seen a golf ball before, fighting the legs off the city champion.

From the eighth tee rose an incline fifteen feet long and at least four feet high at the top, where there was a sunken bowl a foot in diameter. It looked as if a man couldn't miss the bowl with his eyes shut. Howard, playing first, studied the situation briefly, struck the ball smartly. It sped up the incline, tumbled into the bowl, rolled around twice, scooted out and trickled back to Howard's feet.

Spec said, "You hit it too hard."

Howard glared at him. "I don't need any advice from you."

Spec burned him up with, "You need it from somebody."

The second time Howard played cautiously—too cautiously. The ball sneaked irresolutely up the incline, faltered short of the bowl, remained indecisive an instant and returned to its starting point.

Someone in the crowd tittered.

Spec said, "Too easy that time."

Howard said, "Please"—and tried to slay him with a look.

The third attempt went in.

"And they call this game golf," said Howard peevishly.

"It's really very simple for a good man," said Spec, rolling his first attempt neatly into the bowl. When the hole was finished Spec was one up again.

He was two up after the tenth hole, by virtue of turning the tables on Howard and laying him a stymie he could not get around. Spec's first shot on the long, straight eleventh just managed to keep rolling until it fell in the cup, which made him three up.

From then on, Howard settled down to business. His reputation was at stake. A huge gallery was watching him. He didn't relish the idea of losing five hundred dollars to anyone, least of all to Spec O'Donnell. He played grimly, magnificently. They halved the next two holes.

Fourteen was the loop-the-loop hole. Ten feet from the tee a board with a small opening at the bottom stretched across the fairway. A ball played through the opening with sufficient force would circle up and around a miniature loop-the-loop and proceed toward the green. Spec missed. Howard's perfect shot stopped so close to the hole that the crowd murmured an admiring "Ah-h-h"—and Spec found his lead reduced to two.

They halved the fifteenth. In the middle of the sixteenth fairway was a miniature Mt. Vesuvius. The idea was to make the ball climb its side and drop in the crater, whence it went by underground pipe to the green. Howard, playing first, scaled the dizzy heights. Spec didn't, and took three extra shots. Howard holed out for a two and had cut Spec's lead to a single hole.

The gallery buzzed nervously. Their favorite, the underdog, was cracking. The city champion's class was beginning to tell.

A maze of upright stakes barred the path to the seventeenth green. Howard sent his ball sliding through the maze and onto the green. Spec ran afoul of the obstacles and took three strokes to get through. Howard sank his putt for a two and the match was even.

The gallery buzzed more loudly now. It was all over but the shouting. Howard had Spec on the run.

The eighteenth was the prize hole of the Teenie Weenie course. Fifteen feet from the tee the fairway was blocked by a wooden V, its point facing the tee and open a bare six inches. The first ball must go straight through the opening. A miss rolled into the sharp angle at either side and required at least an extra stroke—generally two or three—to get back into position to play through the opening again.

There was thundering silence as Howard, superbly confident now, placed his ball on the tee. He studied the opening, shuffled his feet, waggled his club. Not a diaphragm moved. Five hundred dollars depended on this shot. Howard stopped waggling, held his club poised for an instant, drew it back steadily, flicked it forward ——

A startling vocal explosion rent the air. Somebody sneezed—a deafening, unexpected, entirely disconcerting sneeze—ah-ca-choo.

It was timed perfectly. It made Howard, keyed to highest nervous pitch, jerk as he hit the ball, which shot down the fairway, missed the opening by six inches and nestled roguishly in the very corner of the sharpest angle.

Howard turned around slowly and deliberately. "Who did that?" he demanded in icy tones.

He saw who did it. Milly was holding her handkerchief to her nose, trying—oh, so hard!—to suppress the companion sneeze that was striving to follow its mate.

Howard stared at her for a moment, sighed, turned and walked down toward his ball.

To the amazement of the crowd, Spec dropped his ball and deliberately drove it up alongside Howard's. The gallery, suddenly appreciating the sportiness of the gesture, cheered wildly. Even Howard looked at Spec in surprised admiration.

"You didn't have to do that on my account," he said.

Spec said, "Be yourself."

Howard played out of the corner first—or tried to. A foot more and his ball would have rested at the mouth of the opening. Where it was, required another stroke to play through. Spec's ball covered the extra foot; his third shot went through the opening, rimmed the cup and stopped an inch away. Howard strove valiantly to put his fourth stroke through the gap and into the hole—and failed. Spec won the hole and the match with a four to Howard's five.

At least Howard was a good sport about it. "Sloughing that shot almost makes me think you might be a pretty good guy if you had a little more sense," he said.

Spec said, "You flatter me."

Howard said: "You're almost good enough to play real golf. Anybody who beats me has got to be good." He shook hands, nodded stiffly to the audience and faded away into the night.

They were alone in the corner of an ice-cream booth—Spec and Milly.

Looking at him with round, limpid eyes, Milly said, "You were wonderful."

Spec said, "Did you sneeze on purpose?"

"I'd never admit it if I did," said Milly.

"I know you did. Why?"

Milly finished her sundae before she said, "In the first place, Howard is city golf champion."

"Yeah?"

"And he practiced over that course from two o'clock, when you made the bet, till half an hour before you started to play."

"Did he really?"

"He knew it like a book. I didn't think that was fair."

Spec almost told Milly a lot of things she wasn't supposed to know. Instead, "What else?"

"I knew you couldn't afford to lose five hundred dollars."

"You know why I couldn't afford to lose it?"

"Why?" asked Milly.

"Because if I'd lost it I couldn't have married you for a long, long time."

Milly said, "Oh."

"But now that I won it, how about settin' a date?"

"Any time within the next two weeks," said Milly. "I don't think I could wait any longer than that."

Tony Manelli slipped Spec's check for seven hundred and fifty dollars into his pocket. "You're the luckiest stiff in the world," he said.

"Whadda you mean, lucky?"

"Gettin' out of that mess alive. If you ever take a gamble like that while you're in business with me I'll throw you out on your ear."

Spec chuckled. "That wasn't any gamble. You don't think I'd have played that guy for five hundred bucks without bein' sure I could beat him, do you? I'm not a gambler; I'm a business man."

"What gave you an idea you could beat him?"

"He practiced on the course one afternoon."

"Milly told me that he did."

"I've practiced there every night for a week."

Tony looked at him admiringly. "Well, I'll be damned."

Spec said, "For gosh sake, don't tell Milly."

"No?"

"No. She thinks I'm a wonderful man."

FOR APPEARANCE'S SAKE
WEAR A SIMMONS CHAIN

IF YOU care about the way you look to other people, you won't be careless about the chain that guards your watch, your keys, knife, emblem or other accessories. It must be smart. It must reveal your own good taste. *A Simmons Chain!* . . . Simmons Chains are made by men who know authentic styles, who keep abreast of all that is fresh and modern in sound design. Simmons Chains wear well. And in a wide variety of beautiful patterns, they still come within the comfortable range of $4 to $15. The good-looking Waldemar above, 55, costs $9 alone, white gold-filled, and would make a splendid gift to a young man going back to school or college. Your jeweler has it, and many others. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Massachusetts.

SIMMONS CHAINS

The swivel says it's a Simmons

He writes like this

Benjamin Cole

—So from these 14 Eversharp Personal-Points, he picked the

HALF STUB

If yours is a highly individual style of handwriting, if no fountain pen has ever really pleased you, here's good news! The new Eversharp Personal-Point Fountain Pen offers you a point specially hand-ground to fit your hand—in a handsome pen exactly the color, shape and size you personally prefer. Eversharp Personal-Points are separate *interchangeable* writing units. There is one for every writing style: back-hand, left-hand, shorthand—*any hand*—cobweb fine to black as night. Any point, any lovely Eversharp holder you desire, can be instantly combined to make your own individualized pen. Over one million people have already found perfect writing satisfaction for the first time by selecting their fountain pens this sensible new Eversharp way. You're next.

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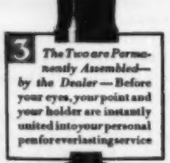
Select by test your *Personal-Point*
In a few minutes at any Eversharp counter, you can find the point that writes the way you like to write

Then—Choose the holder you like best
A lavish assortment: the popular colors in all styles, sizes and shapes—for men and women, for pocket and desk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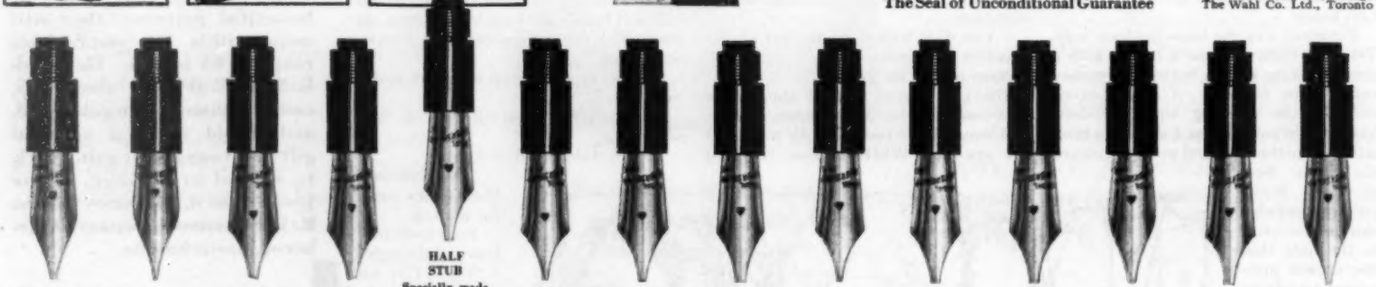

BROAD FLEXIBLE For those who like a broad down stroke

FINE FLEXIBLE For stenographers and Spencerian writers

RIGHT OBLIQUE For right hand back-handed writing

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HALF STUB Specially made for those who prefer a finer, lighter-shading point than Full Stub

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MEDIUM FLEXIBLE Best for the average hand and general usage

ONLY EVERSHARP PERSONAL-POINT FOUNTAIN PENS HAVE THE INTERCHANGEABLE POINT

THE PERFECT CRIME CASE

(Continued from Page 16)

unabashed cynosure of all eyes at the moment he went to work with his heater, he is now confused by all this notice, and shrinks modestly. His guards, on the other hand, are obviously highly pleased with the situation and spare no pains to assist the cameraman in every way possible.

After this display of art work we can be pretty sure that matters are well in hand; if on the third, the following, day the word goes forth that a woman's beaded hand bag was found in the victim's room we can be positive. In this connection, a couple of daring Pacific Coast cities recently experimented with leather hand bags; it was a complete failure. A howl of objection went up almost immediately. In their next cases they went back to the beaded variety, and it is unlikely that there will be any further monkeying in that direction. Such quick changes appear only to annoy and confuse the public, and really do more harm than good.

The significance of the hand bag left in the victim's room is not quite clear, but you must remember that it is all magic anyway. All that we old observers know is that a murder case without the discovery of a beaded hand bag left in the victim's room is a very poor murder case indeed. Personally, I cannot remember that any of these hand bags was ever traced to anybody, or even ever mentioned again after the fourth day of the case, but I daresay they have their meaning, or why should they always be there?

The next day—and now are we getting hot!—the gay-cocktail-party development is sprung. This, as I understand it, is a somewhat elastic term embracing, at one extreme, a man sitting down alone with a sip of wine tonic and, at the other, eighteen morbid Russians silently drinking themselves into a stupor on vodka. What happened at this party is generally left to conjecture. After all, it's best that way; it makes us readers think; our melancholy fancy drifts back to that ill-starred evening, to the mad whirl of pleasure, the drinking of champagne from satin slippers, the light lilting laughter, the sparkle of carefree eyes, the toss of a powdered white shoulder—and over all the dark rustling of the black wings of death. It is the kind of thing that gives a man pause; indeed, it is the kind of thing likely to give a man the jitters.

The Letter From Pittsburgh

The favorite news of the fifth day, I believe, is the letter or letters that the district attorney receives from abandoned wives. One of them without question is from Pittsburgh. My observation has been that two out of three abandoned wives somehow sooner or later wind up in Pittsburgh. Why this is I don't know, unless they all want to see the Pirates playing on their own home grounds. That, however, is of course just a suggestion.

Anyway, the news helps to shake off the depression engendered by the news of the gay cocktail dance of death. It never occurs to anyone to doubt these miscellaneous claims of promiscuous matrimony; it stands to reason that a man who would commit murder would scarcely stop at bigamy. His fate is thus practically sealed, for even if he beats the murder rap, they've still got the bigamy charge to hang on him.

This is likewise the day when the district attorney begins to make dark hints as to other killings' being traced to the accused man. There is a definite hint that the prosecutor's office has reason to believe that the prisoner may turn out to be a modern Bluebeard. This is about as far as this development ever goes, for twenty-four hours later even the district attorney himself has forgotten it.

The sixth day, not the third, is the one given over to the somewhat ectoplasmic veiled woman. She is, seriously, the one genuine hall-mark of a good murder story. Gay cocktail parties you might find under other circumstances, as well as beaded hand bags and abandoned wives, but no one has ever seen a woman actually wearing a heavy veil on the street since the administration of William Howard Taft—except on the sixth day of a murder case.

Anything for a Job

It speaks volumes for the consistency of the newspaper boys who cover murder cases that they have never yielded to the temptation to provide this mysterious visitor with more modish attire. It shows that they know their public and are faithful to it. Whatever the year on the current calendar, it is still *circa* 1911 to them on this day in the case; and whenever close observers of life's phenomena see a heavily veiled woman hurrying down the street they say to themselves, "Well, it must be the sixth day of some murder case, and there goes the mysterious veiled woman bound for the district attorney's office."

The seventh day brings a confession, but not from the man under arrest. It frequently comes from Buffalo, where the police probably are kept pretty busy rejecting and refuting phony confessions to murder in other cities. Why Buffalo, I don't know, any more than why Pittsburgh for abandoned wives. But a murder case is no murder case at all until two or three eccentric individuals have called on the police in the most unlikely cities and signed statements of guilt which are marred slightly by the facts that they can't remember where the crime was committed, what the victim looked like, and how he was slain. It sometimes takes two days to argue these boys out of their confessions.

The one in Buffalo is usually a carpenter out of work, or a plasterer. Word of this confession is wired to the city where the crime took place, where it is immediately proved false on eighty-five different points. It then develops that the fellow's real purpose in confessing was to get free passage, even in bracelets, to the city of the crime, where he had received an offer of employment. Some people will go to extraordinary lengths to get employment.

Matters begin to grow slightly dubious on the first day of the second week of a case. This is the day when the boys fall back on the old threat-of-death letter to the district attorney. In my own case, I have never ceased to hold a deep affection for this letter, but I have never been able to rid myself of the suspicion that the crime expert on the local tabloid, growing desperate for live news, was responsible for such gems as:

"Just a warnin. You lett up on Jo ef you no whut is bestt fur you. We mene biznes. Ef you do not lett up on Jo we will put you on the spot. So you lett up on Jo."

The signature is symbolic—a dagger thrust through a heart that is more valentine than anatomical. This little lulu is turned over to the handwriting experts, who promptly disappear as though the earth had opened up and swallowed them, while the prosecutor, smiling grimly, informs the public that he intends to prosecute this case to the fullest extent of his capabilities, come what will. Nothing ever comes, however.

The feature of the ninth day is even weaker, plainly indicating that the case's days on the front page are numbered. The big news now is that there is a little black book in existence somewhere, and what is more, it "is said to contain dynamite." The district attorney's office more than hints that with the discovery of this book and its contents the whole city, especially that part of it inhabited by the fashionable element, will be split wide open.

More specific information concerning the contents is always lacking in this development. Questioned as to what the little black book contains, the district attorney only smiles mysteriously.

"All I am permitted to say is this," he explains: "If my reports are correct, and I have every faith in them, the newspapers of this city are going to have one of the biggest stories they ever dreamed of. It will reach into pretty high places, even"—he pauses—"to the state capital."

The Low-Down on Higher-Ups

In as much as the reputed owner of the book, whether victim or accused, could not get into any establishment higher socially or politically than a speak-easy without a police badge, this is all very mysterious. But no case is worth anything unless it contains a threat to blow the lid off and implicate mayors, governors and social leaders. It should be added that this little black book, in common with so many other things in an orthodox murder case, rarely turns up; even when it does it is found to contain nothing more serious than a number of telephone numbers, mostly bootleggers', and a few names of women with notations as to where they can be located by day or by night.

In brief, it is just part of the routine.

TEMPERATURE DROPS SUDDENLY

Suppose you go away for the evening . . . out to dinner . . . downtown to a theatre. A cold north wind springs up suddenly, bringing with it a snowstorm. The temperature drops . . . At home, your Brownell automatically goes into action. And the room temperature STAYS at seventy-two.

Keeping your home at the temperature you want all the time, regardless of weather conditions, is just one of the many services the Brownell Automatic Stoker brings to you. In addition, it abolishes the drudgery of furnace tending. It saves you countless trips to the basement. It reduces ashes and eliminates smoke. AND IT DOES ALL THIS AT AN ACTUAL SAVING. For the Brownell uses the less expensive, smaller sizes of coal. Forced draft firing burns the valuable gases that ordinarily go up as smoke. As a result you get a HOTTER fire with LESS coal.

The Brownell Domestic Stoker is a small edition of the sturdy Brownell unit that for years has been materially reducing fuel costs in industrial plants, apartments, and buildings all over the world. Installation in your home requires but a few hours time and can be made on almost any type of furnace, old or new. The Brownell Co., Dayton, Ohio. Est. 1855. Representatives in Principal Cities.

★ *Send for our free booklet describing in detail the advantages of Brownell Automatic Heat, and we will send you the name of your nearest dealer.*

DEALERS— A few attractive territories still open. Write.

BROWNELL

— THE ONLY BUILDERS OF *both* BOILERS AND STOKERS

A Small-Bubble Shave LASTS LONGER

Colgate's softens beard at base, soaks it completely . . . assures closer, smoother shave

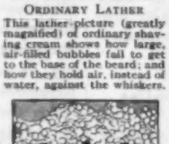
RIGHT at the razor-line . . . that's where Colgate's gets in its good work. Its army of tiny, water-laden bubbles seeps down to the base of every hair . . . soaks it soft . . . assures a closer, cooler shave. And, of course, the closer the shave, the longer the time before you need your next.

There's never any tugging or pulling with Colgate's as there sometimes is with large-bubble lather. This lather carries air instead of moisture and cannot soften your beard in the Colgate way.

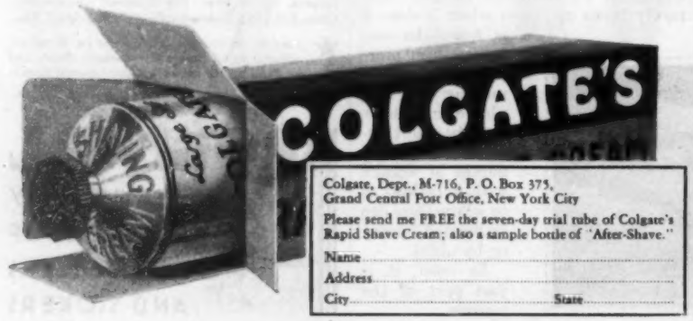
The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: first, the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. Second, billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

A comparative test is easy—just mail the coupon, now. We will also send you a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion . . . refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect finale for every shave.

ORDINARY LATHER
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER
This picture of Colgate Lather (same magnification) shows how myriads of tiny bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard. This softens every whisker right where the razor works.



Colgate, Dept., M-716, P. O. Box 375,
Grand Central Post Office, New York City

Please send me FREE the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Everything is definitely downhill on the tenth day. Entirely forgetting the little black book and its dreadful secrets, the prosecutor's concern now is the hot search for a safety-deposit box. In it are, apparently, the same dynamite facts that but twenty-four hours ago were hidden in the book, and it too is still to be located. All that the prosecutor is willing to say is that he knows positively that it exists, that it was rented by the victim under an assumed name, and that it contains papers that not only will throw an entirely different complexion on the present case but are expected to shed light on more than one other perplexing police problem.

"If my information is correct," he says, "these papers will show the case to have ramifications greater than any of us ever dreamed. I may also say that there are forces, whose identity I will not reveal except to say that you would all recognize the names, who would be greatly delighted if this safety-deposit box were never found and examined by the police. These forces may reach"—he pauses—"even to the state capital."

With the search for the safety-deposit box the case now loses all semblance of order and regularity. After that it is just every paper for itself. If there is really no visible mystery in the slaying, the whole matter quietly expires, never to be mentioned again until months later, when, to the mild surprise of the public, who take several minutes to place the cases and recall some of the facts, the prisoner is brought to trial, where it turns out that, as was first stated, the landlord was sore over the attentions paid his wife by the lodger and went about solving the situation in the most direct and effective fashion.

If, on the other hand, there was some modicum of mystery attached to it, the case may be milked for a few more developments, none of which either convinces or interests even the most childish of our fraternity of murder-story addicts.

One of these developments is the half-hearted discovery that the victim had lost heavily either in Wall Street or at the tracks. This is news that would probably stagger the victim if he were able to hear it, but he can't, of course, so that source of denial is out. Nor is any effort made to hitch up this fact, even if a fact, with the unhappy eventuality which resulted in a life's being snuffed out.

Still another notion is the one that has to do with the old woman living alone near the scene of the crime who on the fatal night heard a group of drunken foreigners singing in the street near the murder house. Good old soul that she is, this strikes her as peculiarly interesting, and she relays the word to the district attorney, who promises a thorough investigation of all foreigners singing on the night of the crime, especially while mellow.

These, however, are merely unimportant excrescences of the case. The main lines have already been laid to everyone's satisfaction. The beaded hand bag, the abandoned wife, the veiled woman, the false confession, the little black book, the mysterious safety-deposit box—these are the principal factors, the fine, familiar aspects of the case. So long as they are included and disposed of, the rest can go.

But—and this is very important—these things have got to come in their proper order. Experience and observation have shown that out of the innumerable developments that might arise in the prolonged account of a murder case, the newspapers—that is, the public—have settled on their favorites. Introduction of new and confusing events is not encouraged.

On the third day the public looks for the discovery of the beaded hand bag, not the veiled woman. In fact, the more I think of this veiled woman's having shown up on the third day, the more preposterous it seems to me. Isn't anything conducted on the level any more?

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1st, 1930.

State of Pennsylvania } ss.
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Walter D. Fuller, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of The Curtis Publishing Company and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George Horace Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, None
Business Managers, None

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Bok Estate, 1320 Packard Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Mary Louise Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
Mary Louise Bok, William Curtis Bok and Girard Trust Company, Executors and Trustees u/w of Edward W. Bok, Deceased. % Girard Trust Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
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Charles Townsend Ludington, % Girard Trust Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
John C. Martin, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Public Ledger Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
John B. Williams, Trustee under Declaration of Trust, February 1, 1929, Narberth, Pennsylvania

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:
None

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Walter D. Fuller,
Secretary.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22d day of August, 1930.
[Seal]
W. C. TURNER,
Notary Public.
(My commission expires April 1, 1931)

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But not for beauty alone is Allegheny Metal chosen. With all its decorative qualities, it is far stronger than ordinary steel. And yet it is thoroughly workable.

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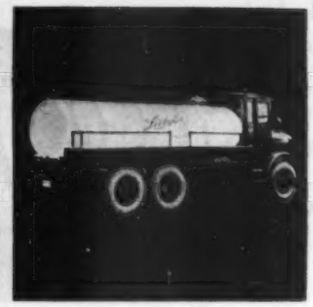

Allegheny Metal safeguards health on the milk trucks of Libby, McNeill & Libby, Inc. The trucks are constructed in such a way that the milk touches only this unrusting, unstaining metal.

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Formerly Administrative Ass't to Chairman U. S. Shipping Board

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He did *not* give up coffee

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G. Washington's coffee contains no bitter oils, no accidental woody infusions or unwanted rancid parts to upset digestion. It is pure coffee in its most modern and scientific form.

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G. Washington's COFFEE
the coffee part of the coffee bean

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Made from the finest coffee beans, roasted, ground and percolated in glass containers; the moisture is then removed, leaving only coffee part of the coffee bean. All you need do is add hot water to have a perfect cup of coffee, uniform and fresh.

PLAY OF RAPIERS

(Continued from Page 10)

The *spadassin* disappeared. Breittmayer was that dreaded opponent in fencing, a left-hander, a favorite pupil of the Mérignacs, and one of the greatest blades of his day. He was the last of the real duelists, and, withal, was a great gentleman, never seeking trouble that, to him, did not seem worthy of all his matchless technic and cunning on the field of honor.

Since the war, Italy and France still struggle for first honors. Fencing remains the first sport in both nations. In other lands, champions of other sports, such as boxers in the United States, may be the heroes of schoolboys, but only a few youngsters ever learn anything of the actual technic of the game. In France and Italy, fencing is still taught in the schools, and thousands of boys only emerging from infancy receive their first diminutive foils as a gift from fond parents who place fencing on the same level as arithmetic. A Frenchman or an Italian will quite casually, in conversation, refer to "my school work in *escrime*."

But nowadays other nations are becoming more serious competitors. Hungary has come to the front and even outclasses the larger nations in saber play, while professionals in both Belgium and Switzerland loom dangerously with foil and épée. However, strange as it may seem, the individual fencer now most feared as a future challenger for world honors is an American.

Lieut. George Calnan, of the Navy, is this individual. For years he fought obscurely and without rank against the fencers of all nations, but two years ago he came into his own by winning third place in the Olympic games held at Amsterdam. When the Stars and Stripes were hoisted above the stadium to signify that the United States had captured a fencing point to add to its Olympic score, the news at first simply was not believed.

"It is a mistake; it cannot be true," was the remark made by more than one correspondent in the stadium press stand, for never previously had an American won anything in international fencing. "Americans just don't go in for it," was another remark. "They win at many things, but they can no more beat the French or Italians at fencing than they can beat the Finns at long-distance running."

A Flashing American Blade

The fencing pavilion was quite a distance from the main stadium. Several correspondents decided to go there and investigate, only to find that the Calnan victory was far greater even than it appeared.

In the semifinals Calnan had beaten with the dueling sword—the épée—the formidable Lucien Gaudin, amateur champion of the world, who on point score with the three arms—foil, épée and saber—managed finally and with great difficulty to capture the Olympic title. In Olympic fencing the score must be as in a deuce set of tennis—that is, the winner must have an advantage of two points instead of one. After a hundred and four bouts, Calnan was beaten in a scheduled ten-point match by Georges Bouchard, French runner-up, by a score of thirteen to eleven. Almost every expert there declared that on another day the American would have been the victor. Following the chances of the draw, he had had a far more grueling and exhausting program than his opponent.

Another American now watched by the foreign masters is Dr. Allan Milner, a resident of Paris, who, at Amsterdam, defeated Massard, a dangerous though middle-aged French competitor at several Olympiads, who once even succeeded in wounding Gaudin in a duel—one of the few encounters with the bared point that have taken place in Paris since the war.

Calnan's victory at Amsterdam, naturally, meant the stirring up of fencing interest in the United States. Last winter, Mussolini, as an item in his world propaganda program, sent Nedo Nadi, the present Italian champion, to give exhibitions at the New York Athletic Club and other fencing organizations, to convince newcomers in the game of the superiority of Italian over French schools.

A Tunney of the Épée

Between the two a radical difference exists, especially in encounters with the épée, or modified dueling rapier. The Italian thrusts the arm straight from the body and keeps it rigid, the pommel of the weapon strapped to the wrist, and with the general idea of holding off the opponent with the point, keeping him as far distant as possible. Opposed to this method, the Frenchman bends the elbow, leaving the arm pliant, ready to shoot in and out at will. The sword lies free in the hand. A good fencer sometimes slips the pommel with lightning rapidity from the palm to the very tips of the fingers, in order to gain necessary inches in his onward thrust. The French method is by far the more graceful, permitting more divergence of play in both parry and *riposte*. For decades it has prevailed over the Italian play, until just at present, when French champions seem slightly inferior to their Latin cousins beyond the Alps.

Next winter Aldo Nadi, a younger brother of Nedo, plans to go to America for the purpose, as he puts it, of settling down. This young man occupies a position in the fencing world somewhat akin to that of Gene Tunney in boxing. Although only thirty years old, he was forced to retire a year ago as the undefeated professional swordsman of the world. He never held a public combat with his brother Nedo, but no other champions remained for him to conquer. However, his scores against these opponents were superior to those of his elder brother and gave him a right to the world title. Undoubtedly, he is the strongest fencer in the world today. As an amateur of twenty years he defeated Lucien Gaudin for the title of Olympic champion at the Antwerp games held shortly after the war. Later, before an unsympathetic Parisian crowd, he lost to the French idol by a narrow margin. Since then, although even the French press has insisted on a third meeting, Gaudin has flatly refused to cross swords with the Italian.

After Gaudin's meager Olympic victory at Amsterdam two years ago, he retired as amateur champion. Prior to that, Aldo Nadi turned professional and defeated decisively every leading *maître d'armes* in both France and his own country, growing meanwhile in strength and ability, until even the warmest partisans of Gaudin admitted that the latter would stand a small chance.

What Aldo Nadi will do in the United States is somewhat doubtful, in as much as he admits that he has not touched a sword for a year, and lately has followed the pathway of some champion pugilists into the movies. He is a tall, good-looking youth, with perhaps the same temperamental appeal as his compatriot, the late Valentino. After he had made one French silent picture, the talkies forced him to the study of languages, in which he has shown the same uncanny ability as he has with the sword. Now he speaks half a dozen languages fluently, so perhaps the settling down that he talks about may be in Hollywood. On the other hand, young Italians nowadays usually do what Mussolini orders. Aldo is not at all sure but that the Duce may command that he follow in his brother's footsteps and sail for New York in the rôle of fencing master.

I met him a few weeks ago in Paris, and found him full of conversation about the "great material for fencing champions that I may find in the United States," so perhaps the Duce has already spoken. Undoubtedly, Aldo Nadi as an exhibitionist of swordcraft is a bigger drawing card than his brother Nedo. Temperamentally they are absolutely dissimilar. Nedo is the saturnine, silent type of Italian, lean and swarthy, while Aldo is fresh, supple, buoyant, full of enthusiasm. Compared with tennis champions, Nedo Nadi creates as little enthusiasm as that perfect French machine, Lacoste, while Aldo always has the gallery with him to the same degree as Borotra, the Bounding Basque.

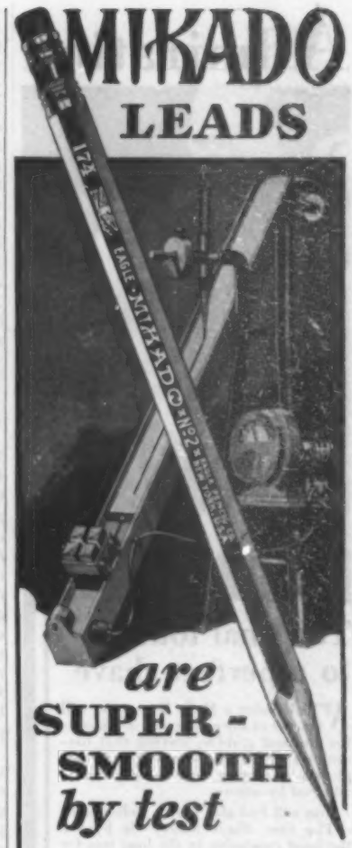
But during our talk Aldo was doleful on the subject of his retirement. His troubles seemed strangely like those of some champion pugilists.

"Why did I quit," he said, "in the fullness of my powers? Simply because no one wanted to fight me any more. Second, I was bored to death to meet always champions I had already beaten. No, I do not think I shall ever again take foil or épée in my hand."

The Nadi-Haussy Matches

We sat awhile on the terrace of a café, until Aldo felt a trifle more optimistic. He then talked interestingly on the international fencing situation as it exists today. France, he declared, is still level with Italy with foil and sword, while Hungary has become the master of them both with the saber. However, he thinks France is declining slowly in foil play, while Italy has a dozen youngsters coming on who will soon give an able account of themselves. Since the so-called retirement of both himself and Lucien Gaudin, he thinks that world supremacy lies between his brother Nedo and René Haussy, professional champion of France for the past ten years.

"Nedo Nadi and René Haussy," he said, "as the leading fencers of the two nations, are consequently the leaders of the world. Long ago Haussy defeated both my brother and myself, but afterward was defeated by both of us. Nobody in the world ever defeated Haussy with my score—fourteen to nine—in a match held in Florence in 1925, in which both presidents of the jury were French, and which fact increased the value of my victory. I could not say, now, which is the stronger, Nedo or Haussy. My brother is the most perfect machine I have ever seen



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on the fencing platform, but sometimes his heart is not equal to his tremendous fencing power. I am sorry if I think so, but I have watched him for fifteen years, and know him, naturally, better than anyone else. He is now thirty-seven, and before an important combat still trembles as he did when a boy. A perfect champion as he is should laugh in the face of everybody. Haussy, on the contrary, although more than forty, is not only a very good machine but has the heart of the real fighter, which I adore. He is the only man I have ever faced who never loses his head. However, I do not think anyone can approach my brother—not even myself—if he would always give his real value."

Epics of the Sword

France still leads, in the opinion of Nadi, in her output of fencing amateurs, even considering the eclipse of Gaudin. Nadi places Philippe Cattiau, now thirty-eight years of age, at the top of the list. Nadi's final public appearance was against Cattiau, at the Cirque de Paris in May of last year, when he defeated the Frenchman by the score of fifteen to eight. Roger Ducret, the dean of French critics, described this match as one of the greatest in the annals of fencing, and declared that the Italian had proved himself unbeatable by any swordsman now before the public.

The crowd at this, as at other important bouts—*galas*, they are usually called—was described as of "an elegance extreme." Fencing, though a popular sport, never has attracted the proletariat. A championship match may draw anything from fifteen to twenty thousand persons, but the big gates, such as are customary in American fistic carnivals, are entirely unknown. The fencers, moreover, including professional *maitres d'armes*, are almost invariably from the so-called ranks of gentlemen. *Maitres d'armes* usually move in good social circles, belong to excellent clubs, and frequently are decorated by the government with orders of merit. The main reason why, with the mob, even in Europe, boxing is now more popular than fencing, is that sword play is too fast, too intricate, for the entirely uninitiated. To follow a championship bout, a spectator must know at least the rudiments of the art; otherwise it appears to be merely a graceful, though violent, exercise, of which a few minutes will suffice.

The touches are often so hard to follow that four judges are necessary; with a fifth man, the umpire, to decide in case of a tie. Two judges watch the body of each fencer, one on each side of the platform; but even so, disputes continually arise—but only among the judges; it being forbidden for either principal to speak during the combat. They must accept decisions, whether they agree with them or not. Naturally, in the case of a palpable touch, the recipient does sometimes announce that fact without waiting for the official decision—as this saves time—and falls back on guard until the signal is given to engage arms again.

Aldo Nadi is the youngest man ever to attain the world's supremacy in fencing. Although the greatest swordsmen have started their careers at an early age, most of them do not reach the fullness of their powers until past thirty. From then on, unlike other athletes, they usually even improve with age, the hand gaining cunning, the eye more accurately judging distance, though the body may begin to fail.

The elder Mérignac, in his bout, at sixty, with Pini, then in his forties, gave one of the most marvelous exhibitions of endurance, as well as skill, that had ever been seen. The fight was long and the crowd hysterical. The old man never faltered for an instant, but fought steadily on to victory. Louis Mérignac, however, was a man of iron, and without doubt one of the greatest—if not the greatest—swordsmen of all time. His fighting style was described as "tigerish." He had all the cunning and grace of that animal, combined with such sheer strength that often his opponent gave ground unwittingly, terrified by the fury of the attack. Joseph-Renaud, the French historian of fencing, thus writes of him:

"It was with Guignard, that dangerous and difficult amateur of the Salle Rouleau, that for the first time I saw Louis Mérignac. That was for me—I was then a student at the *lycée*—a stupefaction and a revelation. Our young generation does not imagine, is not able to imagine, the ability of that extraordinary man. Those who have never seen Louis Mérignac in action will always remain ignorant of the degree of perfection and power that the art of fencing may attain."

Naturally, as with prize fighters, comes a comparison of the old-timers with the champions of today. Often the question has come up: Could Aldo Nadi, or his brother, or the recently considered invincible Gaudin, stand long against any of the Mérignacs in their prime—Louis, or his younger brother, Émile, one of the greatest foil artists of his time; or the left-handed Lucien, son of Louis, who defeated Kirchhoffer, the celebrated duelist. Kirchhoffer was popular with the crowd for his many disputes—usually with Italians—that often resulted in meetings on the field of honor.

To Monaco for a Duel

Later Lucien Mérignac and Kirchhoffer became comrades in arms, and the former threatened to become a trial to his father because of his inclination for dueling. But after one sensational encounter the old man felt better about it. The pair, Lucien and Kirchhoffer, were challenged by two Italian *maitres d'armes* and a meeting was arranged at Paris. The government took a hand, and the would-be warriors fled to the south of France, with police agents following, ready to arrest them if they persisted in their plan. Finally, in the sanctity of the principality of Monaco—in a walled and perfumed garden in Monte Carlo—the meeting took place. Both Italians were seriously wounded, but the Frenchmen again escaped trouble by retreating back to their native land a mile away, where they were free from the Monagasque law.

Lucien then sent the following comforting dispatch to his worried but irate father:

"Engaged. Thrust direct. Finished. Lucien."

After this, Louis Mérignac agreed that his "boy"—then nearing forty years of age—was able to take care of himself.

It was my privilege to pass seven years of hard labor in the famous *salle d'armes* of the Mérignacs. Under the eye of Emile I was taught enough about foil and épée play finally to get a gruff declaration, which I highly prized, that his own labors had not been entirely in vain. It may seem natural, therefore, that I incline to admire the old-timers

(Continued on Page 157)

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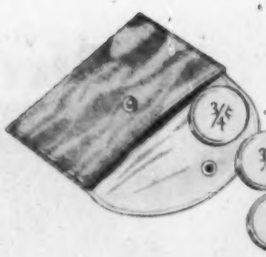

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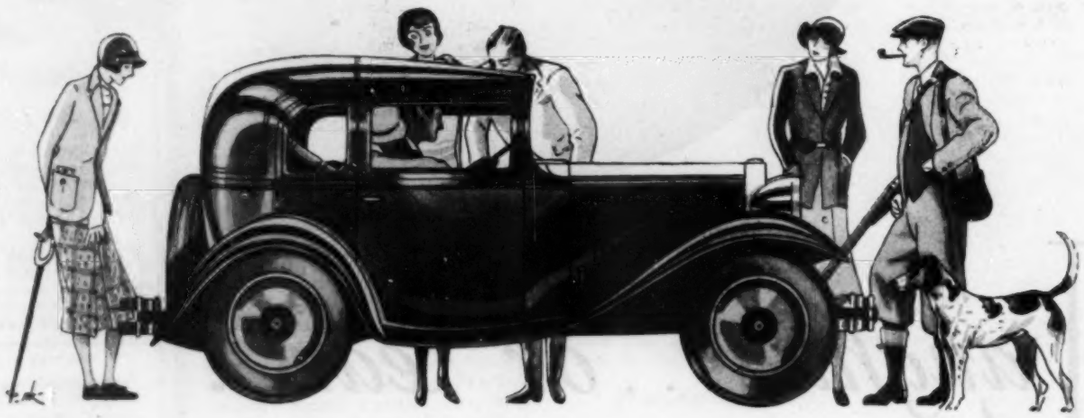

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(Continued from Page 154)

more than the new. The present champions, with fatter purses, offers of movie contracts, and with other prizes and privileges tendered by a postwar world, do not seem in the same class as the old *maîtres d'armes* whose art was not only their love but their religion, and whose private *salles de combats* were their sanctuaries.

After several years of life in France I concluded that something was necessary to replace the gymnasiums I had known in America, nonexistent in Paris. This decision was made in company with Cecil Howard, the young American sculptor, a neighbor in the Latin Quarter. We decided that fencing was the proper thing, and knowing nothing about it, consulted a telephone directory to find a *salle d'armes* near where we lived. Thus, quite by chance, we appeared one day at the Mérignac door, where D'Artagnan—the name by which we always called Émile Mérignac—admitted us. He looked like D'Artagnan—a D'Artagnan of Twenty Years After—although he was then more than sixty; a lean, handsome, virile figure, with grizzled hair, a face like a fine cameo, and long graceful fingers, formidably, nervously strong.

En Garde with Mérignac

He had heard of Americans, but Howard and I were the first he had ever met. To him we were such curiosities that soon after he agreed to give us lessons, his boast that two Yankees were listed at the Salle Mérignac had run through the fencing world of Paris.

He worked us like galley slaves. Every morning early we were there to suffer and to receive his blistering comments on our performances. Only a grudging, "Ha! Not too bad," occasionally convinced us that we were getting beyond the beginner class. Later on we felt that we must have some merit, for we were permitted to cross swords not only with other pupils but with strangers, who often visited the *salle*.

So there, one day, I met in friendly combat the duelist Breittmayer, who gave me my first serious illustration of that drawback in fencing that the right hand finds against the left. For weeks after, I worked against left-handers, and again, during the war, I met Breittmayer at his invitation on the fencing *piste* of the famous Cercle d'Escrime. To beat or even stand on equal terms with such a man was for me impossible, but I shall always be proud that several times my point met his body fair and square. At the Cercle Artistique, also, I fenced with another redoubtable left-hander, Rossignol, who now is more than seventy, but still first *maître* at that famous *salle d'armes*.

By this time Howard and I—we remained about equal—felt that Maître Mérignac should take us on against himself in a real *assaut d'armes*. He consented amiably enough, and we were very pleased with ourselves. For anyone to cross swords with a Mérignac was a lasting distinction and honor.

His gruff "Ha! Ha!" his usual banter, were on this occasion absent. He was silent. His face, before he donned the mask, as immobile as the mask itself. He wore a brown leather fencing shirt and a long gauntlet, both soft in texture as velvet—his "best clothes," donned in honor of " my Americans," as he always called us.

I can see him now, crouched *en garde*, elegant, stealthy; I can sense his powerful panther lunge, shattering my guard, driving me back. My lucky parries now and then, but the *ripostes* always too short, futile. Again *en garde;* a quick, neat touch on the hand—the *point d'arrêt*, that tiny projection beyond the button, tearing at the glove. Again a *coup* to the mask; another full to the breast. A moment's respite, and I attack, to meet a paralyzing *parade en seconde*. My sword drops from fingers that have gone dead. The *maître* salutes and waits for me to pick up the weapon. I touch him once, a scratch, but not even a good one. I pause to thank him for his generosity. He laughs and snaps out, "*En garde!*" A regular fencing lesson that—but it was fighting with a ghost. I fought with all my strength and ability, but he was never there. I, a quarter of a century younger, was exhausted at the finish, but the *maître* breathed quite normally. In the dressing room he laid a hand on my shoulder. "Ha! Ha!" he said. I felt better. The steely fingers gripped for a moment; that was all.

What a man and what a gentleman! Often he talked with Howard and with me of America, about which he had heard much but knew little. He should have gone there, he once opined—all the Mérignacs should not have stayed in France, perhaps—and again he would get off his fierce "Ha! Ha!" Sometimes the three of us would lunch together, and both menu and wine were chosen by the master with that same seeking after style and form that he demanded in the *salle*. Then, if all went well, he would recount exploits of the great days of French fencing and of the famous duels of the past.

A few weeks ago I went to Nemours, south of the forest of Fontainebleau, to visit Émile Mérignac in his summer retreat. He had moved from the address given me in Paris, and it was necessary for me to ask questions. At a corner café an old villager shook his head. I repeated the name and added the title of *maître d'armes*. Again the villager shook his head.

Fencing at Eighty-Four

Then a bystander said, "It is an old man you seek, monsieur, with an old lady?"

But he, too, shook his head. He remembered seeing folk of that description in the times past, but that was all. Then another villager entered, and I again repeated my question.

"Ah, you mean the ace," he replied; "and what an ace!" This inhabitant was able to give directions as to where the ace might be.

I found him, with madame, in a little garden off a side street. Seventy-five years old he is today, but straight, slim, wiry as ever; a little more grizzled, his face whiter, a trifle thinner. His voice was husky when he recognized me and cried, "Ha! Ha!"—D'Artagnan still.

I asked him about his brother Louis, the greatest of them all.

"Eighty-four years old," Émile replied proudly. "Still eats a pound of beefsteak, drinks a bottle of Burgundy and fences every day."

But the old *salle d'armes* has closed forever, he explained sadly; and so he never walks in that street now—the Rue Monsieur le Prince, famous in the exploits of the original D'Artagnan. But Lucien—"that boy of Louis'"—is about sixty now, and is *maître d'armes* at a famous club, and, unhappily, the child of Lucien, the last of the Mérignacs, is a girl. Again the "Ha! Ha!" and the suspicion of huskiness.

"What of the new champions?" I asked, after we had gone over the

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recent years and he had told me of his work at the École St. Louis, where, in the season, he still gives fencing lessons daily to the youth of France.

He looked at me straight with his steely eyes. "Ha! Ha! And what do you think?" he asked. "Do you think they are the equals of the line of Mérignacs?"

I told him, and again he laid that iron hand briefly upon my shoulder, and I felt the grip of those powerful fingers.

Just as any great, still-living prize fighters of the past might, for a round at least, give one of today's crop a boxing lesson, for me any of the Mérignacs—Louis at eighty-four, Émile at seventy-five, or the young Lucien of sixty—might well place his point full upon the breast of any other fencer in the world.

Getting On in the World

The Battle for Traffic

THE monthly trade report, compiled from statistics and information collected by superintendents, operating officers, general agents and agents in the field, carried the bad news. Something had happened at one of the points on The System. The freight-traffic department was confronted with a special problem.

"The Amalgamated Manufacturing and Construction Company," said the trade report, "was merged last month with the Affiliated Industries, Inc. All the Amalgamated's plants and factories in the Midway section are to be moved off our lines to a site better adapted to future plans of the Affiliated Industries, Inc. This means a reduction of $265,000 a year in our freight revenues from the Midway section."

The problem isn't only to gain back, in some way, that $265,000 a year. The whole system is affected. Loss of tonnage from the Midway area means a weak link in the transportation chain across that particular state. "How will we replace that lost tonnage?" is the question.

The System's agents—industrial and agricultural—start an intensive study of the section where the freight-revenue fence went down. One day the agricultural agents make a report. They have solved the problem. The trade report for that month carries the news:

"In the Midway area is 2800 acres of land ideally adapted to raising of lettuce. Our researches show a market for lettuce in population centers eastward. We have started a demonstration tract to show the farmers how to raise lettuce profitably. A small irrigation project will be necessary to take water to the land. One large landholder, to whom we sold the idea of raising lettuce, is behind the irrigation project. We will recover some tonnage temporarily on shipments of materials to be used in building the irrigation works."

A year later, eleven thousand carloads of lettuce were shipped from that section. And the industrial department got busy. What industry did lettuce raising suggest? Ice! An ice plant was needed. The industrial department, studying its files, found a group of men interested in starting an ice plant. The plant was built—another industry on that link of The System.

The district now produces $1,600,000 worth of lettuce a year. The railroad's freight revenues from that section are again up—and there are by-revenues from haulage of fertilizer from fish plants of the Pacific Coast, special farm machinery from Eastern factories, packing equipment from the box factories of the Northwest, and passenger revenues from the annual inflow and outflow of laborers who work the fields.

If you could, somehow, view The System as a giant organism, you would see it in a continual state of reaction from one end to the other—as much alive to its environment and conditions affecting it as anything that ever existed. The System has done more to start new industries in the area it serves than any other single agency. The industrial department does practically nothing but bring ambition and capital into touch with opportunity. Agents in this department try to know where every available site for any particular industry may be found on The System's great stretch of transcontinental lines. A group was interested in starting a pottery plant. The System's industrial department furnished a complete report on every pottery-plant site available in eight states, with analyses of clay deposits, figures on transportation costs, data on the pottery market, and so on—a report which would have cost the promoters thousands of dollars to compile themselves.

Every agent must be on his toes, alert to every condition in his area. One morning an agent, thinking to amuse his superior, brought in a newspaper clipping which related an embarrassing incident concerning the shipment of a trainload of silk over a rival railroad.

"Ha, ha!" said the executive dryly, as he finished reading, and flipped the clipping down on the table; "but why didn't we get that silk shipment?"

Equally sensitive to opportunities and conditions is the passenger department. Watch this one:

A Swedish farmer went into one of The System's stations in an inland district and asked about transcontinental rates. He was going on a vacation to the old country.

"Well, Christopher," said the station agent, "so you're going back to the old country? There are a lot of you Swedish folks down the valley, aren't there? Any more of them going over this year?"

"Yes—later," said Christopher.

"Who? And when are they going?"

The agent promptly got the names of about a dozen. The next day the passenger-traffic department was arranging an excursion to Sweden. Every district agent got word to check up on the Swedish colonies, if any, in his territory. The agents went to the leaders in these communities, and talked to them. Special group rates were made. Three tourist cars were provided.

The excursion became a success when a kitchen was specially built into one of these tourist cars, so the travelers could have "home cooking" on their way across the continent. One hundred and fifty made the trip—all because, in the first instance, a station agent was alert when one farmer came in to buy a ticket, and because the passenger-traffic department worked out a proper course of reaction when a stimulating idea came up from one of the men below. —MAGNER WHITE.

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ECONOMIC POSSIBILITIES FOR OUR GRANDCHILDREN

(Continued from Page 27)

in today. But through the greater part of recorded history there was nothing of the kind.

The modern age opened, I think, with the accumulation of capital which began in the sixteenth century. I believe—for reasons with which I must not encumber the present argument—that this was primarily due to the rise of prices, and the profits to which that led, which resulted from the treasure of gold and silver which Spain brought from the New World into the Old. From that time until today the power of accumulation by compound interest, which seems to have been sleeping for many generations, was reborn and renewed its strength. And the power of compound interest over 300 years is such as to stagger the imagination.

Let me give in illustration of this a little sum which I have worked out. The value of Great Britain's foreign investments today is estimated at about £4,000,000,000. This yields us an income at the rate of about 6½ per cent. Half of this we bring home and enjoy; the other half—namely, 3¼ per cent—we leave to accumulate abroad at compound interest. Something of this sort has now been going on for about 350 years.

Now I trace the beginnings of British foreign investment to the treasure which Drake stole from Spain in 1580. In that year he returned to England, bringing with him the prodigious spoils of the Golden Hind—the full magnitude of which was not admitted at the time, as it had to be concealed from the Spanish Ambassador in London. Queen Elizabeth was a considerable shareholder in the syndicate which had financed the expedition. Out of her share she paid off the whole of England's foreign debt, balanced her budget, and found herself with about £40,000 in hand. This she invested in the Levant Company, which prospered. Out of the profits of the Levant Company the East India Company was founded; and the profits of this great enterprise were the foundation of England's subsequent foreign investment. Now it happens that £40,000 accumulating at 3¼ per cent compound interest approximately corresponds to the actual volume of England's foreign investments at various dates, and would actually amount today to the total of £4,000,000,000 which I have already quoted as being what our foreign investments now are. Thus every pound which Queen Elizabeth invested in foreign trade has now become £100,000. Such is the power of compound interest!

Our Higher Living Standard

From the sixteenth century, with a cumulative crescendo after the eighteenth, the great age of science and technical inventions began, which since the beginning of the nineteenth century has been in full flood—coal, steam, electricity, petrol, steel, rubber, cotton, the chemical industries, automatic machinery and the methods of mass production, wireless, printing, Newton, Darwin and Einstein, and thousands of other things and men too famous and familiar to catalogue.

What is the result? In spite of an enormous growth in the population of the world which it has been necessary to equip with houses and machines, the average standard of life in Europe and the United States has been raised, I think, about fourfold. The growth of capital has been on a scale which is far beyond a hundredfold of what any previous age had known. And from now on we need not expect so great an increase of population.

If capital increases say 2 per cent per annum compound, the capital equipment of the world will have increased by a half in twenty years, and seven and a half times in a hundred years. Think of this in terms of material things—houses, transport and the like.

Looking Ahead a Hundred Years

At the same time, technical improvements in manufacture and transport have been proceeding at a greater rate in the last ten years than ever before in history. In the United States, factory output per head was 40 per cent greater in 1925 than in 1919. In Europe we are held back by temporary obstacles, but even so it is safe to say that technical efficiency is increasing by at least 2 per cent per annum compound. There is evidence that the revolutionary technical changes, which have so far chiefly affected industry, will soon be attacking agriculture. We may be on the eve of improvements in the efficiency of food production as great as those which have already taken place in manufacture and transport. In quite a few years—in our own lifetimes, I mean—we may be able to perform all the operations of agriculture, mining and manufacture with a quarter of the human effort to which we have been accustomed.

For the moment the very rapidity of these changes is hurting us and bringing difficult problems to solve. Those countries are suffering relatively which are not in the vanguard of progress. We are being afflicted with a new disease of which some readers may not yet have heard the name, but of which they will hear a great deal in the years to come—namely, technological unemployment. This means unemployment due to our discovery of means of economizing the use of labor outrunning the pace at which we can find new uses for labor.

But this is only a temporary phase of maladjustment. All this means in the long run that mankind is solving its economic problem. I would predict that the standard of life in progressive countries 100 years hence will be between four and eight times as high as it is today. There would be nothing surprising in this, even in the light of our present knowledge. It would not be foolish to contemplate the possibility of a far greater progress still.

Let us, for the sake of argument, take the more optimistic guess and suppose that 100 years hence we are all of us, on the average, eight times better off in the economic sense than we are today. Assuredly there would be nothing in this which ought to surprise us.

Now it is true that the needs of human beings may seem to be insatiable. But they fall into two classes—those needs which are absolute in the sense that we feel them whatever the situation of our fellow human beings may be, and those which are relative in the sense that we feel them only if their satisfaction lifts us above, makes us feel superior to, our fellows. Needs of the second class, those which satisfy

the desire for superiority, may indeed be insatiable—for the higher the general level, the higher still are they. But this is not so true of the absolute needs—a point may soon be reached, much sooner perhaps than we are all of us aware, when these needs are satisfied in the sense that we prefer to devote our further energies to non-economic purposes.

Now for my conclusion—which will, I think, become more and more startling to the imagination the longer it is thought about.

I draw the conclusion that, assuming no important wars and no important increase in population, the economic problem may be solved, or be at least within sight of solution, within 100 years. This means that the economic problem is not, if we look into the future, the permanent problem of the human race.

A New Problem for Man

Why, you may ask, is this so startling? It is startling because if, instead of looking into the future, we look into the past we find that the economic problem, the struggle for subsistence, always has been hitherto the primary, most pressing problem of the human race—not only of the human race but of the whole of the biological kingdom from the beginnings of life in its most primitive forms.

Thus we have been expressly evolved by nature—with all our impulses and deepest instincts—for the purpose of solving the economic problem. If the economic problem is solved, mankind will be deprived of its traditional purpose.

Will this be a benefit? If one believes at all in the real values of life, the prospect at least opens up the possibility of benefit. Yet I think with dread of the readjustment of the habits and instincts of the ordinary man, bred into him for countless generations, which he will be asked to discard within a few decades.

To use the language of today, must we not expect a general nervous breakdown? We already have a little experience of what I mean; a nervous breakdown of the sort which is already common enough in England and the United States among the wives of the well-to-do classes—unfortunate women, many of them, who have been deprived by their wealth of their traditional tasks and occupations—who cannot find it sufficiently amusing, when deprived of the spur of economic necessity, to cook and clean and mend, yet are quite unable to find anything more amusing.

To those who sweat for their daily bread, leisure is a longed-for sweet—until they get it.

There is a traditional epitaph written for herself by one of those old ladies whom in England we call charwomen:

Don't mourn for me, friends, don't
weep for me never,
For I'm going to do nothing forever
and ever.

This was her heaven. Like others who look forward to leisure, she conceived how nice it would be to spend her time listening in; for there was another couplet which occurred in her poem:

With psalms and sweet music the
heavens'll be ringing,
But I shall have nothing to do with
the singing.

Yet it will only be for those who have to do with the singing that life will be tolerable—and how few of us can sing!

Thus for the first time since his creation man will be faced with his real, his permanent problem—how to use his freedom from pressing economic cares, how to occupy the leisure, which science and compound interest will have won for him, to live wisely and agreeably and well.

The strenuous, purposeful money-makers may carry all of us along with them into the lap of economic abundance. But it will be those peoples who can keep alive, and cultivate into a fuller perfection, the art of life itself, and do not sell themselves for the means of life, who will be able to enjoy the abundance when it comes.

Yet there is no country and no people, I think, who can look forward to the age of leisure and of abundance without a dread. For we have been trained too long to strive and not to enjoy. It is a fearful problem for the ordinary person with no special talents to occupy himself, especially if he no longer has roots in the soil or in custom or in the beloved conventions of a traditional society.

To judge from the behavior and the achievements of the wealthy classes today in any quarter of the world, the outlook is very depressing. For these are, so to speak, our advance guard—those who are spying out the promised land for the rest of us and pitching their camp there. For they have most of them failed disastrously, so it seems to me—those who have an independent income but no associations or duties or ties—to solve the problem which has been set them.

I feel sure that with a little more experience we shall use the new-found bounty of nature quite differently from the way in which the rich use it today, and will map out for ourselves a plan of life quite otherwise than theirs.

A Fifteen-Hour Work Week

For many ages to come the old Adam will be so strong in us that everybody will need to do some work if he is to be contented. We shall do more things for ourselves than is usual with the rich today, only too glad to have small duties and tasks and routines. But beyond this, we shall endeavor to spread the butter thin on the bread—to make what work there is still to be done to be as widely shared as possible. Three-hour shifts or a fifteen-hour week may put off the problem for a great while. For three hours a day is quite enough to satisfy the old Adam in most of us!

There are changes in other spheres, too, which we must expect to come. When the accumulation of wealth is no longer of high social importance, there will be great changes in the code of morals. We shall be able to rid ourselves of many of the pseudo-moral principles which have hag-ridden us for 200 years, by which we have exalted some of the most distasteful of human qualities into the position of the highest virtues. We shall be able to afford to dare to assess the money motive at its true value. The love of money as a possession—as distinguished from the love of money as a means to the enjoyments and realities of life—will be recognized for what it is, a somewhat disgusting morbidity, one of those semicriminal, semipathological propensities which one hands over with a shudder to the specialists in mental disease. All kinds of social customs and economic practices, affecting the distribution of wealth and of economic rewards and penalties, which we now

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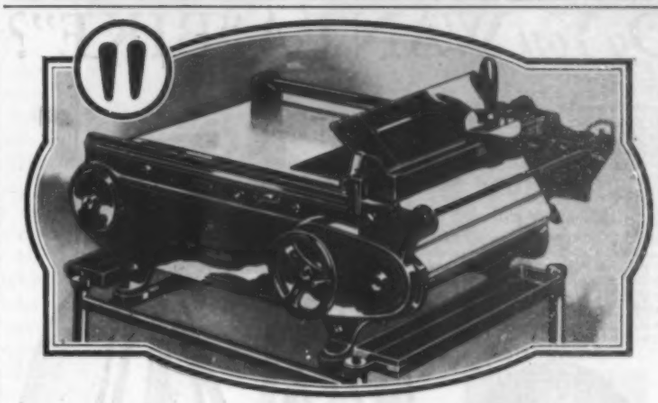

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maintain at all costs, however distasteful and unjust they may be in themselves, because they are tremendously useful in promoting the accumulation of capital, we shall then be free, at last, to discard.

Of course there will still be many people with intense, unsatisfied purposiveness who will blindly pursue wealth, unless they can find some plausible substitute. But the rest of us will no longer be under any obligation to applaud and encourage them. For we shall inquire more curiously than is safe today into the true character of this purposiveness with which in varying degrees nature has endowed almost all of us. For purposiveness means that we are more concerned with the remote future results of our actions than with their own quality or their immediate effects on our own environment. The purposive man is always trying to secure a spurious and delusive immortality for his acts by pushing his interest in them forward into time. He does not love his cat, but his cat's kittens; nor, in truth, the kittens, but only the kittens' kittens, and so on forward forever to the end of catdom. For him jam is not jam, unless it is a case of jam tomorrow and never jam today. Thus by pushing his jam always forward into the future, he strives to secure for his act of boiling it an immortality.

The Tale of the Tailor's Bill

Let me remind you of the professor in Sylvie and Bruno.

"Only the tailor, sir, with your little bill," said a meek voice outside the door.

"Ah, well, I can soon settle his business," the professor said to the children, "if you'll just wait a minute. How much is it, this year, my man?" The tailor had come in while he was speaking.

"Well, it's been a-doubling so many years, you see," the tailor replied, a little gruffly, "and I think I'd like the money now. It's £2000, it is!"

"Oh, that's nothing!" the professor carelessly remarked, feeling in his pocket, as if he always carried at least that amount about with him. "But wouldn't you like to wait just another year, and make it £4000? Just think how rich you'd be! Why, you might be a king, if you liked!"

"I don't know as I'd care about being a king," the man said thoughtfully. "But it dew sound a powerful sight o' money! Well, I think I'll wait ——"

"Of course you will!" said the professor. "There's good sense in you, I see. Good day to you, my man!"

"Will you ever have to pay him that £4000?" Sylvie asked as the door closed on the departing creditor.

"Never, my child!" the professor replied emphatically. "He'll go on doubling it, till he dies. You see, it's always worth while waiting another year, to get twice as much money!"

Perhaps it is not an accident that the race which did most to bring the promise of immortality into the heart and essence of our religions has also done most for the principle of compound interest and particularly loves this most purposive of human institutions.

I see us free, therefore, to return to some of the most sure and certain principles of religion and traditional virtue—that avarice is a vice, that the exaction of usury is a misdemeanor and the love of money detestable, that those walk most truly in the paths of virtue and sane wisdom who take least thought for the morrow. We shall once more value ends above means and prefer the good to the useful. We shall honor those who can teach us how to pluck the hour and the day virtuously and well, the delightful people who are capable of taking direct enjoyment in things, the lilies of the field which toil not, neither do they spin.

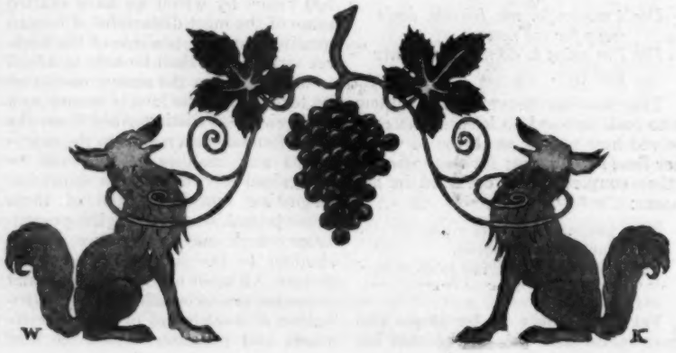
Changing Human Relations

But beware! The time for all this is not yet. For at least another hundred years we must pretend to ourselves and to everyone that fair is foul and foul is fair; for foul is useful and fair is not. Avarice and usury and precaution must be our gods for a little longer still. For only they can lead us out of the tunnel of economic necessity into daylight.

I look forward, therefore, in days not so very remote, to the greatest change which has ever occurred in the material environment of life for human beings in the aggregate. But, of course, it will all happen gradually, not as a catastrophe. Indeed, it has begun already. The course of affairs will simply be that there will be ever larger and larger classes and groups of people from whom problems of economic necessity have been practically removed. The critical difference will be realized when this condition has become so general that the nature of one's duty to one's neighbor is changed. For it will remain reasonable to be economically purposive for others after it has ceased to be reasonable for oneself.

The pace at which we can reach our destination of economic bliss will be governed by four things—our power to control population, our determination to avoid wars and civil dissensions, our willingness to intrust to science the direction of those matters which are properly the concern of science, and the rate of accumulation as fixed by the margin between our production and our consumption—of which the last will easily look after itself, given the first three.

Meanwhile there will be no harm in making mild preparations for our destiny, in encouraging, and experimenting in, the arts of life as well as the activities of purpose.



THOR DEALERS are now demonstrating

this remarkable new speed-type washer

. . . priced at only

$99.75*

A WASHER of world-famous Thor quality for $99.75! To the millions who *know* what Thor quality means that seems incredible. Yet—it is true.

And not one detail in quality has been sacrificed to achieve this remarkably low price. The Thor reputation for quality can never be tampered with.

This price is made possible through the great sale this washer enjoys. We simply return to you, our customer, the savings made possible by great volume manufacture.

Look at the washer! This is an actual photograph. Did you ever see a more beautiful machine?

The ripple-green tub, for example, is baked porcelain enamel, inside and out—a feature perfected by Thor only after years of development.

A marvel of speed

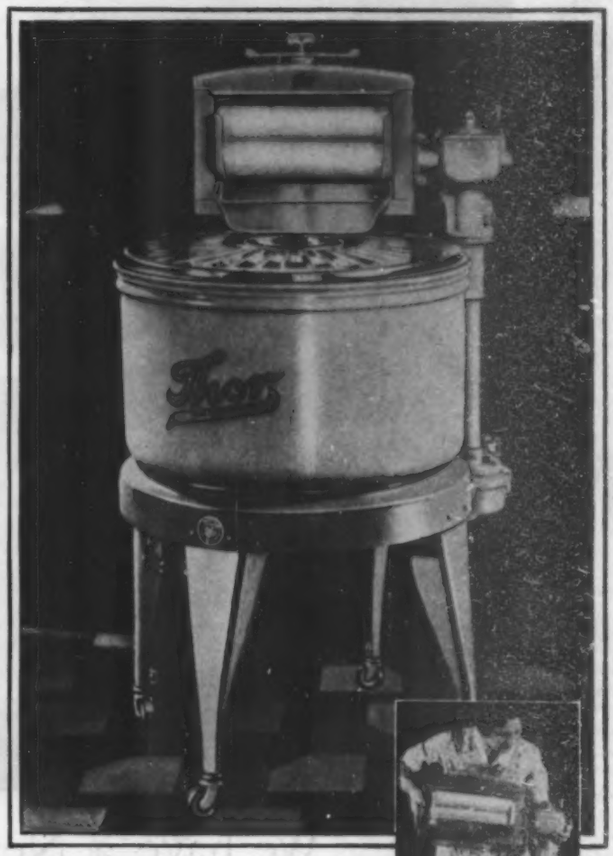
Watch this new washing action! A swirling agitator brings clothes to sparkling whiteness in 5 to 7 minutes a tubful. It's the only washer, by actual test, that thoroughly cleans shirt cuffs and collars in one washing without soaking. Yet it cleans with gentle kindness to clothes. Tub of generous capacity is amply large for the average family.

It is possible to pay more for a washer. It is not possible to buy finer construction, greater beauty, more thoroughness than you get in this Thor at $99.75.

See it at your Thor dealer's

Your Thor dealer is now showing this amazing washer value—as well as all other washers and ironers in the great Thor line. Regardless of what your requirements are—no matter what you want to pay—your Thor dealer can satisfy you.

Remember—he represents the oldest and largest maker of electric home laundry equipment in the business. What he tells you is backed by Thor's reputation. What he sells you is backed by Thor's guarantee. Consult him—before you buy any washer or ironer. Send the coupon below for his name and beautifully illustrated booklets showing the complete Thor line. Hurley Machine Company, 22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago. Manufactured in Canada by Thor Canadian Company, Limited, Toronto.



** Sold on small down payment and easy terms. Price is slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountain area and West.*

FROM WASHER TO IRONER

IN 30 SECONDS

Simply slip off the wringer, slip the ironer in place. It is as easy as changing a phonograph record and it enables you to do 8 hours' ironing in 2 hours.

The Thor Speed Iron attachment, as illustrated, to fit any washer — $49.50*. The Combination—$149.25*. Agitator Washer also finished with Monel metal tub at $129.50*. Gasoline Engine Washer for homes without electricity at slightly higher cost.

Note to dealers: **Full details of the Thor franchise will be sent upon request.**

Thor products are distributed in Asia, Africa, Australia, South America, Central America and Mexico by International General Electric Company; in Great Britain through Edison Swan Electric Company, Limited, with 22 branch offices, and in Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, Lithuania and Poland through the Hurley Machine Company, Limited, 245 Oxford Street, London, England.

K-10

HURLEY MACHINE COMPANY, 22nd Street and 54th Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me free descriptive literature on ☐ Thor Washers. ☐ Thor Rotary Speed Irons.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

FOR FAMILY WASHING "There's No Place Like Home"

We have a New Baby

at our house

A TINY little parcel of humanity . . . soft and warm . . . blinking and speechless . . . priceless above all else in this world . . . with wee fists no bigger than a rose-bud . . . hair, downy soft and finer than silk.

What a miracle a new baby is! Fully equipped from the most diminutive finger-nail to a throbbing busy little heart . . . arrived in this world in good working order . . . new lungs, new stomach, everything new.

And yet utterly helpless . . . dependent *entirely* upon its mother and her physician for its health and well-being. Little does the baby know of rickets, and many nutritional disorders or parental infections which endanger infants.

Every mother who can should nurse her baby (and many physicians claim that 90% can if they will). Her milk, better than any food that has ever been found, provides strength . . . builds bone . . . promotes growth . . . gives life. But even breast-fed babies should be under the constant supervision and guidance of a physician, for the baby may be getting too much or too little breast milk or feeding at wrong intervals.

The baby may be too weak to nurse, or the milk supply may show signs of failing. Your physician knows how to regulate these conditions.

You should look to your physician not only to treat your baby in time of illness, but to prevent trouble by periodically overseeing its diet, habits, and development while it is well. Invite your physician to outline a program for you and your baby and thus protect it with his skill and your loving care.

* * * * * *This advertisement has been reviewed and accepted for publication by the American Medical Association and by eminent pediatricians.*

It is the second advertisement of a series.

"THE NATION MARCHES FORWARD ON THE FEET OF LITTLE CHILDREN"

Published in the interest of better babies by
MEAD JOHNSON & COMPANY, *Evansville, Ind.*

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THE BANK OF BANKS

(Continued from Page 5)

as the standard annuity and was to remain in force indefinitely. As equity behind the annuities the plan imposed a blanket mortgage of $2,500,000,000 on the German railways and a general $1,500,000,000 mortgage on German industry. S. Parker Gilbert was installed as Agent General of Reparations in Berlin and an elaborate system of fiscal and economic control, including supervision of the Reichsbank, started.

Though the Dawes Plan put the reparations on a definite business procedure, it also mortgaged Germany to the future. The indeterminate number of annuities made it a serial without end. War and inflation had denuded the Reich of mobile capital. Germany had to borrow to meet her obligations, and we became the principal lenders. It has been estimated that she borrowed $1.84 for every dollar of reparations she paid.

With the beginning of the standard annuity Germany very properly asked for a show-down on the whole reparations proposition. It was only fair that she should know just where she stood. Furthermore, the system of control cramped her style at every turn. In order to devise a maturity for her debt, the second conference of experts met in Paris in February of last year, under the chairmanship of Owen D. Young, and formulated what history will know as the Young Plan. In every detail it represented a big advance on the Dawes scheme.

Under the Young Plan the annuity payments are limited to fifty-eight years, excluding the first transition period of seven months between the technical ending of the Dawes Plan and the beginning of the Young. For the first thirty-seven years Germany pays an average of 2,050,000,000 marks, or $488,000,000. For 1966 to 1985 the annuities range from 1,600,000,000 to 1,700,000,000 marks—$380,000,000 and $404,000,000 respectively—and during the last years they decrease until they reach a level of 900,000,000 marks, or approximately $214,000,000.

The Irony of War Payments

In connection with the annuities are two interesting facts not generally realized. When the Young Plan began to function, exactly fifty-nine years had elapsed since the time when a triumphant Germany imposed the 5,000,000,000 gold francs indemnity upon a conquered France after the Franco-Prussian War. By a curious irony, the Young Plan runs for precisely the same period. It has also been worked out that if Germany had invested the reparations she received from France for fifty-eight years at 3.79 per cent interest, compounded, it would amount today to a sum equal to the present capital value of the reparations, or roughly $9,000,000,000.

To return to the Young Plan draws us at once to the scheme of the B. I. S. The annuities are divided into two sections. One is non-postponable—that is, unconditional—while the other is postponable, and therefore conditional. The unconditional annuity is $157,000,000 and continues for thirty-seven years. France gets five-sixths of this sum. What particularly links the bank with them—it is trustee for the bonds—is the fact that they are subject to commercialization, which means that Germany can issue securities against them to be sold in the markets of the world. Advantage was taken of this provision with the floating, last June, of $300,000,000 of German reparations bonds. They will be dealt with when we reach the operations of the bank.

Upon other features of the Young Plan it is not necessary to dwell, save to say that in exchange for German acceptance of the plan the French evacuation of occupied Germany was advanced to June thirtieth of this year instead of January, 1935, as was provided by the Versailles Treaty; that all fiscal and economic controls have been removed; and that the railway and industrial mortgages are lifted. All signify that Germany, with the exception of her colossal war debt and the loss of her colonies, stands today as she was before the war broke. For the first time since 1919 she is a free agent, mistress in her financial house.

Out of the Political Wilderness

The improvements that the Young Plan achieved over the Dawes, notably in the removal of political control and the relief afforded from the pledge of security in collection and commercialization of annuities, made an institution of the type of the Basle bank imperative. If reparations were to be put on a business basis, business procedure must be followed. It represented a definite step in the removal of the indemnity from the political to the financial sphere. Such an undertaking likewise had in it the germ of an idea, long-cherished by European economic statesmen, for an international bank that would accelerate and stabilize the march of international fiscal events, and more especially provide support for backward countries. Reparations were construed as merely the peg upon which to hang the larger scheme. That hope is already in course of some degree of fulfillment. In only one respect have the framers of the Young Plan realized a disappointment. It relates to the dashing of those hopes of the debt-reparations liaisonists, if I may use the word. So far as I have been able to discover through contact with the bank and its operations, there is no coördination, nor is there likely to be.

The Young Plan was signed on June 7, 1929. Trouble broke out at the first Hague conference, held the following August, when the governments accepted the plan in principle, but only after concessions in the matter of indemnity allocation were made to the British.

Philip Snowden, the weaver's son who is British Chancellor of the Exchequer—he got the title of Iron Chancellor after this episode—objected to the French having the lion's share of the unconditional annuities, which he called the sponge cake. The Young Plan had reduced Britain's share, originally set at Spa, from 22 per cent to 20.6 per cent, the difference going to France and Italy. Following Snowden's drive, the British got an increase to 21.27 per cent. At this Hague session the final revision of reparation quotas was made, and it will probably stand throughout the life of the Young Plan. France's share was increased to 54.42 per cent and Italy's to 11.11 per cent. The Belgian share is 6 per cent; Jugo-Slavia's 4.36 per cent, and Rumania's 1.04 per cent. The remainder is divided among the United States, Greece, Portugal, Japan and Poland.

The first Hague conference also voted to ask the governors of the central banks of Europe to draft statutes for the Bank for International Settlements in accordance with the general recommendations in the Young Plan. A bankers' committee, therefore, met at Baden-Baden in October and November, under the presidency of Jackson Reynolds, president of the First National Bank of New York. His American associate was Melvin A. Traylor, president of the First National Bank of Chicago. No government officials attended the conference which framed the statutes under which the bank now functions.

Basle was selected as the seat after much discussion. The British wanted it in London, the French in Paris, the Belgians in Brussels. Switzerland seemed to be the only neutral spot, but even here there were complications. Geneva was impossible because the League of Nations has its headquarters there and the atmosphere is political. Doctor Schacht, head of the Reichsbank, favored Zurich, but the others opposed it. Basle got the plum on a compromise.

All seemed to be smooth sailing for the Young Plan and the bank when sniping from Germany started. In December, 1929, Dr. Alfred Hugenberg, head of the die-hard Nationalist Party which seeks the restoration of the monarchy, started an offensive on the plan. He succeeded in bringing about a national plebiscite on it. The movement failed ignominiously at the polls, only 6,000,000 out of the required 21,000,000 votes having been polled by the group seeking to sabotage the structure upon which permanent German rehabilitation was to rest.

Drama at the Hague

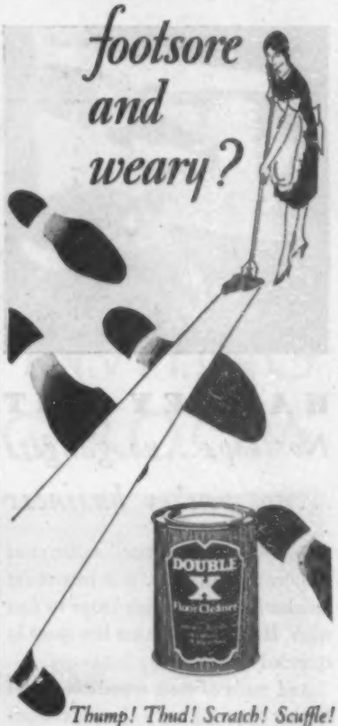
At a second Hague conference, held in January of this year, the final agreements with Germany were executed. In March both Germany and France ratified the Young Plan and it became a law. Coincident with this, the Bank for International Settlements entered upon its legal existence.

The second Hague conference was not without its element of drama. It formulated what is known as the Hague protocol. This is an annex to the Young Plan providing that in the event of any effort being made by Germany to destroy the Young Plan, the creditor governments could take such action as they deemed fit.

Doctor Schacht, who was still president of the Reichsbank and who had signed the Young Plan, violently objected to this mandate, alleging that it would give the Allies the right to trample on German rights. When his protestations were overruled, he resigned from the presidency of the Reichsbank and was succeeded by Doctor Luther.

The way was now clear for final action. The governors of the European central banks met at Rome in February of this year, agreed to subscribe to shares in the Bank for International Settlements, and named Gates McGarrah president and Leon Fraser as his alternate. They accepted the posts as individuals, which means that the United States Government and the Federal Reserve Bank have no official connection with the undertaking. The bank was legally incorporated in Switzerland a few days later, and on May seventeenth the

Are your floors footsore and weary?



Thump! Thud! Scratch! Scuffle! The ceaseless tramp of feet—big and little—is enough to wear out the face of *any* floor. What such floors need is not "glossing over" with wax and what-not but a *rebirth*—a new lease on life! The sort of rejuvenation only Double X can give them!

Don't for a moment confuse Double X with commonplace floor cleaners. It is a wholly new idea: *double-action!* In *weak* solution Double X *cleans* wax and dirt from floors, inlaid linoleum or tile. In *strong* solution it not only *removes* varnish, shellac, wax, dirt, but *bleaches* the floor back to its original beauty. In *one* operation!

All you need is a can of Double X, a pail of boiling water, and a mop. No fuss; no fumes; no fire-fear!

At leading paint and hardware stores in two sizes: Pound can (75¢) holds enough to "do over" an average floor; 4 oz. carton (25¢) for smaller surface jobs. See coupon below for Special Trial Offer.

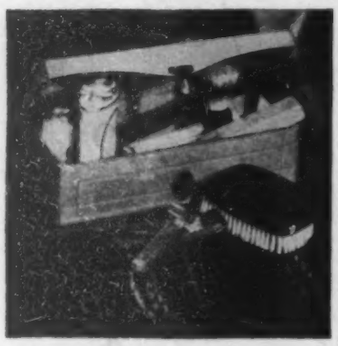
Double X Floor Cleaner

Special Trial Offer—*Mail coupon now!*

SCHALK CHEMICAL CO., 349 East Second St., Los Angeles
For the enclosed 10¢ (to cover cost of packing and mailing) send me a 25¢ "Get-Acquainted Package" of Double X Floor Cleaner. [86]

*Name*_____

*Address*_____



HAMLEY KIT

No loops...no gadgets

...no monkey business

At last—a "travel-wise" toilet case! Simpler to pack . . . just toss toilet articles in . . . no trick loops to fuss with. Holds more. Takes less space in crowded washrooms.

And made of such superlative solid leather that its beauty alone is enough to recommend it. The same extra-thick solid leather which made Hamley Cowboy Saddles famous—oak bark tanned—a long, slow process that ripens the leather and makes it improve with age.*

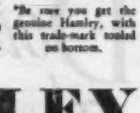
You will *like* the Hamley Kit. It's a great gift too. Will last a lifetime . . . the natural russet color taking on a rich dark glow with passing years.

Hamley Kits are available at the smartest shops. However, should you have difficulty finding them, we shall be glad to fill your order direct, sending kits postpaid. Hamley & Company, *Saddlemakers since 1883*, 340 Court Street, Pendleton, Oregon.

Inside Measurements

$ 6.00 size.. 8⅝ x 3⅞ x 1⅞
7.50 size.. 9½ x 4½ x 2¼
10.00 size..10½ x 5⅜ x 2¼

Name or initials embossed on lid, 25c extra.



*Be sure you get the genuine Hamley, with this trade-mark tooled on bottom.

HAMLEY KIT

MADE LIKE A FINE COWBOY SADDLE OF GENUINE

Solid Leather

Young Plan was declared to be in effect. Within three days the bank hung out its shingle.

When the bank opened on May twentieth it represented as compact a scheme of organization as the pooling of the best financial brains of the world could devise. Since it is in Switzerland, the capital stock is in Swiss francs representing the equivalent of $100,000,000. A Swiss franc is worth, roughly, twenty cents. The shares are 2500 Swiss francs each, or $500. Fifty-six per cent were underwritten by the original seven participating groups. With the central banks and the officers are vested the sole voting rights, regardless of what other distribution of stock may be made.

The original stockholders—I will give the bank titles in English—were the Bank of England, the Bank of France, the National Bank of Belgium, the Reichsbank, the Bank of Italy, a consortium of banks in Japan, where the laws forbid the Bank of Japan from engaging in such an underwriting, and the syndicate of three American banks to which I have already referred. Although the American group has the right to vote, the privilege of veto on any question involving the interests of the United States is the prerogative of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Here you have a check on any eleventh-hour attempt to link the debts and reparations.

Each of the original participating groups subscribed for 16,000 shares, with the right to resell the stock if they so desired. Only France and Belgium took advantage of this provision. In France the demand for the stock was so great that 500 people, including President Doumergue, received one share each. This demand led to a premium and the individual stockholders had to pay the equivalent of $1100 for every $500 share. Under the statutes only 25 per cent of the stock is paid up at the time of subscription. The bank, therefore, began operations with a paid-up capital of $14,000,000, or 25 per cent of the then-subscribed capital of $56,000,000.

As soon as the bank was under way requests for stock began to come in from other central banks. By the time I reached Basle thirteen additional banks of issue had subscribed for 4000 shares each. They were those of Switzerland, Sweden, Holland, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Austria, Greece, Rumania, Finland, Denmark, Dantzic and Bulgaria. At the time I write, applications are pending from Portugal, Jugo-Slavia, the Irish Free State, Albania and Estonia. Some stock will be held for Spain, South Africa and South America.

A Who's Who of World Banking

One point in connection with this stock must be emphasized. No central bank can become a shareholder until the currency of its country is on a gold basis. Hence participation in the benefits of the bank is a spur to money stabilization.

Spain is a case in point. The peseta is on the toboggan. If she is to become a shareholder, as is her present desire, she must first put her currency in a sound position.

By the end of August, 164,000 shares of the total of 200,000 shares designated for the B. I. S. had been sold. It meant the linking up of twenty different countries for coördinated financial effort.

It is only when you take a look at the bank organization that you glimpse the internationalism of the structure. The board of directors includes the governors of the original participating central banks and their nominees, who may be selected from the commercial interests of the countries. There is an extra director for Germany and France for the period of reparation payments.

The board of directors, a Who's Who of world banking, is as follows: Gates W. McGarrah and Leon Fraser, American; the Rt. Hon. Montagu C. Norman and Sir Charles Addis, British; D. Nohara and T. Tanaka, Japanese; Doctor Luther, Dr. Karl Melchior and Dr. Paul Reusch, German; Emile Moreau, Marquis de Vogue and Baron Brincard, French; Louis Franck and Emile Francqui, Belgian; Bonaldo Stringher and Prof. Alberto Beneduce, Italian.

Never before has such an eminent group of financiers been mobilized for a bank board. Norman is governor of the Bank of England and vies with Reginald McKenna for premier place in the British banking domain. Moreau, who served his apprenticeship in the Bank of Algiers, is governor of the Bank of France and a commanding force in Continental finance. Doctor Luther is a former German chancellor. As Minister of Finance he introduced the *Rentenmark*, which was the first step in the stabilization of the wrecked Reich currency. Doctor Melchior is the Paul Warburg of Germany, while Emile Francqui is Belgium's outstanding financier and business man.

Why McGarrah Was Chosen

When the full 200,000 shares are subscribed, nine additional directors of the same type and caliber as the central-bank governors will be named to the board. It is altogether possible that a man like Ivar Kreuger will be introduced as a representative of Sweden. Thus financial experience will be reenforced by world-wide commercial contact.

Turn to the list of officers and again you find the internationalism which pervades the institution. Particular interest attaches to this group because the two most responsible posts are held by Americans. It was no accident that led Gates McGarrah to the presidency. At sixty-seven he represents a banking experience which began as bank clerk at Goshen, New York, when he was eighteen. From check clerk at the old New York Produce Exchange Bank in 1883, he rose to be president of the Mechanics and Metals National Bank. When this was merged with the Chase National he became chairman of the executive committee of the united institution. He was chairman of the board of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York City when drafted for the Basle position. He is no stranger to international finance, because in 1924 he was appointed American member of the General Council of the Reichsbank, which came into being with the Dawes Plan. He is big of bulk and of vision, and looks the conservative banker that he is.

At forty Leon Fraser finds himself installed as McGarrah's alternate as president. An upstate New York farm boy, he graduated from a reporter's job on the New York World to join one of the greatest of New York international law firms. After conspicuous service in the World War, which won him many decorations, he became general counsel of the Dawes Plan during the first three years of its operation. He acted as legal adviser to Reynolds and Traylor at the Baden-Baden conference which drafted the statutes of the B. I. S. and was practicing international law in New York at the time of his appointment to the world bank.

One other officer is worthy of mention. He is Pierre Quesnay, the general manager, who is the French representative among the conspicuous officials. Here again you have youth matured by rich experience. For the five years preceding his appointment to Basle he was chief statistician of the Bank of France, which is in some respects the most important job of its kind in Europe. I have had dealings with statistical sharks the globe over and I have yet to find a man who has more complex fiscal data in his head than this unassuming and highly efficient young Frenchman. The assistant general manager—Doctor Hülse—is a product of the Reichsbank.

How does this bank, with its many ramifications and far-flung points of international contact, function? Since it has no over-the-counter business and therefore no cash, you naturally wonder just what it does. We will now find out. I had not been to Basle since the fateful summer of 1918. Switzerland was then the listening post of a world at war, with myriad anxious eyes upon her. Basle, which reaches bang up to the German frontier, was a nest of spies. Everybody was suspect. Again I found Basle the cynosure of a considerable part of the universe, but for peaceful reasons; seat of the mechanism that, after much travail, was liquidating the war.

A second human-interest detail may be chronicled. Politically, both the canton and the town of Basle are controlled by the Socialists. The local powers that be were inclined to shy at giving a charter and tax immunity to an institution that represented the last word in capitalism. Eventually the federal government at Bern had to intervene, with the result that a fifteen-year charter was granted.

Considerable difficulty was experienced in finding an adequate building for the bank. The population of the city has not increased appreciably for years. In consequence, construction has almost been at a standstill. Switzerland is a land of hotels, and a hotel was decided upon. But every hotel was operating at full tilt. The Hôtel de L'Univers et de Savoy was then commandeered, the guests given notice and the staff demobilized. Almost overnight it ceased to function.

Freak Letters and Free Advice

A third detail, likewise worth noting, is that the moment the bank got under way, crank and freak letters began to stream in. Throughout the world people assumed the same attitude toward it that they take toward certain rich men. They looked upon it as a source of easy money. Here is a sample of the kind of letter that reached the president's desk; it is from a town in Germany:

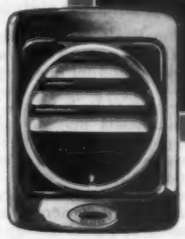
I understand that the Bank for International Settlements has more money than it knows what to do with. I am a successful timber merchant, but need $300,000,000 to expand my operations. I will be content, however, with $75,000,000, but can offer no security for it. Please advise me by return mail if this request meets with your approval.

A Hamburg apothecary, who maintained that his business dated from 1708, asked for $7500 to lift a mortgage on his house. A French provincial barber asked for funds with which to set up a de-luxe establishment in Paris.

(Continued on Page 168)

HEAT

...A HOT WATER SYSTEM THAT MAKES YOUR CAR AS WARM AND INVITING AS YOUR LIVING ROOM



Re-Issue Pat. No. 17131

YOU'LL surely want a Perfection Hot Water Heater this winter—so why not enjoy it now, on the first chilly days. • A small button on the dash turns on the heat—clean, odorless, healthful heat that floods your car with cheery warmth. • A genuine Perfection, too—bearing the name that for 20 years has meant warmth and comfort in winter driving. Your regular dealer will equip your car with a Perfection Hot Water Heater to give you winter driving comfort. • There are Perfection Heaters of all types, for all cars. Priced from $6.00 up.

PERFECTION MOTOR CAR HEATERS

EATON • *Cleveland, Ohio*

Eaton Also Makes

AXLES . SPRINGS . BUMPERS . DRIVING LIGHTS
RADIATOR CAPS . HUB CAPS . GAS TANK CAPS

18 YEARS OLD AND FAMOUS

..yet never advertised before

Only a product that excels can, without benefit of advertising or sales promotion, win and hold a national market against the keen competition that centers in the modern drug store. Only a product of *unusual* excellence can, for 18 years, survive the censorship which all conscientious pharmacists apply to preparations intended for use in the delicate, sensitive eye structure.

Yet EVANS' Elder Flower Eye Lotion (in the Latin, "Lotio Sambuci") has passed both those rigorous tests with flying colors. Originated more than 18 years ago by one of the world's foremost oculists, it has acquired and held a national reputation entirely through its unique efficacy and scrupulous purity.

Hygienic precepts and practices have both changed mightily since 1912. Today an eye lotion is recognized by medical authorities, health experts and even beauty specialists as a household necessity—a requisite to complete cleanliness and good appearance as well as to everyday eye health and comfort.

If your druggist does not have EVANS' Elder Flower Eye Lotion, use the coupon below.

GEORGE B. EVANS' LABORATORIES
Philadelphia

Evans'
Elder Flower Eye Lotion

GEORGE B. EVANS' LABORATORIES
214 S. 12th St., Phila., Pa.
I am enclosing one dollar, for which please send me a bottle of your Elder Flower Eye Lotion, together with the EVANS Eye Cup.

Your name .....
Address .....
City and State .....
Your druggist's name and address .....

(Continued from Page 166)

Every mail brings in plaintive appeals from owners of bales of the worthless German inflation currency, asking for its redemption.

The first thing that impresses you in that converted hotel building is the noiselessness. The Bank of England is not exactly hectic; nor is the Bank of France, save on the temperamental side, altogether animated. Yet in these two citadels of finance you find bustle and movement.

Not so with the B. I. S. Although there is a staff of 100 persons, representing, as you will recall, exactly twelve nationalities, you scarcely hear a sound. The old concierge's office on the main floor, where travelers in other days complained about lost luggage and failure to be called in time to catch a train, is still doing business, but only to tell the occasional visitor about the location of an office. The grand dining room, which once rattled with the din of knives and forks, is silent save on the second Monday of each month, when the board of directors meets within its stately walls.

Yet behind all this calm the wheels of a significant movement turn with clocklike precision. To comprehend just what is going on you must first know that there are three major departments—namely, the Central Bank Division, the Banking Division and the Administrative Division. The first two represent practically self-contained little empires of activity. The third, which is the accounting section, coördinates them.

The Central Bank Division, in charge of Quesnay, is the liaison with the central banks. Quesnay makes periodical visits to them and the banks send representatives to him. Information—an invaluable asset in international finance—is thus exchanged and made accessible. The B. I. S. is enabled to keep its finger on the pulse of international monetary movements. The banks, in turn, have for the first time a clearing house for world fiscal data. If Rumania needs money to move crops, the B. I. S. is in a position to assist intelligently and safely, because it knows exactly what the situation is at Bucharest.

A World Fire House for Finance

It is on the commercial-paper side that the bank has already impressed its potentialities for help. Italy, for example, had no acceptance-bill market in the sense that London and New York have them. After a careful investigation of the situation, the bank assisted in establishing such a market in Rome. It helps the Italian industrialist to finance his needs without going outside the confines of his country. If a central bank wants to change its current interest rate, the Central Bank Division can secure parallel action elsewhere without any derangement of world finance or trade. The larger purpose—and it cannot be too strongly emphasized—is to bring about a synchronization of international monetary policy with political policy.

Too often, as Europe has known to her cost during these crowded postwar years, the political element has outweighed or discounted the economic. You had it in the capitelization of reparations for campaign purposes. The bank seeks to reverse this procedure and make the economic factor dominant everywhere. It all leads to the establishment of uniformity of action and a consequent standardization of financial effort.

The B. I. S. has another link with the great central banks in that they deposit their surplus funds in Basle. This makes for speedy balancing of credit when a country is up against it. If Poland is in a crisis and the Bank of France wants to come to her aid, it simply telegraphs Basle to place a credit in Warsaw. This prevents a sale of Polish zloty and helps to stabilize the whole Baltic financial situation.

The Banking Division, under the control of Doctor Hülse—with him you reach the first important German representation—receives funds and invests them strategically. If Holland, Switzerland and France have a surfeit of cash, the funds which they would normally keep in the B. I. S. are shifted to Finland, Greece or Poland, which at the moment may be in need of money. The underlying principle is to start a flow of strong money to the point where money is weak. At the moment the French franc would go to the relief of the Italian lira.

The B. I. S. not only deposits large sums in a country that is short of cash but also buys its currency, bills or acceptances, all to the end of supporting the local situation. That unpretentious building at Basle is a sort of fire-department house, with its apparatus ready to spring into action the moment the financial alarm gong sounds.

The Middle Name of the B. I. S.

In the kind of procedure that I have outlined you have a definite hint of the stabilizing potentialities—particularly in relation to currencies—of the institution. If you stabilize currency you increase buying capacity and stimulate the export movement. One of the biggest future jobs of the bank will be the stabilization of the Russian and Chinese currencies. If you look at the prewar trade figures of these two countries you see the immense part they played in the international economy. Bring them back to normalcy and a vast lift is given to the whole world of trade and finance.

Such a system of financial first aid, with all Europe as its field, requires extreme mobility of capital. Thus it follows that the middle name, so to speak, of the B. I. S. is "liquidity." Article 26 of the statute reads:

The Bank shall be administered with particular regard to maintaining its liquidity, and for this purpose shall retain assets appropriate to the maturity and character of its liabilities. Its short-term liquid assets may include bank notes, cheques payable on sight drawn on first-class banks, claims in course of collection, deposits at sight or at short notice in first-class banks, and prime bills of exchange of not more than ninety days' usance, of a kind usually accepted for rediscount by central banks.

Hence the bank's assets may well be designated as financial cavalry qualified to move quickly to a given point which needs fiscal defense. If its funds, for example, were tied up in Basle mortgages and a crisis developed in Italy, it could not turn a wheel to help. But if $100,000,000, let us say, is on call with the Bank of England, a telegram to London will put it at the disposal of Rome. The bank is equipped to defend a breach in the financial structure anywhere by keeping large funds on deposit and in acceptances. It cannot afford to have any frozen assets.

The principal powers of the bank may be summed up in this way: It may buy and sell gold for its own account or for the account of others; hold gold under earmark, as it is known—that is,

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under label for specific use in central banks; make advances to, and borrow from, central banks against gold, bills of exchange and other short-term obligations of prime liquidity; discount and rediscount bills of exchange and short-term obligations; buy and sell exchange for its own account, or for the account of a central bank; discount bills from the portfolios of central banks, or rediscount bills from its own portfolios with central banks; act as foreign agent for a central bank; accept deposits from central banks on current or deposit account, and accept deposits in connection with the trustee agreements growing out of the settlement of reparations; buy or sell negotiable securities other than shares, and offer the same services to individuals and corporations, with the permission of their central bank, as it does to central banks.

Although the bank can buy acceptances, it cannot accept bills of exchange or other credit instruments that might lead to inflation. Nor can it issue notes payable at sight to bearer, like the banks of issue. This means that it will not attempt to introduce an international currency. It is limited in investment to such securities as are ordinarily available for purchase or discount by central banks of issue. It can make no advances to governments; thereby removing any possibility of having its facilities abused for the purpose of balancing budgets. It is forbidden to open accounts in the name of any government. Furthermore, it is barred from acquiring a predominating interest in any business concern or owning any realty, save when it is necessary to use it for its activities. All these prohibitions—especially those that ban the agencies for inflation—remove the institution from the possibility of becoming a superbank.

A section of the statutes prevents any assumption of arbitrary powers:

Before any financial operation is carried out by, or on behalf of, the bank, on a given market or in a given currency, the board shall afford to the central bank or central banks directly concerned an opportunity to dissent. In the event of disapproval being expressed within such reasonable time as the board shall specify, the proposed operation shall not take place.

I have reproduced this section in full because if any debt-reparations optimist gets busy with a scheme to tie up these obligations, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, which, as you have seen, has the right of veto, can step in and kill the project.

The Bank's Major Operations

With these details out of the way, we can deal specifically with the two outstanding operations that put the bank on the map. One is the handling of the reparations to which it owes its existence; the other is the great reparations-bond issue which commercialized part of the German war debt.

The actual reparations procedure, which provided the bank with its first account, is quite simple. Under the Dawes Plan, Germany paid the annuities to S. Parker Gilbert, the Agent General in Berlin, who turned them over to the creditor powers. Since they had to be paid in reichsmarks, what came to be known as the transfer problem developed. The periodic accumulation of such a vast amount of German currency had the tendency to create dislocation.

Under the Young Plan, Germany is not restricted to payment in reichsmarks, though the books of the B. I. S. are kept in them. Germany can pay her creditors in any currency she may choose or they may elect. In accepting the Young Plan she agreed to pay to the bank, and to no one else, the sums defined in the plan. In the trust agreement it is provided that first lien on annuities is for the debt service on the Dawes loan of $200,000,000 floated to get the plan under way. Second comes the service on the reparations bonds; third is the adjustment of deliveries in kind; while fourth is the payment of the actual cash reparations.

Here is the way Germany pays reparations: On the fifteenth of every month the Reichsbank wires the bank at Basle that it has placed to its credit a sum in pounds sterling in the Bank of England; in French francs in the Bank of France; in belgas in the National Bank of Belgium; and in lire in the Bank of Italy. The total of these sums, together with the amounts allocated to the other creditor powers, constitutes one-twelfth of the current annuity. It is then up to the treasury officials of the various countries to do what they like with the proceeds.

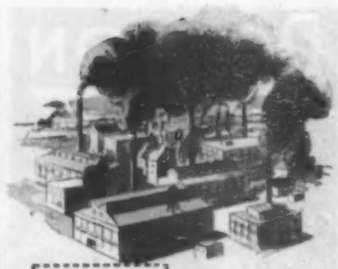
Stopping Payments in Kind

It sometimes happens that a treasury official may prefer to keep his country's share on deposit at Basle. The amount, however, is never left to the credit of a government, but always to the central bank of the country. In this way political manipulation is avoided.

The Young Plan should have begun to function on September 1, 1929. The wrangling over the unconditional indemnity at The Hague and the necessity for framing the bank statutes, as well as ratifications, prevented the machinery from being set up until last May. The new scale of annuities, however, began on September 1, 1929, and were paid over to Gilbert. It was not until May seventeenth of this year that he balanced his books in the ugly, old, red building in Luisenstrasse in Berlin and turned over his assets to the Bank for International Settlements, which was a going concern three days later. On June fifteenth Germany made her first monthly-installment payment to the bank.

The machinery for the payment of deliveries in kind has also been simplified and the gross amount reduced. Under the Dawes Plan these deliveries played an important part in German economic life, for they speeded production and made for markets, whether in dyes, coal, machinery, dry docks or timber. An unrestricted continuation of the system was highly objectionable to the Allies, and to Great Britain in particular. The British saw one of their best coal customers, Italy, getting vast quantities of reparations coal from Germany. They, naturally, viewed the performance with concern, because it prevented the sale of the Welsh product. Hence the Young Plan provides for a gradual reduction of the amount of deliveries in kind. In the first year they aggregate 750,000,000 marks and taper down to 300,000,000 marks for the tenth year, when they cease.

The relation of the B. I. S. to disbursements for deliveries in kind is, in effect, that of an ordinary banker. If a German factory ships a carload of machinery on reparations account to a French firm in Lyons, the French house sends a draft drawn on the B. I. S. to the German industrialist and it is presented for payment at the Reichsbank. The French reparations account in Basle is then debited by a like amount.



Ordinary Boiler Plants
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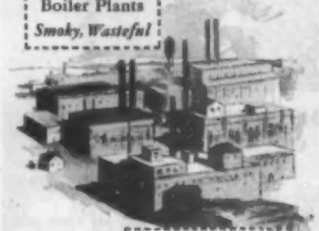

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Let's stop that smoke

The CoKal Pulverzone (Automatic Coal Burning System) meets the requirements of every smoke ordinance!

To the public: If you see a smokeless chimney, give credit to the owners for their consideration and their enterprise.

To owners of large buildings (factories, hotels, dairies, laundries, coal mines, railroads, packing plants, hospitals): You will help the neighborhood *and* you will save money by installing a CoKal Pulverzone.—*You will, indeed,*

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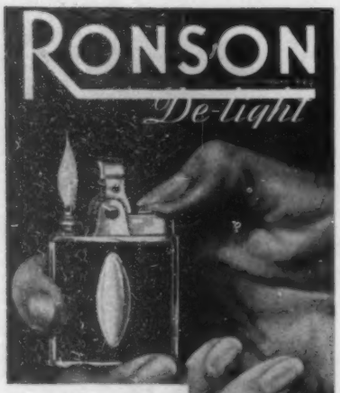

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All drafts for deliveries in kind must be countersigned by the government official in the receiving country.

The bond issue, which put part of the reparations outside of the ken of German politics, marked an epoch in European reconstruction and world finance. Practically the entire investing domain, the United States included, participated in what was the second largest flotation ever made. It was surpassed in size only by the $500,000,000 Anglo-French 5 per cent war loan underwritten in 1915 by a syndicate of American bankers headed by J. P. Morgan & Co.

The allocation of the underwriting dispelled the widely held belief that we were to hold the bag by taking the bulk of the securities and thus pay the reparations. As a matter of fact, with this loan out of the way, all future financial operations destined to meet German war-debt payments will probably be arranged without the coöperation of the New York money market.

The reason for the commercialization of part of the Young annuities through a bond issue was obvious. From 1919 on, Germany almost oozed reparation bonds, but they were not of the type to attract the investor. Under the Dawes Plan, no sums, save for the prior service on the Dawes loan, could be transferred out of the annuity into foreign currencies if the stability of the German exchange were at all in danger. This constituted a limitation which made the marketing of the railway and industrial bonds out of the question. A man will not buy a bond if he knows that payment of interest and principal might be interrupted at any time and without notice because of exchange fluctuations. It followed that none of these bonds ever reached the selling stage.

The Young Plan gave the German reparation bonds a new status. It made the unconditional annuity of $157,000,000 for thirty-seven years subject to commercialization. The money that Germany must unalterably pay is the equity behind the securities. But there is also a moral safeguard.

Scattering Germany's Obligations

Ever since the Versailles Treaty, the French, who are Germany's largest creditors, have stood out for commercialization of the indemnity. They felt—and with good reason—that so long as reparations were a mere promise to pay, the element of hazard was involved, despite the mortgages on railways and industry. They contended that nothing would so impress the German mind as the knowledge that a considerable portion of the debt was reduced to the form of bearer bonds held by investors, large and small, everywhere.

It meant that they were a commercial obligation to be solemnly respected and met. This ambition of the French is now realized in the monster bond issue technically known as the German Government International 5½ per cent loan of 1930. Actually the issue aggregated $345,000,000. The $45,000,000 difference went to commissions and expenses.

The bonds, which run for thirty-five years, were issued in the currencies of the various underwriting countries. Ours, of course, were in dollars. Payment of principal, interest and sinking fund is the direct and unconditional obligation of the German Government to each bondholder. Two-thirds of the proceeds were paid to the Bank for International Settlements for account of the creditor powers concerned. The remaining third was given to the German Government to provide for the requirements of the German Railway Company and the German post office and telegraphs. The French were so anxious to get the loan consummated that they themselves made the suggestion that Germany should receive part of the proceeds for her own uses. The Bank for International Settlements is trustee for the bondholders.

Nine countries participated in the original underwriting. They and their quotas were: The United States and France, $84,500,000 each; Great Britain, $50,000,000; Holland and Sweden, $25,000,000 each; Switzerland, $15,000,000; Germany, $7,500,000; Italy, $5,000,000; and Belgium, $4,000,000.

How the B. I. S. Lives

The bonds were brought out in all countries at 90 and accrued interest, except in France, where the figure was 98. This was because they were made tax exempt there by special act of the government. Taxes apply to the bonds in other countries. On the day I write this paragraph, which is at the end of August, the bonds are quoted in New York at 87⅛.

Just as a poet is required to have a meal ticket, so must a bank even with so high an aim as the B. I. S. be assured of a steady and progressive income. There are four principal sources at the moment. The first is a commission of one-tenth of 1 per cent on all reparation sums received, which amounts to about $425,000 a year. Under the Young Plan the participating central banks agreed to make noninterest-bearing deposits in the bank. This money, in turn, is loaned out and provides the second agency of revenue. The third is derived from deposits other than war debts received from the central banks, and is immediately put into liquid paper. Fourth are the fees for trusteeship of loans under the Young Plan due to commercialization of reparations—the $300,000,000 issue will yield about $50,000 a year—and international loans such as the recent $60,000,000 loan floated by Austria.

Since the bank's annual budget is about $1,000,000, the institution is all to the good on the profit side. The highest salary is $50,000, the compensation allotted to McGarrah as president.

The first 5 per cent of earnings go into a legal reserve fund until that fund equals 10 per cent of the paid-up stock. The next earnings are devoted to paying the 6 per cent cumulative dividend. If further profits are earned, 20 per cent shall be paid to the shareholders until an additional 6 per cent dividend is reached. Of the remaining profits, one-half shall be paid into a general reserve fund until the fund equals the paid-up capital; 40 per cent until the fund represents twice the paid-up capital; 30 per cent until it is three times; 20 per cent until it equals four times; 10 per cent until it reaches five times the capital; and thereafter 5 per cent.

Examine the two monthly statements that have been issued up to the time I write, and three major facts stand out. The first is the steady increase in business. The situation at the end of June revealed a total turnover of 1,085,720,801.42 Swiss francs at par, while at the end of July it had risen to 1,303,653,650.25 Swiss francs. The indications were that the August statement would show a further increase to 1,500,000,000 Swiss francs.

(Continued on Page 174)

To All Girls Who Love Clothes . . .

ISN'T it true that any hike is more successful when you're wearing a snappy béret . . . a vivid sports coat?

And that a party becomes an event when you look your best in a soft-colored new frock with a bit of dainty jewelry to give it sparkle?

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You can restore yourself with rest. But when your radio tubes get tired, rest can't help them. There's only one remedy—new tubes . . . As the tubes in your radio are tiring out, your reception gets poorer gradually—and you are not conscious of the change that is taking place.

The chances are you wait until one tube quits working entirely—and then you change only that one tube . . . But still your reception is feeble and lacking in tone quality—because the remaining tubes are tired, even

though they continue to operate. Replace the tired, overworked tubes in your radio now . . . Put in a complete set of Ken-Rads—the Fine Tubes of Radio—and you'll really enjoy the many new and interesting programs on the air now.

Ken-Rads have won their reputation as the fine tubes of radio because they are endowed with exceptional vigor, tone and endurance qualities . . . Because they are made so carefully and so well, Ken-Rads are strong and powerful when they come to you—and they don't tire out soon.

Re-tube with Ken-Rads completely—and enjoy the richness of tone and the clear, powerful reception that these fine tubes bring. You'll be well rewarded for going to a nearby store that offers you not merely tubes, but Ken-Rads—the Fine Tubes of Radio.

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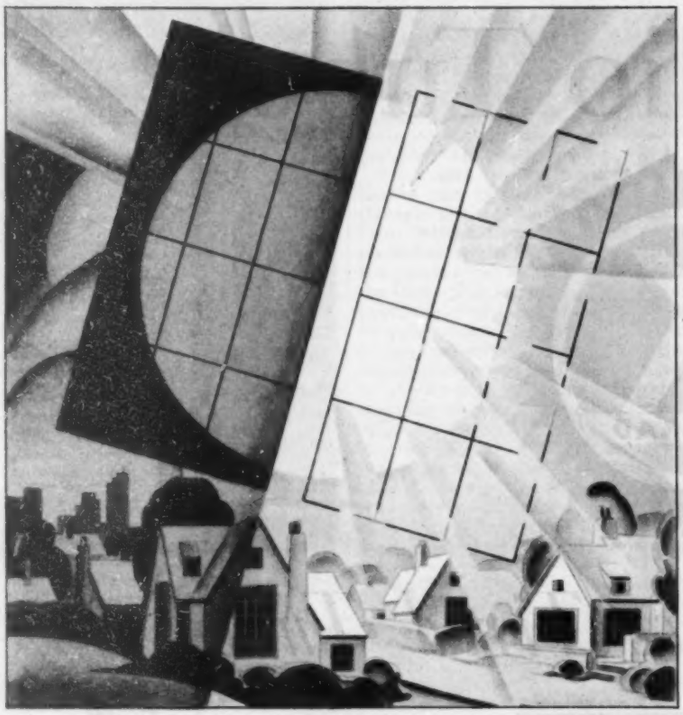
blot out the best of the sunlight with ordinary window glass?



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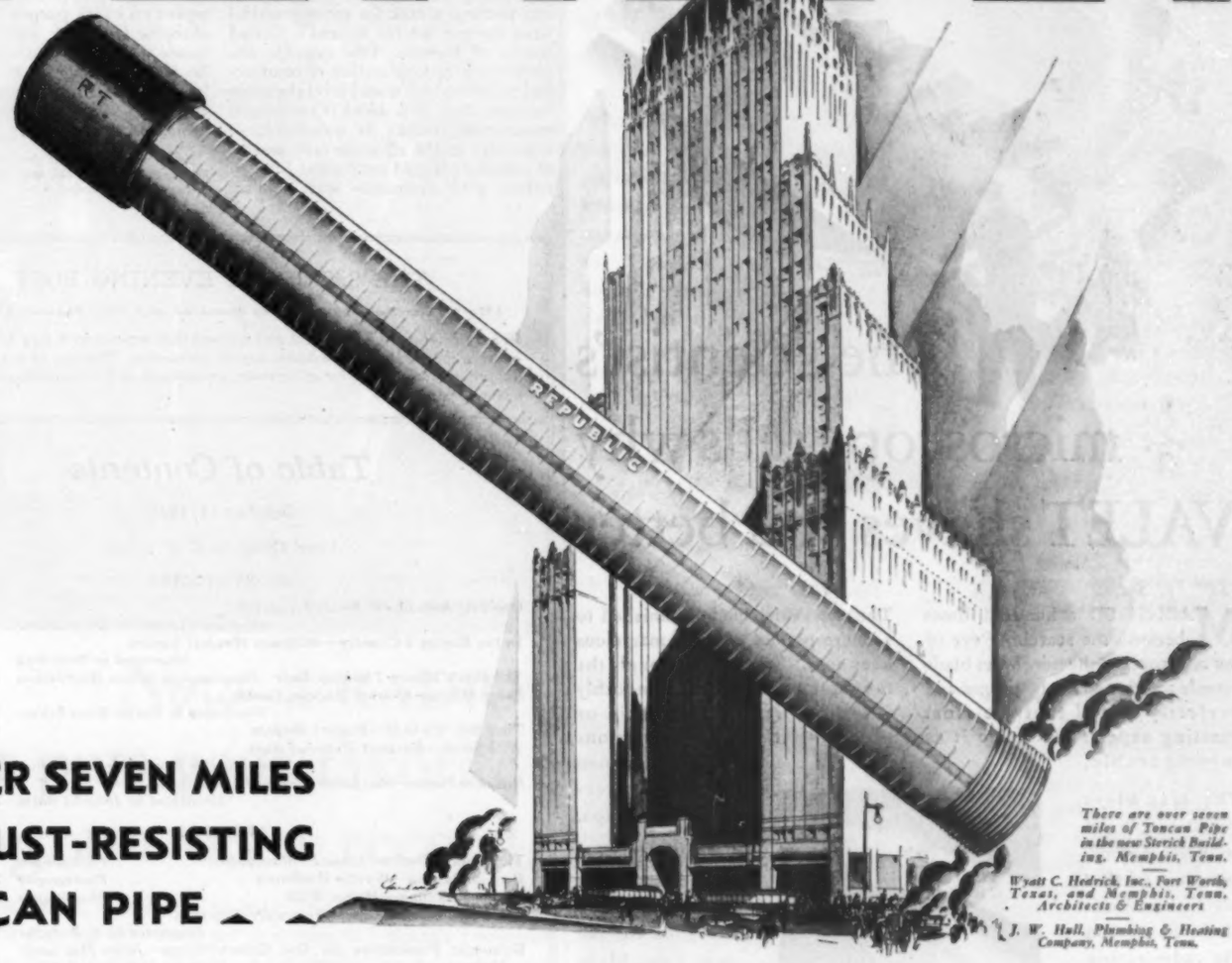
TONCAN



There are over seven miles of Toncan Pipe in the new Sterick Building, Memphis, Tenn.

Wyatt C. Hedrick, Inc., Fort Worth, Texas, and Memphis, Tenn. Architects & Engineers

J. W. Hall, Plumbing & Heating Company, Memphis, Tenn.

OVER SEVEN MILES OF RUST-RESISTING TONCAN PIPE

SOMEONE on the top floor of the new Sterick building turns a faucet. A cleaning woman in the basement fills her bucket. Hundreds of people in hundreds of offices use water from dawn to dusk... with never a thought of where it comes from... or of the seven mile net work of Toncan pipe that serves them at a twist of the wrist.

Hidden from view in the walls and floors of many other well built buildings Toncan pipe is giving long and trouble-free service... saving costly replacements later on.

Toncan is pure iron, alloyed with pure copper and molybdenum. Its stubborn resistance to rust and corrosion, proved conclusively in service and through rigid competitive tests, has given it an unquestioned reputation among architects, builders, plumbing contractors, engineers and manufacturers in many different fields.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TONCAN
COPPER
Mo-lyb-den-um
IRON

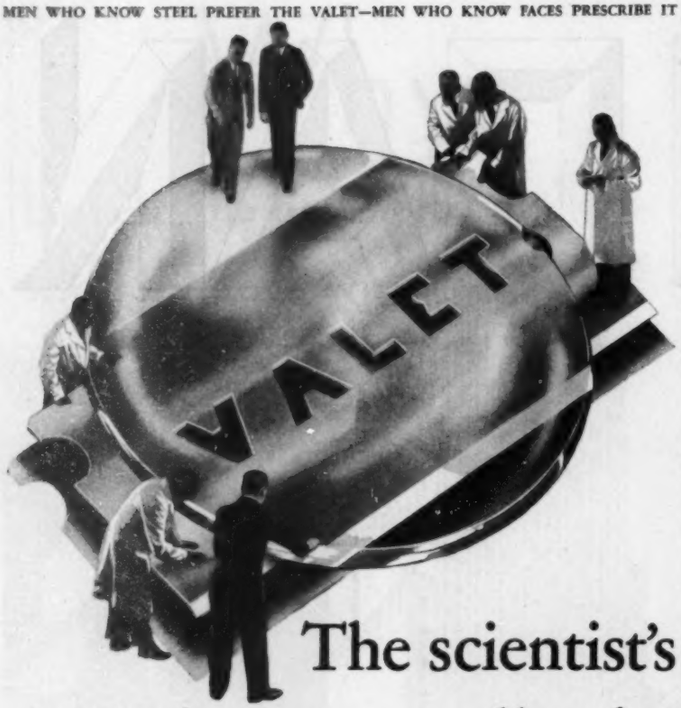
Every year Toncan is saving millions of dollars in the replacement costs of roofing, gutters, downspouts and other exposed parts of buildings. Freight cars of Toncan have proved their economy to the railroads. Ship builders use Toncan for plates and rivets. Stoves, sinks, washing machines, furnaces, refrigerators and many other household articles made of Toncan are giving longer service and greater value.

Republic metallurgical engineers will be glad to show you how rust-resisting Toncan, properly used, saves money and gives better results.

REPUBLIC STEEL CORPORATION

GENERAL OFFICES: YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT



The scientist's microscope tells why VALET shaves you better

MAGNIFIED a hundred times beneath the searching eye of the microscope, the new Valet blade reveals an edge so finely ground and perfectly honed that the most exacting experts recognize it as incomparable.

The matchless quality and exceptional workmanship of this precision-built blade have won the admiration and outspoken preference of metallurgists and research men in one well-known laboratory after another. Superior performance bears out the findings of the microscope and explains why dermatologists almost everywhere prescribe the new Valet for the prevention and relief of skin troubles caused or aggravated by harsh shaving.

The new Valet blade is finished to a micro-perfect edge of marvelous keenness. It glides through the toughest beard lightly, smoothly—without irritating the skin or producing the minute lacerations that are a common cause of after-shaving infection.

The Valet Auto-Strop Razor is scientifically designed for the new Valet blade and is an important factor in the improved shaving ease, speed and smoothness that are attained. There is no need to remove the blade from the razor for cleaning or stropping.

Buy the new Valet blade today. Try it tomorrow morning. Keep your face young—your skin clear.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

The NEW VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

(Continued from Page 170)

The second feature is the liquidity of the assets. The bulk are in rediscountable bills, acceptances and short-time funds. Third is the minor part reparations play in transactions. At the end of July these funds aggregated in round numbers 310,000,000 Swiss francs.

It only remains to speculate upon the future of the bank. The framers visioned a larger purpose than mere reparations agency, and this, as you have seen, is in process of fulfillment. If the present disregard of political expediency and opinion continues, it can perform a task far more practical than the one set for Briand's United States of Europe. One possible objective is a rationalization of commercial policies which would level the trade barriers that still block Continental commercial traffic. As coördinator—especially in the all-important matter of operating a gold settlement fund to reduce gold shipments and stabilize the fluctuations of foreign currencies—it has immense possibilities. Such a procedure would internationalize the system now operated by the Federal Reserve Board.

A significant advance has been registered. As long as the Reparations Commission sat, a state of bloodless war practically obtained. Economic and fiscal control meant drastic stewardship of the levies on a defeated Germany. Now the bailiff is off the premises. Through partnership in the bank, the Germans have a free hand in the reshaping of their destiny. If Basle serves no other purpose than to synchronize Germany with European finance and production, its existence will be justified. Around it can rally the long-elusive New Europe, reared on that most stable of supports, which is economic coöperation.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of European articles by Mr. Marcosson. The next will be devoted to Germany.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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GraybaR

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

Now—a RADIO that puts your favorite program on a record

It would be a treat, wouldn't it, to have your favorite radio program preserved on a phonograph record *just as it comes in?* Wouldn't you like to have the inimitable radio chatter of Graybar's "Mr. and Mrs.", for instance, *on a record made by your own radio?* Now, you can have just that—thanks to the new recording feature of the new 1930 Graybar Super-Heterodyne Radio.

With this interesting 1930 device you can record the clever remarks of your favorite radio humorists . . . Or the words of a great speech by a world-figure . . . just as it is received by the Graybar Super-Heterodyne.

. . . Or record your *own* voice or music! Or the baby's first words!

But this is only one of many up-to-the-minute improvements. There's tone-control. Screen grid tubes. Electro-dynamic speaker. All this in Model 900 at (less Radiotrons) . . $285.00

Another and very important feature of Graybar radio is: There's sixty years of electrical experience back of it.

Other Graybar Models

Some people prefer a radio that "brings out" the bass drum. Other people prefer a radio that favors higher-pitched instruments. The *tone-control* of the Graybar Super-Heterodyne Model 770 (right) gives you the effect you want . . . *any* time you want it! And, with other 1930 features, costs only (less Radiotrons) . $179.50

Now everyone can have a Super-Heterodyne

The marvelous Super-Heterodyne circuit—formerly available only in the highest priced sets—is brought within the price range of *everybody* by the new Graybar screen grid Super-Heterodyne Model 700. Which means . . . the famous Super-Heterodyne sensitivity, selectivity, and tone quality, at the surprisingly low price of only (less Radiotrons) . $142.50

CHECK YOUR 1930 RADIO AGAINST THESE SPECIFICATIONS

1. *Can it record a program?* Graybar Model 900 can.
2. *Does it have a tone-control?* Graybar Models 770 and 900 do.
3. *Does it have at least four screen grid tubes?* All 1930 Graybar models do.
4. *Does it have push-pull amplification?* All 1930 Graybar models do.
5. *Does it have an improved electro-dynamic speaker?* All 1930 Graybar models do.
6. *Does it have cabinet beauty?* All 1930 Graybar models do.
7. *Does it combine 1930 low prices with a sixty year reputation for quality?* All 1930 Graybar models do.

But this is only a small part of the story of these amazing 1930 radios, backed by America's oldest and largest electrical distributor.

People in step with the times will want to know *all* about Graybar radio. They will want to see it and hear it. Visit a Graybar dealer. Or just mail this coupon below!

Tune in on the Graybar Program at 10 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, every Tuesday . . . Columbia Broadcasting System.

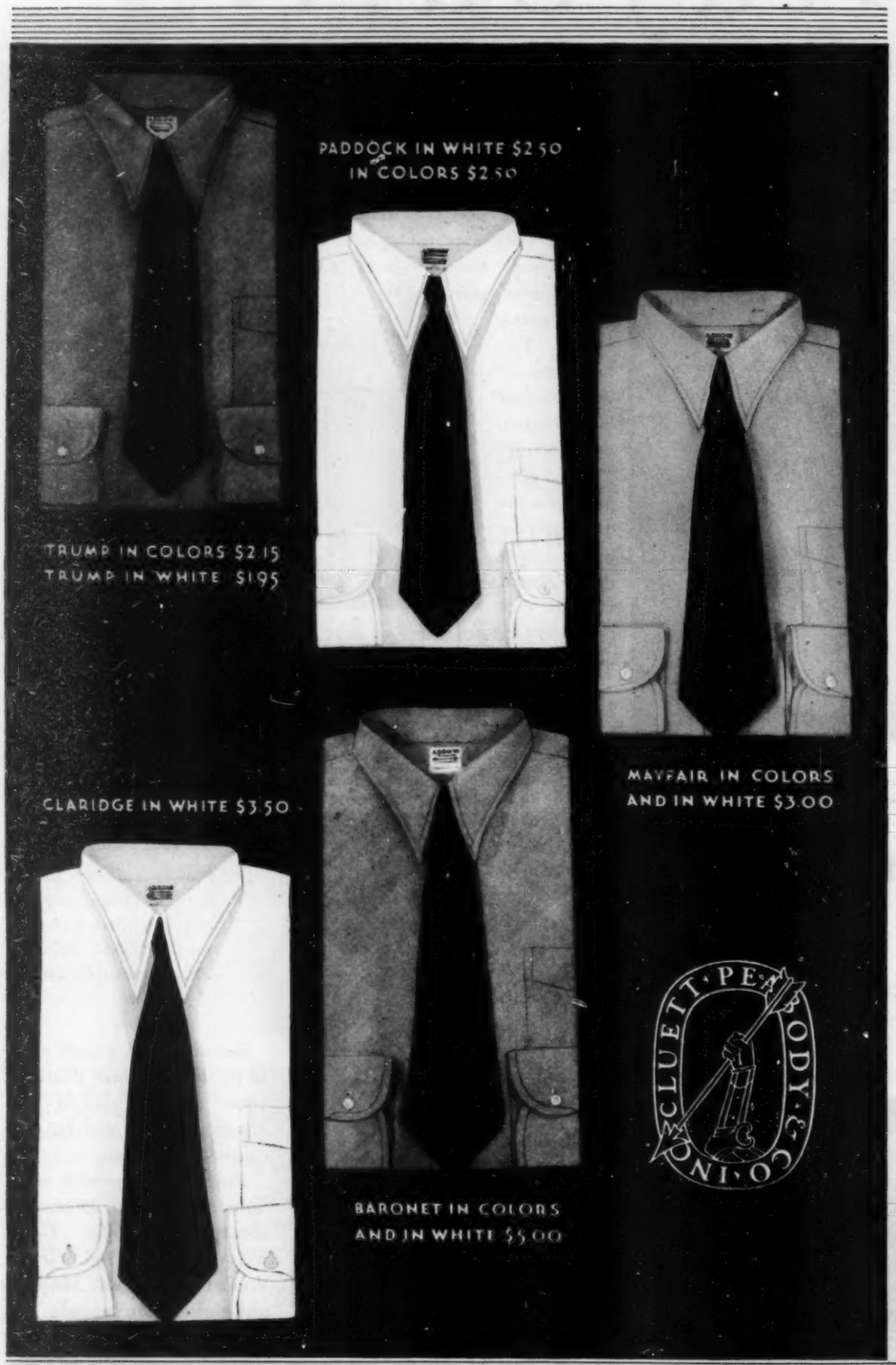
GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO. 10-30
GRAYBAR BUILDING, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please tell me all about the Graybar Radio I have checked.

☐ Recording Model 900
☐ Tone Control Model 770 ☐ Model 700

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE .....

Be sure the fine broadcloth shirts you wear are



Sanforized-Shrunk

✦

ARROW'S GUARANTEE OF PERMANENT FIT

✦

ONE of these prices is the one you feel most like paying for a good broadcloth shirt. Whatever the price, make that purchase yield you *extra* value: be sure the shirt is Arrow's "Sanforized-shrunk" broadcloth. Buy your *correct* size—not the "guesswork" size to which you gamble that the shirt might some day shrink. For every one of these shirts is *guaranteed for permanent fit*—the collar will never bind, the cuffs will never "creep," the shirt-tails won't come back "bobbed" from every laundering. Arrow (thanks to its new patented Sanforized process) flatly guarantees permanent fit—or you get your money back, or another shirt—as you prefer. Arrow's Sanforized-shrunk broadcloth, by the way, is of unusually bright and lasting lustre—the Sanforized process improves its brilliance. In snowy white, and in gay, restrained, guaranteed fast colors, these Arrow Broadcloths offer you more than you ever knew you could buy for the price. And the fact that *only Arrow Shirts have Arrow Collars* is your complete assurance that you're buying excellent style.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO. INC. TROY, NEW YORK

ARROW COLLARS

A fresh, sensible style in the new lightweight flexible Golden Arrow (starched) is "Drew"; its low round front and the high back are decidedly "Londonish" and very comfortable. 35 cents; three for $1.

ARROW SHIRTS

QUALITY FOR 77 YEARS

MORE THAN 250 ITEMS

"Please, Mam, may we have a bite to eat?"

"Why if it isn't my little hungry tramps. Come right in, you are just in time!" . . . and we watch with amusement and gratification as "bite" is demonstrated by healthy young appetites. It's a real satisfaction to feed these hungry little "tramps" of ours the finest, most wholesome of foods. Monarch Foods have enjoyed that reputation since Franklin Pierce sat in the White House.

THE MONARCH WAY

See it in glass

Buy it in tin

© R. M. & Co., 1930

SOLD ONLY THROUGH INDEPENDENT MERCHANTS

New York - Boston - Pittsburgh - Wilkes-Barre - Jacksonville **Reid, Murdoch & Co.** Chicago - San Francisco - Los Angeles - Tampa - St. Louis

Victor Radio Electrola RE-57. Combines Victor Micro-Synchronous, Screen-Grid Five-Circuit Radio, the New Victor Electrola, and Victor Home Recording, in one exquisite cabinet. Makes and plays records electrically in your own home—of your own voice or selections from radio. List Price $285, less Radiotrons.

Other Victor Models

	List Prices
Victor Radio R-39 with doors (5 circuit)	$185.00
Victor Radio R-35 (5 circuit)	132.50

Less Radiotrons

THE NEW Victor Radio *scores immediate success*

PUBLIC ACCLAIMS NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT FEATURES OF SENSATIONAL *NEW* MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

•

THOUSANDS of homes, from coast to coast, are enjoying today a new kind of radio performance, a new kind of entertainment. The New Victor Radio, the finest and most beautiful instrument Victor has ever built, is revealing what radio reception, in its ultra-modern perfection, can really mean. And the Victor Home Recording Radio Electrola is providing a totally *new* kind of pleasure—making your own records at home.

Never before have you seen or heard anything like the new Victor Radio. It will give you more thorough enjoyment, *and more varied* enjoyment, than you can get in any other way. The proof is easy. *Hear it* . . . separately, or with the Home Recording Victor Electrola. Compare it . . . judge it!

You, too, will say, like the world's greatest artists, "At last radio has come into its own!" *You,* also, will thrill to the marvelous fun of recording your own voice—making "vocal snapshots" with the new handy home microphone of the New Victor Radio Electrola. It's the life of the party! Find out what home entertainment can really be with Victor Records and *this* New Electrola! Revel in the music you want *when* you want it.

Above all, don't say, "I cannot afford Victor Radio." You can! *Never before* have such sensationally low prices been possible for supreme Victor quality! *You* can have the New Victor Radio in your choice of the three exquisite models . . . separately, or with the Home Recording Electrola.

The Victor name and trademark are your safeguard of dependability. *You must be satisfied . . . and you will be!*

Words cannot tell all this story. You must *see* . . . and *hear* the New Victor Radio and Victor Radio Electrola. At your Victor dealer's . . . *today.*

9 Features of the New Victor Radio

1 *First five-circuit micro-synchronous screen-grid radio.*
2 *Home Recording*—Victor's latest development!
3 *Victor Acoustic Tone Control*—created and introduced by Victor.
4 *Victor Tone*—more beautiful than ever!
5 *New Beauty of Appearance*—most striking cabinets Victor ever designed.
6 *The New Improved Electrola*—plays Victor Records with startling new beauty.
7 *Micro-Synchronous Radio*—perfect performance . . . *A child can tune it!*
8 *New Sensitivity*—bringing you the station you want—*when* you want it.
9 *New Selectivity*—sharply separates the station you want from all others!

THE NEW
Victor Radio
HOME RECORDING
Electrola

VICTOR DIVISION, RCA VICTOR COMPANY, INC., CAMDEN, N. J.

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